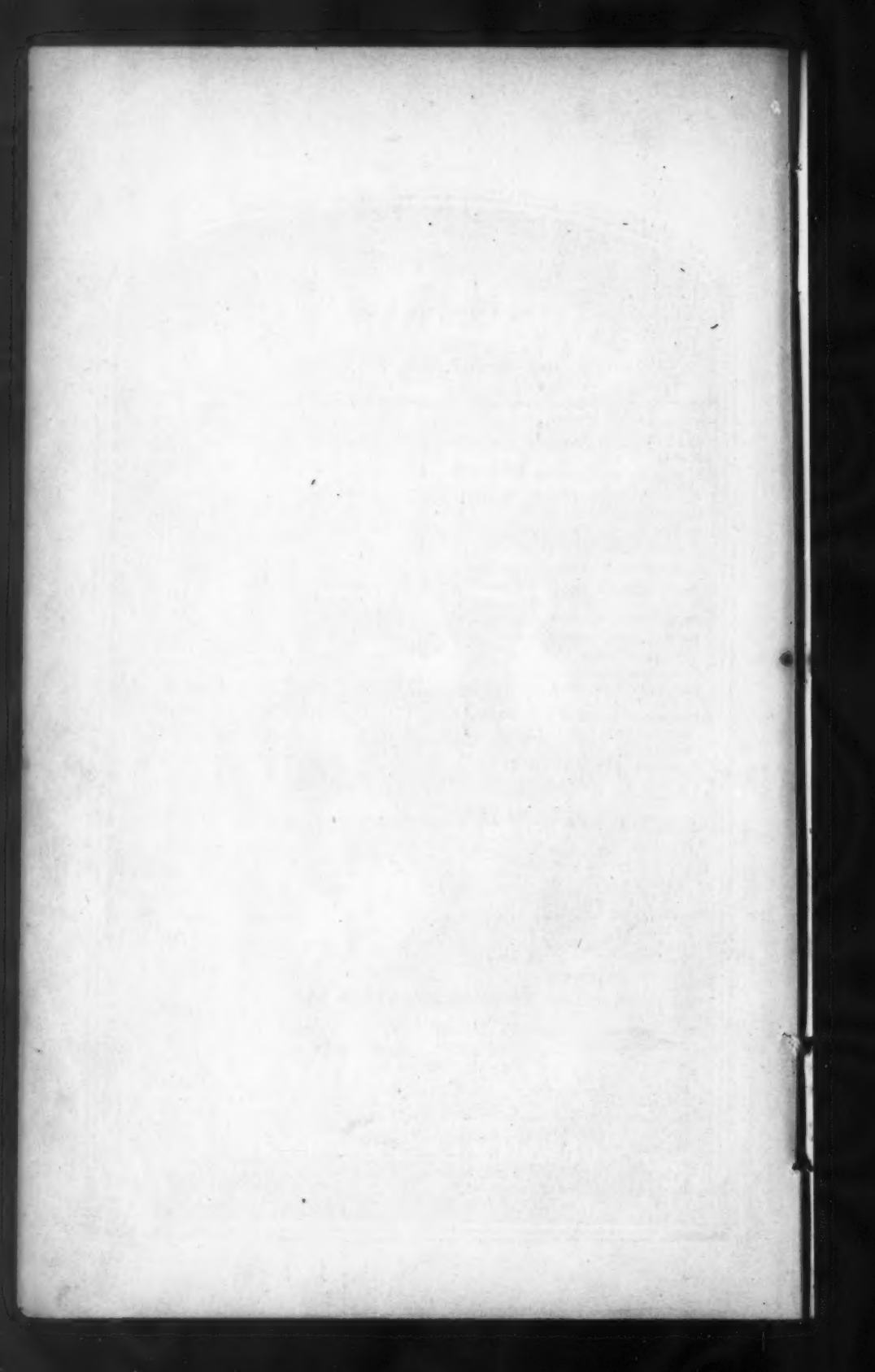


THE
LADIES' WREATH
AND
PARLOR ANNUAL.



EDITED BY
HELEN IRVING.

NEW-YORK
BURDICK REED & ROBERTS,
143 Nassau St.





EMBELLISHMENTS.

✓ The Flower Girl,
✓ The Reprimand,
✓ New York Crystal Palace,
✓ The Anglers,
✓ My Mother's Bible,
✓ The Kin-Shan, or Golden Island,

✓ Cactus,
✓ Tulip,
✓ Petunia,
✓ Painted Achimenes,
✓ The Cypress Vine,
✓ Calliopee

MUSIC.

"Annie Laurie"—A Scotch Ballad.







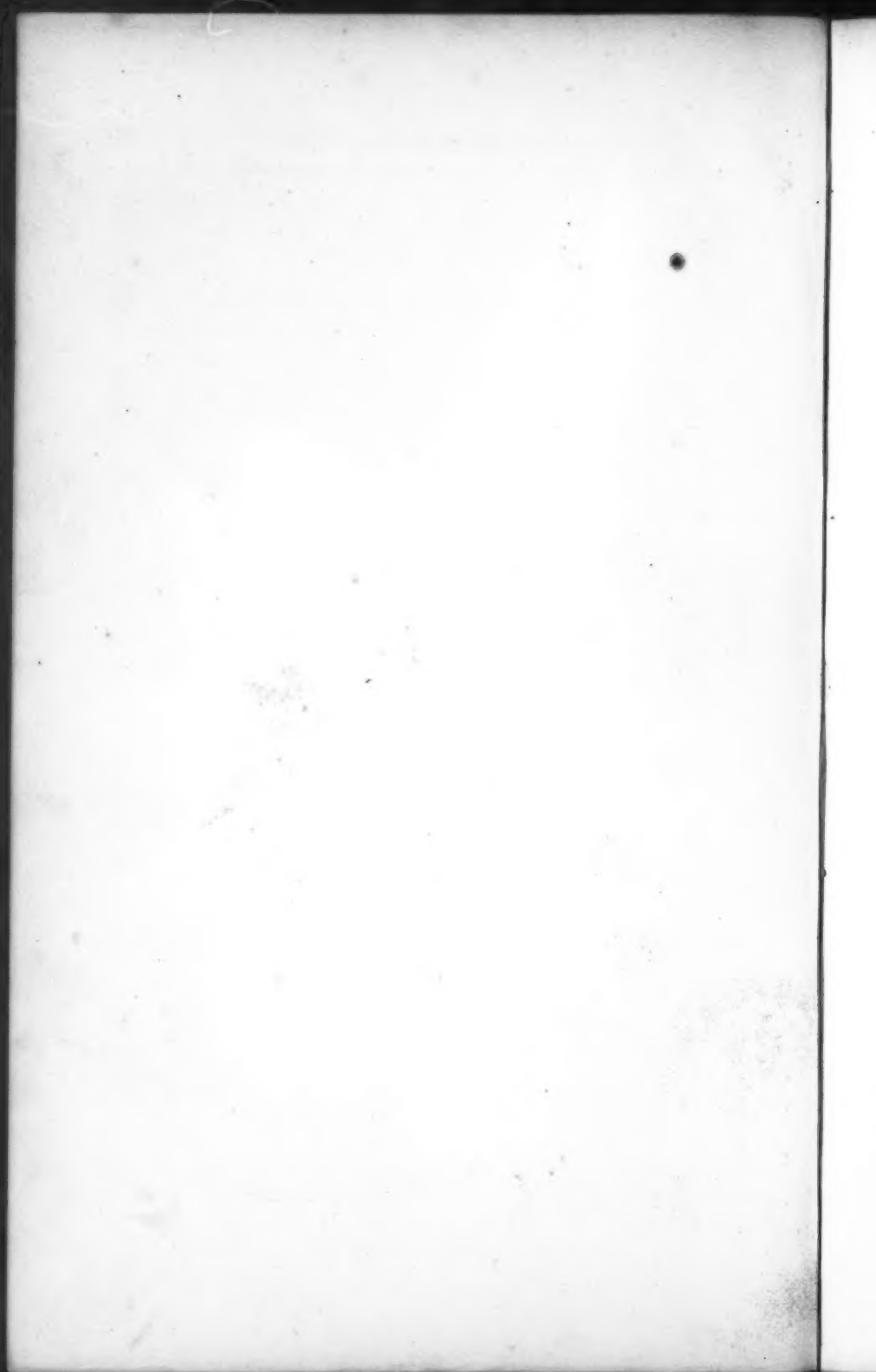


Eng^d by W.G. Jacobson

To the Editor



Cactus.

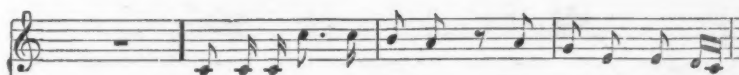
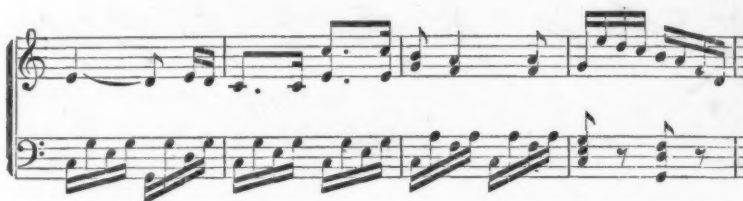


"Annie Laurie."

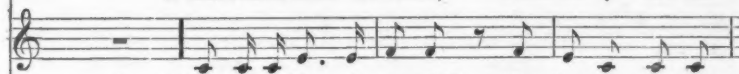
A SCOTCH BALLAD.

Arranged by W. C. WETMORE, M.D.

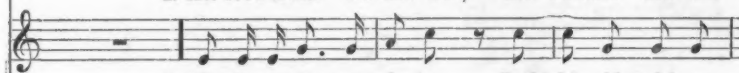
MODERATO.



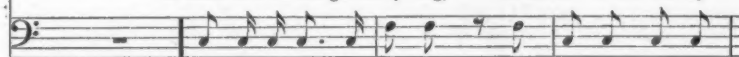
1. Maxwellton braes are bonnie, Where ear-ly fa's the



2. Her brow is like the snaw drift, Her throat is like the



3. Like dew on the gowan ly-ing, Is the fa' o' her fai-ry



First system of the musical score. It consists of two staves: a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The melody is in G major, 3/4 time, and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

dew, And it's there that An - nie Lau-rie, Gie'd me her promise
swan; Her face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone
feet; Like the winds in sum - mer sighing, Her voice is low and

Second system of the musical score, continuing from the first. It also consists of two staves: a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a more active accompaniment with sixteenth-note patterns in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

true, Gie'd me her prom-ise true, Which ne'er for-got will
on, That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her
sweet, Her voice is low and sweet, She's all the world to

be, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and
e'e, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and
me, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and

The vocal melody is written on a single staff in treble clef. It consists of three lines of music, each corresponding to a line of lyrics. The melody is in a 3/4 time signature and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are: "be, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and", "e'e, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and", and "me, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and".

The piano accompaniment for the first system is written on two staves, treble and bass. It features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and a more complex melody in the treble, including chords and eighth notes.

dee.
dee.
dee.

The second system of the song continues with a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal melody is written on a single staff in treble clef and consists of three lines of music, each corresponding to a line of lyrics. The lyrics are: "dee.", "dee.", and "dee.". The piano accompaniment is written on two staves, treble and bass, and features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and a more complex melody in the treble, including chords and eighth notes.

THE CACTUS.

BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.

"Oh, Donna Inez—lady fair!"
 So whispered, sad and low,
 A knight, as to the evening air,
 He bared his pallid brow;
 "The tale, alas! was truly told,
 A rival breathed to thee;
 Potosi's mines are drained of gold,
 My ships enrich the sea.

"There is no minstrel in my bower,
 No feasts within my halls,
 For waves the pennon of the Moor
 Above my castle walls.
 And most it grieves my heart to say—
 Ere fades the morrow's light
 The Duke of famed Costinia
 Will be unbelted knight!

"But all which thou couldst ever prize—
 My love—is still thine own,
 And, in the light of those dear eyes,
 I'll laugh at fortune's frown!"
 The moon was passing from the sky,
 Fast fell the chilling dew,
 Yet the closed casement, barred and high,
 No welcome sound came through.

But ne'er despairing, still he prayed
 In tone more soft and sweet,
 Till tossed that false and haughty maid,
 A floweret at his feet.

I loved not thee, but wealth and power!
 The knight such language read;
 And noble scorn those features wore,
 As thus he, answering, said:

"Thy father's ruined house and fame
 My love had fain restored,
 For royal lips will breathe her name
 Who weds Costinia's lord!"
 In honor of his gentle bride,
 A nation wassail keeps,
 While Inez—sister Genefride—
 Within a cloister weeps.

MY FIRST VICTORIES.

~~~~~  
BY MISS M. C. METCALFE.  
~~~~~

PART I.

My nurse had daily told me that I would be a genius. When released from her supervision, my governess still harped the old tune, and at last my tutor declared that I *was* a genius. I was about to enter college, and pave the way to future greatness by unheard of victories over my fellow students, when all my airy castles came tumbling down, shattered by the sudden death of my father, who dying when his affairs were in a very critical state, left us all but homeless. But, as I have insinuated, I was convinced that I was a genius, and bade my mother not despair, for I would soon restore her to affluence. A thousand sparkling visions flashed before my brain. Hope lit a myriad of lamps to guide me on to wealth and honor. We moved to a small house, the only remnant of all our lands and tenements, which fortunately for our pride was situated in a respectable neighborhood, and by dint of much managing, imparted to it an air of home.

My study was the prime room of the house, where everything possible under the circumstances was arranged for my comfort, and I sat down to—dream. The rays of the setting sun stole through the casement, and fell warm and lovingly upon my heart; the summer breeze, fresh and vigorous from the ocean, inspired me with new life and proud imaginings. As the twilight closed around me, I lit my lamp, and sat down at my desk to commit to paper my quick coming thoughts and poetic fancies. Thus night followed night. I felt no fatigue. Something divine within me urged me to labor, supplied the thought, and moved my very pen. I read to my mother what I had written. She did not move till I had finished, but the smiles and tears which chased each other over her eloquent features, told how truly she was affected by my story.

"It cannot fail," she whispered as I bade her good night. Sweet praise! it was nectar to me.

Early in the morning I sallied forth, full of youthful hope and ardor. I anticipated a good reception wherever I should present myself, for was I not Earnest Gascoigne, the talented young author, the future prince of letters?

My first visit was to a famous publisher, whose prolific press issued works of all styles, sizes and subjects. I was a gentleman, and therefore received as such; but when Mr. R—— learned that I would also be an author, his manner changed, he became scrutinizing, and abruptly asked if I was an American. Proud of my country, I quickly replied, "I am, sir." Fatal mistake! If I had styled myself a Hottentot it would have been better.

"You are young?" continued Mr. R——.

A little intimidated by my former *faux-pas*, I hesitated, but how could a stripling like myself pretend to the experience of age? Not without a blush I frankly confessed myself young, quite young.

Mr. R—— folded his arms behind his back, compressed his lips with the most defensive air, as though determined to resist me were I the embodiment of all the geniuses who have lived since the flood. I grew bold as I grew desperate. I entreated him just to read my manuscript, if it were only to give me his opinion, but he turned to his books, declared himself very much pressed with business, and unable to attend to me, at least at present. My heart sank. What a reception! what a dismissal! and the secret of it? Ah! *I was young and an American!* This is not written in bitterness—it is a long while since—the wound is healed. I turned to leave the office. An officious clerk opened the door, and as I passed him whispered tauntingly, "Does your mother know you're out?" I have a faint recollection of thrusting out my hand to strike him, of its meeting the cold glass that he slammed between us, of feeling a sensation of pain as though I had wounded myself, but I scarcely knew anything, so excited was I through disappointment and anger, till I reached the Battery, where the cool sea-breeze revived me. I looked down on my hand, it was covered with blood. I wrapped my handkerchief around it, and stretched myself on the grass, careless of every one, anxious only to recall what had passed and decide for the future. I have never seen that villainous clerk since. Probably he was discharged without a recommendation, not because he had insulted a "young scribber," but because he had cost the house so many shillings for broken glass.

As I looked out on the bay, studded with sail, I thought, "I will go to California! Gold is better than fame in this work-a-day world, and more easily obtained." But the vision of my mother came before me clad in the robes of her widowhood, and without me, alone in the world. I was just learning what a cruel world it is, so I determined to go home, yet not venture out again till I had cultivated a moustache and acquired a foreign accent. The dinner hour had long since passed, but I felt no hunger. I could not have eaten anything if the table of a king had

been spread before me. I would gladly have walked home, but when I arose I found myself quite exhausted. Such a bitter disappointment, followed by such a burst of passion, had not been without its effects. I hailed an omnibus, threw myself into a seat, drew my hat down over my eyes, and rode home.

For days I did not touch a pen. I felt disgusted with myself, and would as soon have entered a lion's den as an editor's *sanctum*. I felt as though should I again appear before Mr. R—— he would devour me. But this passed away. I was young. Hope again held out her *ignis-fatuus*, I was lured by it, and listening to my mother's counsel, "*Try again!*" sallied out once more.

This time I kept clear of large publishing houses, determined not to come again in contact with "English reprints." I met my cousin Julia in Broadway, but she did not recognize me. Miss Elmson was just getting into her carriage at Peyser's, but did not honor me with a smile. When I lived next door to Julia in the Fifth Avenue, they were both anxious to get a bow from me. Julia used to tease me to take her to Niblo's, and Miss Elmson styled me "Julia's charming cousin." They used to tell me I was the handsomest fellow they knew, and said I was so stylish and talented. Now, I heard, they denominated me "that little nobody," and Julia declared I was only her second cousin. There was a time when she loved to pass me for her brother.

I crossed Broadway at the Park, and after numerous circuitous windings, arrived at the door of the N—— Magazine. For this magazine I had always entertained the highest respect. It had a character, was *rather* American, and I had some hopes from it. I introduced myself and manuscript in one breath, and received a patronizing smile which promised—something. I told Mr. N—— that I wished to dispose of the piece in question, and he agreed to hand it to his editor.

"What do you expect for it?" he inquired obligingly.

I replied, "Not more than it is worth, certainly."

He smiled again, and I bade him good morning. My blood ran freer. My story would receive a perusal at least. I walked across the Park like a man of business, took out my watch, set it with the City Hall clock, sauntered up to Thompson's, ordered a nice lunch, and dreamed myself on the high-road to fortune. I was ever given to dreaming. The clouds in the sky always wreath themselves into forms for me, and in the coals in the grate I see fairies or demons, as my mood may be.

Miss Elmson came in with her brother and seated herself with her back to me, but I did not care a straw. Bill Stranham lolled past me without even a nod—I did not even bite my lip. I heard Miss Elmson

talk about a party given by a *former* acquaintance of mine, to which I had not been invited, because I was poor no doubt; yet I did not blush, for I was dreaming; dreaming of what I would be some day, how elegantly I would live, how charitable I would be to all. Then too there was a fire within me quickening my blood, invigorating my heart, pervading my brain with a delightful sensation of mysterious power at my command, a power which could create beauty, excite sympathy, do good; and all this made me very happy.

After a week's impatient waiting, I went down to Mr. N——. He was not in the office. The next day I went again. He had forgotten to give my manuscript to the editor! Well, there was nothing to do but to be patient, so I *was* patient.

"Earnest," said my mother to me that evening, "my little annuity will hardly support us, plainly as we live." She paused, though I did not interrupt her. I kept silence as she continued. "I fear it is in vain for you to try to do anything by writing. Could you not attempt something else?"

"What else?" I asked. "I have no profession. Law, medicine, politics, all are enigmas to me."

"I do not expect you to run for President," said my mother smiling, "nor could you enter any profession, but you might procure a situation as clerk."

My face flushed, my voice sounded *stingingly* as I exclaimed—"Counter-jumper! Tape measurer!"

My mother interrupted me, reproving my passion. I was sober in an instant, but by no means inclined to become a clerk.

"Why, your father was a merchant?" pleaded my mother.

"Oh, a merchant!" returned I. "Yes, that is well for those who fancy it, but not for me, mother. Send me to Japan, put me in prison, but let me keep clear of counters and counting-rooms."

She saw I was unreasonable, and knew by sad experience that it was vain to argue with me. A silent tear she shed no doubt; but I was too excited to see it, and now it is too late to wipe it away.

What my mother had said only made me the more impatient. It seemed as though the sun would never drag himself across the sky, and the night brought only a wish for the laggard morrow. At last the time appointed for my next visit to the N—— Magazine arrived. I renewed my inquiries. The manuscript had not been returned from the editor's.

When I walked back across the Park this time, it was in the humblest of moods. "Hope deferred," hung like a weight on my heart, and turned more than one black hair to silver. I did not stop at

Thompson's, nor call an omnibus, for I felt poor. It was the first time poverty assumed a hideous aspect, for it was the first time that I felt helpless.

"Mother!" said I, as I took a cup of tea from her hand, "I will do something next month. I'll either sink into the drudgery of a store, or swim off triumphantly on the sea of literature!"

My desperate wit elicited a half smile, half sigh from my mother, and we talked about other things. My sweet mother! I looked up at her again and again, and thought, "How can I hesitate! Would I not almost beg for you, dearest mother?"

Hope told me that perhaps no sacrifice would be necessary, so I resolved to wait a while. I did not wait idly. I wrote an essay which my mother called earnest, spirited, elegant, and sent it to a paper that I heard paid well. It was returned with a very polite message, saying my essay was much admired, but was unsuitable for their columns. I bought the last number of the paper, glanced over its contents, went up to my study, sat down at my desk, wrote an exaggerated, piratical, fib-ibustering story, and sent that on. I did not wait long for a reply. A letter came post-marked L—. I tore it open—out rolled a twenty dollar bank-note. My mother took my hand. I was not a child, but I burst into tears—of shame. "Earnest, Earnest, what does this mean!" she exclaimed, passing her arm around me, and drawing my head to her shoulder, as she had so often done in my boyhood.

"Take the money, mother! I do not wish to see it! I sent them a piece worthy of admiration, the result of thought, the sentiment of a true heart, and they rejected it. In desperation, ashamed of my uselessness, I turned traitor to myself, wrote what I despise, what you must condemn, and they have rewarded me! No! I will not do it again! It were better to turn clerk, errand-boy, carman!"

There was but one consolation for my shame, for I indeed had genuine shame of my degradation in stooping to so low a style of composition; it was, that the money was really needed, and came just in the nick of time. My mother sympathized with me, and spoke no more about it, but I saw it on the table in the shape of hot muffins and nice tongue, and learned that it just brought out the quarter square, till she should receive her next allowance.

At the earliest opportunity, I went down to the N— Magazine office, and was received with many smiles and bows. I grew proud and determined to set a good price on my papers.

"We like that story very much," began Mr. N—, "and have decided to publish it."

I bowed, said I was happy to hear it, and so forth

"It will come out in a month or two," he continued. "What signature do you prefer?"

I said I had no objection to its appearance over my own name, and wanted to know what it was worth.

"Oh, you expect to be paid for it?"

I stared at him, at the wall, and down at my boots. "Yes," I ventured at last, "I thought I gave you to understand that. I wish to receive something for it."

He shook his head, declared it impossible for him to pay for it, that he had enough matter for the next volume, and would rather decline it than pay for it.

I hesitated. I urged its excellencies in a modest way, I talked—to the wind. At last I concluded to allow him to publish my manuscript, and mechanically placing my hat on my head, walked out. It was already dark. The street lamps cast a ghost-like light along the sombre walls, and the noise of the city was gradually dying away.—My thoughts however were all turned inward. I felt as though I had been wronged, almost robbed; as though I had done something very foolish, so you need not wonder that I was angry with myself and every one. When I reached home, I hastened up stairs, locked my door, and began to pace up and down my room. I was sick at heart. I had failed in my endeavors to support my mother by my labor, worse still, my fondest hopes had perished. I no longer dreamed of getting rich by writing. I only wondered whence came the courage to make so many attempts. I saw plainly that I was doomed to obscurity, to poverty. I was what Julia so expressively called me, "a nobody," and probably never would be any body, and like as not my mother would die in the poor-house. Oh! it was terrible to pull down all the castles I had built, stone by stone; now fell some favorite tower, now a window through which I gazed on pleasant prospects was shattered by a blow, and now the statues and pictures I had worshipped were torn away or dashed into fragments. The path to fame, which seemed to have lain so beautiful, so smooth and clear before me, now was thickly sown with thorns, here and there obstructed by massive gates, and overhung with clouds. Life was putting on such different forms that for a long while I feared to resign myself to slumber. Nature, however, at last conquered.

When I awoke, I found myself, as it were, in another world—myself a different being. There was no bright sunlight: all was dark and chill. Even my mother's face repulsed me by its coldness, and I felt my own heart like an iceberg. I went down town early, but not to the publishers' or magazine offices. I went to this *merchant* and that, and the next Monday morning saw me a dry-goods' clerk.

I laughed with the merriest—I sang songs at night—I cared little for anything, so long as I worked honestly and received my wages.—*Wages!* I hated the word, and when I gave my mother, bill by bill, the money handed to me by Mr. Rossam the last evening of the month, I said, “There, mother, is what I received for a dissertation on calicoes, and there is the price of an essay on broad cloth, and here the recompense for an admirable article on ladies’ hose.” It was the last time I referred to my writing, in this manner, so she forgave my little impertinence. I did not like the store to begin with, and week by week the drudgery became worse. I did not wonder any more that Julia did not care to recognize me; I felt so little, so contemptible. I do not mean to cast any obloquy on the office of a clerk, only I was not fitted for it, or, as I learned to express myself at the store, “it was out of my line of business.” I was necessarily associated more or less with illiterate, uneducated fellows. Mr. Rossam himself could not frame a correct sentence, and often used low phrases which made my lip curl in spite of me. This was known well enough among the boys, and they appreciated me accordingly. They called me Mr. Dainty, though I scrupled to do nothing which lawfully fell to my share, and strove to vex me in many ingenious ways. At the same time they looked up to me as to a superior, and often brought nice points for me to settle. This was the sugar on the pill, but the coat was very thin. James Boughton was the finest fellow amongst them, and better educated than clerks generally, or such as have fallen to my acquaintance. I had just come to the conclusion that it was death to me mentally and physically to remain in the store, and was wondering what I could do, when Boughton came in and threw down a magazine on the counter. I had not read a word since my unhappy exit from the office of Mr. N——. I had abjured all such temptations for fostering a literary taste, but this one was too strong. The magazine was a new one—it had a captivating look, and “I could not resist.” I read the prospectus over three times. It bewildered me. Young writers were invited to come, American writers and none other.

I was waked from a blissful trance by Mr. Rossam’s snatching the magazine from my hand, and pointing to a customer. I made a bad bargain I am sure. After he had gone I found I had given wrong change, and made up the deficiency from my own pocket. Every thing went wrong through the day. I grew more and more disgusted with business. I could not bear to touch the bales, and almost fainted when a lady insisted on my unrolling a dozen pieces of silk. The day was long, how long! I felt dizzy. I could hardly drag myself about the

store. The confinement no doubt had been too close for me, but my dislike of the business was still worse.

At last I was freed. I snatched up my hat, rushed into the street, flung back my hair to invite the delicious breeze, and casting a glance of aversion back towards my prison-house, vowed that I would never enter there again. The precious magazine was in my pocket. I took it out several times during tea, then left it with my mother, while I went up stairs. Once more I seated myself at my desk. A clear, transparent light shone upon the paper, sweet voices whispered in my ear, and my pen, impelled by some unknown power, glided swiftly across the page. I heard no clock strike. The dawn alone checked me, as it stole through the blinds. It seemed as though the flood-gate had been swept away, and my thoughts flowed once more free, swelling, irresistible.

The next day I took what I had written to Mr. Telham, the publisher of the new magazine. I was young, and he took me by the hand—an American, and he called me friend. He read my manuscript. Here and there he drew his pencil over a word, made some kind criticisms, but when he had finished, pronounced it excellent, and bade me be of good cheer. “You are still young,” he said, “and have faults which must be corrected, but you have many excellencies too, and what is better than all, real genius. This speaks well for you. You must write more.”

He placed in my hand a bill, and engaged me as a regular contributor to his magazine. He told me there was something about me that had attracted his interest, and he would do all he could for me. Ah! it was only his own noble heart, peering through the mists of circumstances, which discovered in me the eager, striving mind, and was ready to give aid. I wrung his hand with a “God bless you!” and hastened home. The clouds were all swept away. Every thing about me was music and sunshine. I had never seen my mother look more lovely. Her welcoming kiss fell on my cheek the very breath of love. Glad tears moistened her eyes as I told her of my last trial, my *success*. She whispered to me in melodious accents, “You must not go to the store any more.”

“No, mother, no!” I exclaimed. “I shall write! I shall make a fortune for you! and better still, I can now give vent to my flaming thoughts without a pang of conscience. Oh! how they have burned in my brain these last few weeks! I could not have endured it longer!”

So we talked of my new-born joy, and cheerfully awaited the publishing of my manuscript.

Not long after, as I was walking down Broadway, Miss Elmsom passed, and honored me with a gracious smile of recognition. It so surprised me, that I came near walking down one of the many cellars which on either side of Broadway are waiting to entrap the heedless promenader. Fortunately a long plank, which had been placed across the side-walk, effectually arrested my career. The shock was somewhat severe, still with tolerably good grace I turned out into the street, for Miss Elmsom had at last acknowledged our acquaintance.

Bill Stranham stopped me opposite the Astor House with a "Halloo! Gascoigne! Where have you been this long while? I have not seen you in an age!" How he recognized me I do not know, for I hardly knew myself just then. As I sauntered on I said to myself, "Oh, this is the age of surprises. I must not expect to escape."

But the last and the best had been reserved for my return home.—A billet had been left for me. I gazed at the superscription, kissed it, for I knew the writing was my cousin Julia's. It was an invitation to a party the following week. All this seemed very strange to me then. What had happened I could not tell.

I called on Mr. Telham to hand him an article I had promised. He received me with a shower of congratulations. "Young man, your fortune is made! There is a rush for the magazine this month, and a universal inquiry concerning Earnest Gascoigne. Then too your paper in N.'s Magazine has come out simultaneously, and, altogether, it is a great hit!"

Could this be the secret of Julia's invitation? Had my fame already reached the seclusion of the Fifth Avenue aristocracy? I was bewildered.

Did I attend the party? Certainly. Julia received me more like a returning prodigal than a recalled exile, and introduced me as her cousin. Did you ever have a sweet woman call you cousin?

I will not expatiate. Suffice it to say, I found myself a lion—most unexpectedly. The "observed of all observers," an elegant coterie gathered around me, hanging entranced upon my words, expecting to see the very diamonds of Golconda drop from my lips. I talked as I had never talked before. I was inspired. Flashes of wit, gems of sentiment, choice quotations from old authors came to me by magic.—A manliness within me, however, restrained my impetuosity, and gave me strength to appear unmoved, as though this was nothing new to me, and my triumph but a trifle.

A few days after the appearance of my virgin papers, Mr. Telham informed me that if I was inclined to write something of length, he would be happy to publish it. This was the climax of my present

wishes. I seemed to have caught the tide, and was floating fast to fortune. I grasped Mr. Telham's hand, called him my benefactor, and promised soon to have ready for him my first book. Without delay I commenced my work. It was a darling project that I had nursed for years.

PART II.

I will no longer confine the reader to my solitary study and more lonely walks. Hitherto I had sailed on a narrow stream; now my bark was thrust out upon an ocean. Here a vessel hailed me, and there guns were fired in my honor; now some old giant of the waves lowered his colors to me, and now some siren beckoned me to dangerous coasts. My pilotage was bad, and I soon struck upon a rock.—This sea upon which I embarked so rashly was *life*, and what is called *society*, the vortex in which I was soon engulfed. The rocks will show their heads without my designating them.

One evening a small company had assembled at my cousin Julia's, and conversation growing dull, cards were proposed. Julia begged me for her partner. I honestly confessed to her that I did not know one card from another. This fact may appear strange, but I had been educated at home, where cards had been vetoed. Miss Elmson came to my rescue.

"I will assume the pleasant task of teaching you, with your permission," she said, snatching a pack from the table. Could I reject such a teacher? "This is a club," she said, glancing up bewitchingly, "and this a spade. Now mark the difference!"

I told her they were both black, and I never should remember.

"You stupid fellow!" she exclaimed with a charming smile, "don't you see the difference?" and this time she laid her little white hand on my arm. I still pleaded total inability of comprehension, persisting that one looked about as much like a club as the other like a spade, with the single exception of the semblance of a handle. I was fearful of learning too fast, yet not wishing to appear incorrigibly obtuse, at last pronounced myself well versed on this point, and we passed to the king and jack. Here I delayed as long as reason would permit, discerning that I could not hesitate over hearts and diamonds. Having conned my lesson well, I made my bow to the queens, and reluctantly dismissed my sweet teacher. Seated at the card-table, Julia soon initiated me into the arts of Whist, and before the evening was out I played a passable hand.

When I arose to retire a cold shudder ran over me. A little laugh, low yet clear, and how demoniacal! rang in my ears as I closed the

door, and something like a nightmare seized my spirit. I could not account for it. Had I committed a crime? Surely neither Miss Elmson nor Julia would teach me anything that possibly might injure me! They were both amiable, lovely women; I need not mistrust them.

The next evening I called by appointment on Miss Elmson. Several others were there, all lively and gay, and time flew on wings. Miss Elmson with her own hand passed round some delicious cake, and we were invited to take a glass of wine. I declined, from no particular motive, only I had been unaccustomed to it of late, and my mother never liked to see me take it, though it had always been on my father's table. I should have resisted perhaps until this day, had not Miss Elmson, with a look which suffered no refusal, offered me a glass that I drained to her health.

Julia approached me. "You will pledge to me also, Earnest?" she said confidently. She seldom called me Earnest, and had never spoken so lovingly. I took the proffered draught. Wine had seldom affected me, yet I paused ere I raised the glass. My eyes met Julia's. "You are tardy, Earnest," she said in a low, beguiling voice. I hesitated no longer. Miss Duncan tipped her glass to me across the table—I drank again. "And to me too?" pleaded Mrs. Elmson. I was eager to pledge her.

I remember that I retired from the company rather early, that I awoke in the morning stupid and dull, that my book was neglected for that day and the next, that my mother wondered what was the matter with me, but I had not been intoxicated. Still a fear was awakened within me. I felt that "society" was a dangerous place for me, and decidedly declined all my invitations for that week. In a few days I applied myself again to writing.

Shakspeare has said, "What's in a name?" Permit me to say—everything. Orders poured in upon me. The English Reprinter concluded to pollute his press by an American production, and begged me to furnish the material, but I assured him, "I was unable to attend to it, at least for the present." The magazines in general were eager to serve me, and I entrusted some of them with my papers. This publisher and that informed me they were at my command, and what is more wonderful than all, money began to flow into my coffers.

One day I received an invitation to attend a small party at Miss Duncan's. Julia desired me to be her escort; I accepted with pleasure. I was flattered, quoted, smiled upon, and of course expected to make myself universally agreeable. I will not tell of my temptations so oft repeated; how I yielded; how I fell. I was carried home intoxicated. Julia had left early to accompany her parents somewhere

else, or this would not have happened. Left to myself, I had no thought of evil. I did not dream that I could drink too much. Delicate hands extended to me the cup—bright eyes smiled in the ruby wine—and melodious voices urged me on.

Days passed. My name still was the theme of tongues polite, still invitations poured in upon me, and I was whirled away. My book was finished. It appeared in an incredibly short space of time, and now more than ever was *I a lion*. It would all have been well, but every one seemed bent on my destruction. Their kindness was killing me. Woman, who should have been my guardian angel in this hour of danger, was the siren who cheated me with false pleasures. Cards became dull to me as a mere amusement, so I played for money, I—gambled. At first the stakes were small; but they increased evening after evening. I seldom won, and then only trifling sums, but lost, lost, lost. My mother was in despair. She pleaded with tears that I would pause, that I would stop and think. Stop? I was ever under the excitement of wine. There was no power to stop, to *think*!

Ere long we were again reduced to my mother's annuity. This checked me a moment. I wrote a lengthy article, and sent it down town. It was the mere shadow of my former writings, but I had a name, and it procured a large price. I immediately gave the money to my mother. She kissed me, and hoped this was the promise of better things. Alas!

The article appeared. I read it with disgust. The papers lauded it, critics dealt gently with it—still they called for more. A second payment for my book made me feel rich again, and I dashed away into extravagances and dissipation. My reputation as a gentleman began to waver. Odious rumors were circulated. However, I was still received with *éclat* in all circles I chose to visit, and still the eyes of beauty and hands that I loved lured me to quaff the smiling liquor which was my destruction. If I hesitated they reproached me. If I refused, even my cousin declared me a surly fellow, though I never refused but to relent. Thus were they dragging me on to ruin. It was against my better judgment, but I dared not appear impolite. I did not love the liquor for its own sake. It was only its excitement or sociability I courted. Fashion had declared that a *gentleman* must know how to tip his glass gracefully, and knowing must perform his *duty*. A dull circle was soon enlivened by a few generous draughts—why should we refrain? Ah! why? I knew too well. This insidious liquor was a bane, a curse to me. I strove to win the smiles of my mother. Vice (for excess in any evil becomes such) had drawn a veil between her heart and mine; we understood each other, sympa-

thized with each other no longer. I sat me down to write as I was wont to do, though no more impelled by that mysterious power which had worked so triumphantly within me. I thought it would return when I reentered my study. The door closed behind me, still the leaden weight lay on all my faculties. I seated myself at my desk—it fell heavier. I took up my pen—this mighty curse ground down upon my spirit with ten-fold power—a mountain's load was on me. I despaired. *My genius had forsaken me!* I had worked my own ruin. Wine, wine had drowned my intellect and washed away every vestige of my former enthusiasm.

For days I was in an agony no former grief had known. I wandered here and there, unhappy, miserable. I avoided my cousin, my beautiful cousin, the only woman who had ever elicited from me more than a passing fancy. I avoided her, for I feared *her dangerous influence*. This sounds monstrous! I would not tell it did my cousin stand alone, but there are many as false to themselves as she—let them take heed!

I began to think of a clerkship again, or some office by which I might support our little family, but as there was no pressing need I delayed seeking a situation, in half hopes that my genius would return to me. Vain hope! Repeated trials brought repeated failures. My mother, her cheek paling every day, her delicate form growing thinner and frailer, gave way anew to despair. I write this now, not without tears, but then I scarcely marked it.

My boat was fast floating down the stream, shattered by tempests, rent in all its sails, when a gentle but powerful hand drew it into a safe haven, where it was moored at last. Oh, that first beam of heaven-born love which fell on me from a true woman's heart! What is beauty? fashion? pleasure? The one a bubble, the next a sound, the third a mockery.

But let me not anticipate. I had been playing several hours with a party of gay fellows, when soured in temper and robbed of every cent I owned, I tore myself away. As I walked up Broadway, I gazed on the moon and stars, and remembered how coldly they looked on me in those long weeks of vain struggling after fame and fortune which preceded my going into the store. But that was nought to the biting sting of the moonshine now. The stars seemed smiling tauntingly; the breeze brought gibing insults to me; all nature was awry. Then I recalled those happy, happy days of my first success. There was no peace there, however, for had I not wasted my happiness with prodigal extravagance? and now it was beyond recall.

When I reached home, I found my mother still awaiting me. There was mingled joy and sadness in her countenance; joy, for she had

pleasant news to tell me—sadness, for what she would say would carry away my last inducement to labor and plunge me still deeper in the gulf of heedless pleasure. We were no longer poor. Her only brother, dying in San Francisco, had left her a fortune equaling our most extravagant desires. A delirious fever caught my brain as I learned this news. I saw the broad path of pleasure open wider and wider before me, and no flower there that I might not reach forth and pluck. A few weeks saw us reestablished in our old home, and living once more in elegance. This sudden fortune brightened my waning star. My literary fame was tottling, for I had ceased endeavoring to support it, but this sudden accession to wealth made me again the courted and admired. Friends that had grown cold, as well they might, returned with renewed smiles and praises. Julia, my beautiful tempter, had not, as many would, forsaken me in my fall. The truth is, she loved me, and love, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. But I could not love her, nor any woman I had met. There was something wanting which I could not designate, but without which woman appeared to me so very frail, so far from perfect.

I had been at Albany on a charitable visit to a poor relation, towards whom the kind heart of my mother yearned, and when I returned was quite surprised to find our quiet house all in commotion, the halls littered with trunks and band-boxes, the last of which announced the arrival of lady visitors. I soon learned that Mrs. Mortimer and her daughter had just arrived from Philadelphia, in compliance with an urgent invitation from my mother, and were to remain several weeks. Miss Mortimer's praises had often been sung by my mother and other of our mutual friends, who regarded her as one of those beings who are near, very near perfection.

I dressed with unusual care as a man, a young man especially, is inclined to do when he is about to meet, for the first time, a lady of whom he has heard much, and upon whom he is desirous of making a favorable impression. The introduction past, much to my own surprise I felt perfectly at ease in Miss Mortimer's presence. She was not a beauty, and I was glad of it; but there was that sparkling of kindness and intellect combined in her expressive features, which is so captivating. Her manner was a charming mingling of gracefulness and elegance.

I would have been content if dinner had passed in silence. The varying expression of Miss Mortimer's face was sufficient entertainment for me, and when her eyes met mine there was no need of the language of the lips, but yielding to my mother's pleading glance, I entered upon a spirited conversation, and we were soon talking with the frankness of old friends.

As days passed I found that Miss Mortimer's chief beauty lay in the richness of her intellect and the goodness of her heart. She spoke to me with a candor that was certainly bewitching, and I learned to reverence her opinions, quickly discerning that they arose from thought and reasoning, and were not the mere scintillations of passing fancy. Every hour I was yielding more and more to her mysterious influence. I felt a better man when she was near me. I soon learned to read her thoughts from her countenance, and would have gone through fire and water to accomplish her slightest wish. I had never known a reproof so powerful as the shade of *anxiety*, if I dare term it thus, which gathered o'er her brow when she condemned some of my rash acts or words.

Julia was enraptured with our guests. "So charming! so distingué!" she exclaimed again and again, and insisted on our coming over to spend the evening in company with a few others she would invite. We did so. Music and dancing chased the flying hours; we were all very gay and happy. Of course we must have some refreshments, and what was so convenient for a little company as wine and cake? The wine and cake were served. I had not the least inclination to drink Miss Elmson's health, but I was not accustomed to refuse, and it would have been boorish! I drank gaily, then turned suddenly to see if Miss Mortimer was helped. She was pale as death. Her large eyes were fixed with burning intensity upon me for a moment, then she moved away. I sat down the glass so desperately that it was shattered into atoms. The crash did not attract her attention, but when other ladies approached me carelessly with brimming goblets, she turned her eyes again upon me, and under such a spell I could not have raised one of those cups to my lips! A cloud hung over all the rest of the evening. The walk home was so short that I had no opportunity for question or remark.

The next evening when we were seated alone in the twilight, I said, "Miss Mortimer, will you tell me why you looked so reprovingly last evening, and why you avoided me so studiously, and bade me good night so coldly?" It was a desperate effort, but once commenced I rushed through.

She hesitated. I rested my head on my hand, and breathlessly awaited her reply. "I saw you raise the wine-glass, Mr. Gascoigne, and my confidence in you was shaken in a moment."

"Surely," interrupted I, "you do not think it wrong to drink a single glass of wine?"

She replied, "A single glass might not be injurious, but you raised yours so readily, so gaily, and as you did not hesitate to oblige Miss Elmson, I did not see how you could refuse others. In a moment I pictured you necessarily much excited, if not intoxicated."

"It is true," I returned, "but for your look I could not have refused my cousin, or even her father."

We talked long—I urging the necessity of a gentleman's drinking wine, especially when requested by the ladies, or when his friends gave a little dinner in his honor, and she shattering my false arguments, picturing too truthfully the very evils I had suffered, though she knew it not, using all the influence of a true, virtuous woman to save me ere it was too late. As she bade me good night, while almost unconsciously to us both I held her hand in mine, she said, "Believe me, Mr. Gascoigne, that a woman who rightly values her happiness, will never trust to a man who indulges in wine."

Many similar conversations followed. Day by day my admiration of Miss Mortimer's character increased. I looked on her as my good angel. When we were out in company together she was my shield.—All eyes paled beside the light of hers; there was no other smile I coveted. Now that I had strength to look around me, I found more than one gentleman who fearlessly proclaimed himself no wine-bibber, and they were gentlemen of high standing and universally respected. Perhaps among the crowd of flaunting dahlias, and boasting, blushing roses, and gay, scentless peonies, they, like me, had found some precious flower of modest worth, whose perfume at once was health and extacy. I had found at last my beau ideal of woman. The something that had been wanting in all the beautiful, accomplished, yes, and amiable ladies I had met, I had now discovered in the mysterious power Mary Mortimer exerted over me; it was the purified influence of woman's virtue. She was not a mere butterfly of fashion, but one who knowing that life is not what it seems, strove to fulfill her duty by acting a true woman's part.

The summer came, and Mary was to leave us. My admiration had long since grown into something more devoted and more fervent. The time had arrived for me to learn from her lips whether she would accept my love or no.

"Mary!" I commenced, but my voice faltered and I paused. Would so gentle, so pure a being trust her happiness to one who had so fallen, though through her influence again restored to the path of rectitude? I trembled. Doubt made a coward of me. At last, despairing of words, I caught her hand. It was not withdrawn! Inspired by hope I revealed to her my miserable fall, how moral death and intellectual ruin were awaiting me, when she arrived to draw me from the fatal whirlpool; and she shed tears for me, for me! Then came the story of my love, which flowed like a resistless torrent from my lips.

With a cheek paling with fear lest I should hesitate, she promised

to be mine if I would give this pledge—that I would never touch cards or spiritous drinks again. Knowing so well man's weakness, and the danger of even moderate indulgence in these falsely-called pleasures, I could not blame her, or even wonder at her request. A moment, and I had vowed to her that the deceitful liquor should never madden me again, that henceforth games of chance should be unknown to me—I promised, and oh, blessed boon! I clasped her to my heart! How small the sacrifice, how great the gain!

My manliness returned, and with it the genius I had mourned. My house became a temple where the wise and great gathered, and the good too, attracted by my angelic wife. How shall I picture the happiness of my mother at the salvation of her son, her only child? I cannot. Mothers in like circumstances alone can fathom it.

Temptation came, but my vow remained unbroken. My abstinence from wine and cards brought upon me no reproach, for Mary had taught me how to decline without giving offence, or compromising the gentleman; it passed for an eccentricity, and as such was excusable. This prayer make I nightly for my children, that my daughters may be like their mother, and that my sons may find such wives. Burns sang his Mary, and Byron his, yet they could not have equalled my own Mary, or I am sure the fate of the illustrious poets had been brighter.

Thus endeth the story of my early victories. I have had two great struggles. The first was for fame, through obscurity, poverty and prejudice. The second was for virtue and respectability. My greatest opposers were wine and women—wine, for it impaired my reason and lured me to indulge in other vices than that of drinking—woman, for her hand proffered the draught, her eyes beamed joyously when I drank to her happiness, her lip curled scornfully when I waved aside the cup—but I have long since forgiven her, for it was a noble-hearted woman that rescued me from the wiles of fashion and the bondage of appetite. *Mary* placed the crown of the victor on my head, a crown not wreathed of fading bays and laurels, but of pearls and diamonds—the pearls her sympathizing tears—the diamonds her approving smiles. Step by step she led me forward in the paths of virtue, till my awakened vision caught a glimpse of that better world to which a door has been opened by the sacrifice of Atonement. As age whitens our locks, it shall brighten our smiles; for we journey towards that inheritance which is undefiled and fadeth not away.

OCTOBER.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

Oh! the mellow, brown October,
Is a merry month for me,
When the chequered woods are waving
Like the billows of the sea;
When the yellow grain is gathered,
And the golden harvest stored,
And the farmer leaves his sickle
To make merry at the board.

And the mellow, brown October,
Hath a sunny smile for all,
When the nuts begin to ripen,
And the fruits begin to fall;
When the golden glow of Autumn
Over all the earth is cast,
And the promise of the Spring-time
Has to full fruition pass'd.

Through the day, the squirrel
Stores his winter food away,
And, with airy bound, the rabbit
Leads the huntsman far astray;
And the placid pools of water
Catch the golden smiles above,
And the robins band together
In a brotherhood of love.

Oh! I love the mellow sunshine
Of the old October days,
When around the quiet hill-tops
Hangs the dreamy, golden haze;
When the mountains wear the mantle
Of the year's declining sun,
As the victor wears his laurels,
When the battle has been won.

PROVIDENCE.

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BY G. S. BURLEIGH.  
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God's good and man's lie oft apart,
Oft meet at last by separate doors;
The pangs that wring a tortured heart
Are very mercies, if they start
Its blood to run a nobler course.

There is no blind misguided chance;
The wandering atoms feel the sway
Of central forces, till they dance
Harmonious in the sunset's glance,
As stars that throng the Milky Way.

The loneliest cannot walk alone,
A hand unseen is in his hand,
A heart is beating with his own;
And thrills of home-like chords hath known
The pilgrim in a desert land.

The brook that down its sinuous way
Glides, humming with a low content,
Though clinging in a pleased delay
Round flower-banks many a summer's day,
Goes fate-like whither it was sent:

Goes to its marriage with the sea
Not less predestined than the shock
Of arrowy torrents foaming free,
And roaring down with boistrous glee,
Or madly hurled from rock to rock.

Let him thank God, who at the last,
Though sorely scourged by storm and wave,
On any solid shore is cast;
There shall he find the very blast
That wrecked, will bring him food, to save.

More proudly shall he tread the wreck
Of shattered hopes compelled once more
To bear him home, than, ere the check
Of adverse fates, he trod the deck
Of his gay bark and turned from shore.

Strength comes of trial, soon or late,
And that omnipotence of will
Which dares to man a helmless fate,
No sleek-browed fortune can create,
No scowling fortune daunt with ill.

THE LYNNE OF GLEN LYNNE.

BY ANNE P. ADAMS.

EARLY one summer's morning in 18—, a young girl opened the front door of a large, old fashioned house, and stood thoughtfully some moments on the threshold. A lawn stretched out before her, dotted with trees of a century's growth. The graceful branches of leaf-burdened elms, drooped till they kissed the turf beneath them. English walnut trees, proud scions of a noble race, nodded patronizingly to Lombardy poplars, which stood here and there, like sentinels, grim, stern, and uncompromising.

The sun was rising. A robin perched upon the topmost branch of the tallest poplar, caught his first ray, and poured forth a song of welcome, so full of gladness and love, of rich gushing melody, that the heart of Alida Lynne was stirred within her as she listened, and tears, one after another, gathered in her eye, and rolled slowly down her cheek.

"I did not think I should mind so much about it," she said to herself, closing the door carefully and stepping out upon the lawn. "The birds will sing as sweetly there, as here, the sun will shine as brightly, and the trees and grass will be as green. But *these* trees, that I have loved so well, I may never see again. That elm, yonder, how many hours I have sat upon the grass under it, and made garlands of its leaves. And my flowers—I will go this moment, before any one else is up, and bid them all good bye. It seems to me I can never love trees, and flowers again, as I have loved these."

It was a large, old-fashioned garden, somewhat quaint and prim, but gorgeous now, with all the floral beauty of the 'month of roses.' At this early hour, the heads of many of the flowers were bowed, and their petals folded in sleep, the sun had not yet kissed the glistening dew-drops from their leaves. Alida passed no one of them without notice. She even talked to them, as if they could understand her, and who shall say they did not, as flowers may? She was fanciful enough to think they *answered* to her loving words, when they nodded their fair heads, and breathed their sweet, perfumed breath, upon the morning air.

Slowly and sadly Alida passed through the well known walks, stopping now and then, to pluck a tri-colored violet, or a blossom from the periwinkle, or a delicate cluster of lilies of the valley, or to wind the stray tendrils of a sweet pea, around the trellis intended for their sup-

port. While thus occupied, a beautiful English greyhound leaped over the garden gate, and coming to her, laid his head caressingly upon her hand.

"Good morning, Prince," said Alida. "Do you know that I am going ever so far away, and have you come to bid me good bye?"

There was a look of mute sorrow in the great, brown eyes that were lifted to her face, which was too much for Alida. She threw her arms about her favorite, and laying her soft cheek upon his head, wept without restraint.

"Oh, Prince! if I could but take you with me—but I cannot. You will not forget me, will you, good fellow, nor the happy times we have had together." Prince promised, by looking again into Alida's face with those great, sad eyes, and rubbing his head against her hand.

Two hours after this, she had parted with all she loved in her childhood's home, and was seated in a stage-coach, on her way to Boston.

The Lynnes, of Glen Lynne, were the oldest and most aristocratic family, in one of the oldest and most aristocratic towns of New England. It seems rather absurd to talk about the aristocracy of a country like ours, where mill-boys and farmers' sons fill our highest offices, and democracy is the hobby which every body rides; where, while *none* are "born great," *all* may "achieve greatness," and a *few* "have greatness thrust upon them." The fact, however, is well enough established, that we *have* an aristocracy, and that the Lynnes of Glen Lynne belonged to it.

There was a tradition in the family, that the royal house of Tudor, formed the base of their genealogical tree. Were it true that a kingly *bearing* always indicates the presence of royal blood, the tradition in this case would be verified, for the Lynnes were a princely looking race, and Wallace Tudor Lynne, the father of Alida, looked "every inch a king."

It was his misfortune, that he was born an only son. Being such, he could not well escape being a pet, and pets are very likely to be spoiled. The pride of the Lynne family concentrated itself on Wallace. *He* was to perpetuate the family name, and to become a worthy representative of the family dignity. During his youth, he followed the common routine marked out for gentlemen's sons. From the academy, he went to college, studied only so much as was agreeable, spent money freely, and came home to be the pet and pride of his mother, the idol of his sisters, and the envy of half his acquaintances.

The great event of his life was yet to be consummated. Ordinarily, marriage is *not* the great event in a man's life, as it is almost necessarily in a woman's. But in the case of Wallace Tudor Lynne, it was

likely to prove such, as his family, either from pride, or some other equally cogent reason, thought it sufficient occupation for him to be a gentleman, without encountering the risks and toil of a professional life.

It was important that he should marry, and no less important in the opinion of his mother, that the lady of his choice should be in every respect a *suitable* match for him. That there might be no mistake made, Mrs. Lynne took into her own hands the care of selecting him a wife. Two things, each highly important, were to influence her in this selection, which made the task a delicate, and by no means an easy one. It required tact and talent, and both of these Mrs. Lynne possessed in an eminent degree. No one could have understood better than she what was essential, or have brought to the work a more perfect assurance of success.

It was in the first place necessary, that the only son of the Lynnes of Glen Lynne should mate with his equal in birth, for the family pride could not brook the union of plebeian blood, with the rich current that had flowed so long untainted through their veins. Wealth was scarcely less to be desired than high birth, for while the *pride* of the Lynnes mounted ever higher and higher, their *fortunes* were on the wane.—The world could detect no signs of decreasing wealth, in their elegant style of living, but Mrs. Lynne was well aware that her daughters would be portionless brides, and that her son, in order to preserve the family name from obscurity, must marry an heiress. So with her motherly pride to direct her, and her motherly affection for support, in the difficulties of this self-imposed task, she began the search for a young lady, worthy to become Mrs. Wallace Tudor Lynne.

Wallace meanwhile, though quite aware of his mother's ambitious views in regard to him, with a perversity natural enough in an only son, was cherishing, and daily hoping to realize an ideal, quite different from Mrs. Lynne's. He had somehow taken up the foolish notion, strange enough for a young man in his circumstances, that *love* is quite as essential to happiness in the married life, as high birth or fortune. Having never felt the want of money, he had never known its value, and with the usual short-sightedness of youth, scorned to reckon it of any account whatever. He had no lack of family pride, but he fancied, oddly enough, that in marrying one beautiful and good enough to suit his fastidious taste, even though her pedigree could not be traced back to the Norman conquest, he should in no wise degrade himself. He should place his wife upon his own level, and not necessarily put himself on hers.

His aristocratic mother would have been shocked at such a want of proper feeling in her son, had she known of its existence, but Wallace

prudently concealed his opinions, and pondered them in his heart.— But the time was coming when they must reveal themselves. Sauntering down street one day, arm in arm with a friend, he met a lady, whose image daguerreotyped itself upon his memory, and a glance from whose dark eyes sealed his fate.

"Laurance, who is that?" was his hasty question, as the lady passed them.

"Whom do you mean, Wallace?"

"The lady dressed in black, whom we just met."

"I did not see her."

"Not see her, man! On what fool's errand had your eyes gone, pray?"

"You forget, Wallace, that since my ideal of loveliness is realized, I look less curiously than I used at the pretty faces that meet me in the street. What was this lady like? Describe her to me, if you wish me to tell you who she is."

"Describe her! I can't describe her. What is she like? She was like nobody I ever saw before. A face of perfect oval, one of those rich complexions, such as are rarely given by a northern sun, dark, dreamy, fathomless eyes, shaded by lashes that swept her cheek, full, pouting lips, red as coral, a perfect foot, and a step like Juno's."

"And you took in all these perfections at a glance?" said Laurance laughing. "You have dipped your pencil in the rainbow, Wallace.— Your colors are too bright for things on earth."

"Laugh as you will, Laurance, I never saw such a vision of loveliness before."

"Was this young Venus alone?"

"Yes."

"And dressed in black?"

"In deep mourning."

"Had she a stoop in the shoulders?"

"Her form was as perfect as her face."

"She limped a little in walking, didn't she?"

"Laurance, you are incorrigible. Her gait was strikingly easy and elegant. Didn't I tell you she had a step like Juno?"

"Pardon! I had forgotten."

"I must know who she is," said Wallace, decidedly.

"Suppose you follow her, and inquire."

"Nonsense! Laurence, by the saucy twinkle of your eye, I believe you could tell me if you would."

"And if I *can*?"

"Why, tell me then, 'an' thou lovest me.'"

"Not having seen the lady, I may be mistaken, but in your rose-colored portrait of her, I detect a resemblance to a person I have sometime seen."

"Where? When? What is her name? Where does she live?"

"Where? In the choir at St. John's. When? Of late, on Sundays. Her name? Honora Savelle. Her residence? In the rear of a baker's shop on South-street."

"You are laughing at me, Laurance."

"On the contrary, I am scarcely less serious than yourself. The divinity you have seen, may not be the person to whom I allude, but making due allowance for the coloring in your description, the resemblance is so strong, I am inclined to think they are one."

"I should not have suspected the elegant Laurance Pierrepont of an acquaintance with a person living in the rear of a baker's shop."

"Not even if that person, by the showing of the fastidious Wallace Tudor Lynne, possessed charms enough to drive Venus mad with envy?" said Laurance, with a sly smile.

"A truce to your nonsense, Laurance, and tell me soberly if you can, who this beauty is, and what you know about her."

"I have told you nearly all I know. She is the daughter of the baker, in the rear of whose shop she lives."

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

I cannot tell you what post she occupies in her father's establishment. It may be those delicate hands and exquisitely moulded arms are compelled to perform the menial task of kneading dough. Or perhaps she stands behind the counter, and sells penny loaves, and seed cakes to ragged urchins and superannuated spinsters. What is it all to you, Wallace?"

"Much, every way, my friend, if the person of whom you speak, is the lady we have just met. Did you say, she is one of the singers at St. John's?"

"Yes, the only Contralto. You must have noticed her voice, for I have never heard its equal."

"I never hear it without wishing I could listen to it forever. It is a wonderful voice. Yes, they must belong to the same person. The voice and face are in perfect harmony."

"I am surprised that you have not seen her before."

"I could only meet her by accident, you know, any where but in church, and there, our pew is so located that we cannot see the choir. But having seen her once, I shall see her again."

"Take a seat with us to-morrow, and you can look at her as much as you please."

"Thank you. I will do so with pleasure. But whom can I find to introduce me to her?"

"You surely don't mean to seek the acquaintance of this girl, Wallace!"

"And why not, Laurance? If she is as good, as I know her to be beautiful, her acquaintance must be well worth seeking."

"But for what purpose would you seek it, Wallace? She can never, as you well know, be introduced to our circle. Believe me, such acquaintances will do you no good."

"It is impossible to decide that, till I have tried the experiment.—Honora Savelle. It is a pretty name. Is her family French?"

"Possibly. I am unacquainted with her genealogy."

"Have you ever spoken to her, Laurance?"

"Not I, indeed. Her remarkable voice led me to inquire who she was, and I learned what I have told you."

"Thank you for the information, Laurance. Do you stop here?" he added, as his friend entered a jeweler's shop.

"Yes, I have a commission to execute for my sister. Will you come in?"

"No, thank you. I promised to go into the country this afternoon, with my mother and the girls. Good morning."

"Good morning!" and the friends parted.

Three months from that day, Honora Savelle became the bride of Wallace Tudor Lynne. Nothing could exceed the mortification of his family, at this destruction of all their hopes. In vain Wallace, with all the eloquence of a lover, dwelt upon the grace, beauty, and refinement of Honora. She was of low birth—a baker's daughter, and though good enough perhaps in her place, she was no match for him. The family honor was tainted, the family pride received a blow, from which it never recovered. They were still fond of Wallace, but they could never forgive him for the step he had taken, and no persuasion of his could induce them to take any notice whatever of his plebeian bride.

The young couple, devotedly attached to each other, lived very happily together without their notice. Honora's father gave her a very respectable marriage portion, and though unable to live in the style to which he had been accustomed, Wallace was too much in love to be at all disturbed by the difference.

One only child was the fruit of this union, Alida Savelle Lynne, whom we have already introduced to the reader. She was an uncommonly lovely child, having inherited the beauty of both her parents,

though of the two she more closely resembled her father, in person and character. When Alida was six years old, her mother died, and then the courtesy never offered by Wallace Lynne's family to the beautiful Honora, was eagerly extended to her not less beautiful child. Wallace would have proudly rejected it then, but his heart was almost broken, and his health so fearfully impaired in consequence of the loss of his wife, that it became necessary for him to travel. He therefore consented that Alida should remain with her grandmother and aunts, during his absence.

The little girl soon learned to love her beautiful home, and quickly became the pet of the household. She was a loving little creature, walking straight into the hearts of those around her, and nestling there, like a sweet little singing bird. Great care was bestowed upon her education, and the progress she made reflected credit on her teachers. Dearly as she liked books and study, she was more fond of being out of doors, tending her flowers, or frolicking with Prince, or singing so like a bird, that the birds sometimes would answer her. She loved her stately grandparents and fashionable young aunts, because she couldn't help loving any body who was kind to her, but it was to her father her heart went out in its fulness of affection. During the years Alida passed at Glen Lynne, every tree and stone on the grand old place became dear to her. She established a sort of intimacy with the birds, and flowers, and trees. Her vivid imagination literally found

"Tongues in the trees—books in the running brooks,"

and in the absence of associates of her own age, these became her play-fellows and friends. She was a true child of nature, impatient of the restraints which fashion and etiquette imposed, and never more lovely and winning, than when left free to follow the guidance of her own sweet will. One might apply to her the words of the poet—

"Nature for her favorite child,
In her did temper so the clay,
That every hour her heart ran wild,
Yet never once did go astray."

Wallace Lynne wandered about the world, seeking a balm for his wounded spirit, till at last, weary of change, he once more set up his household gods, in a sequestered spot in the interior of Massachusetts. Here he bought a small farm, hired a housekeeper, and began life anew. His old acquaintances lifted up their hands and eyes in astonishment, when they heard of it. Wallace Lynne, the elegant and fastidious, with hands delicate as a girl's, turned ploughman! Verily, wonders

would never cease. The only satisfactory reason anybody could give for such a proceeding, was to suppose that the companionship of his plebeian wife had wrought a change in him—in short, that he had fallen to her level.

His family were too proud to let the world know the extent of their mortification. Since his marriage, they had gradually ceased speaking of him to their acquaintances, and from this time his name rarely passed their lips beyond their own fireside circle. A correspondence was kept up between them, but it necessarily grew cold, formal, and infrequent, Alida being almost the only subject upon which either party wrote freely.

When her father was comfortably settled in his new home, he longed for Alida's companionship, and accordingly wrote to Mrs. Lynne to that effect. This letter excited great indignation at Glen Lynne.—The sisters thought it positively unkind of Wallace to send for his daughter now, just as she had become companionable, after giving them all the trouble of her training thus far. Besides, the idea of burying her, with all her talents and beauty, in the obscure corner of the world where he had chosen to hide himself, was preposterous, and could not be entertained for a moment. It was unanimously decided that the child should not go, and a plausible excuse was gotten up to satisfy the father. As if anything *could* satisfy him but the presence and affection of his only child!

Alida knew that her father had written for her to come to him, and her affectionate heart longed to go, and comfort him in his loneliness. But her friends told her it was not best for her to go, and thought to remove all desire to do so, by describing in as unattractive a manner as possible, her father's mode of life, and the place where he had chosen to locate himself.

They knew little of Alida Lynne, who sought to wean her from her father by *such* considerations. She would listen respectfully to all that was said to her on the subject, and make no remark to betray what she felt. But she carried the picture of her father's desolate condition in her heart, and thought about it in the garden and on the lawn, till that little heart swelled almost to bursting. "If I could but go to him," she would say to herself, "I would love him so dearly, and take such good care of him, that he should forget his loneliness. Dear, dear papa, I am sure nobody loves him as I do." Alida's keen perceptions had shown her, that for a reason she could not guess, her father's friends were not pleased with him. True to her pure, womanly instincts, she loved him all the better for that, but with a tact, a delicacy uncommon at her age, she forbore to speak of him to them, and

they never guessed what was passing in the depths of her little loving heart.

Again and again, Wallace wrote for his child, and wrote in vain.— Some specious reason was always ready for denying his request. At length he felt that he could wait no longer, and having business which called him to Boston on a certain day, he wrote to his mother, requesting that Alida might be there to meet him, else he should be under the necessity of going for her to Glen Lynne, which he could not do, without great inconvenience. Mrs. Lynne felt satisfied it would not do to oppose Alida's going any longer. Preparations were therefore made for the journey, and the morning on which we have introduced her to our readers, Alida left Glen Lynne under the care of a gentleman, who was a friend of the family, with the understanding that in a year she should return there again, to remain permanently. It was well for the child, that she could not lift the veil which concealed the future. She would have shrunk in terror from the path she was doomed to tread. Now, her grief at parting with friends and familiar scenes was swallowed up in the prospect of being clasped to a father's heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

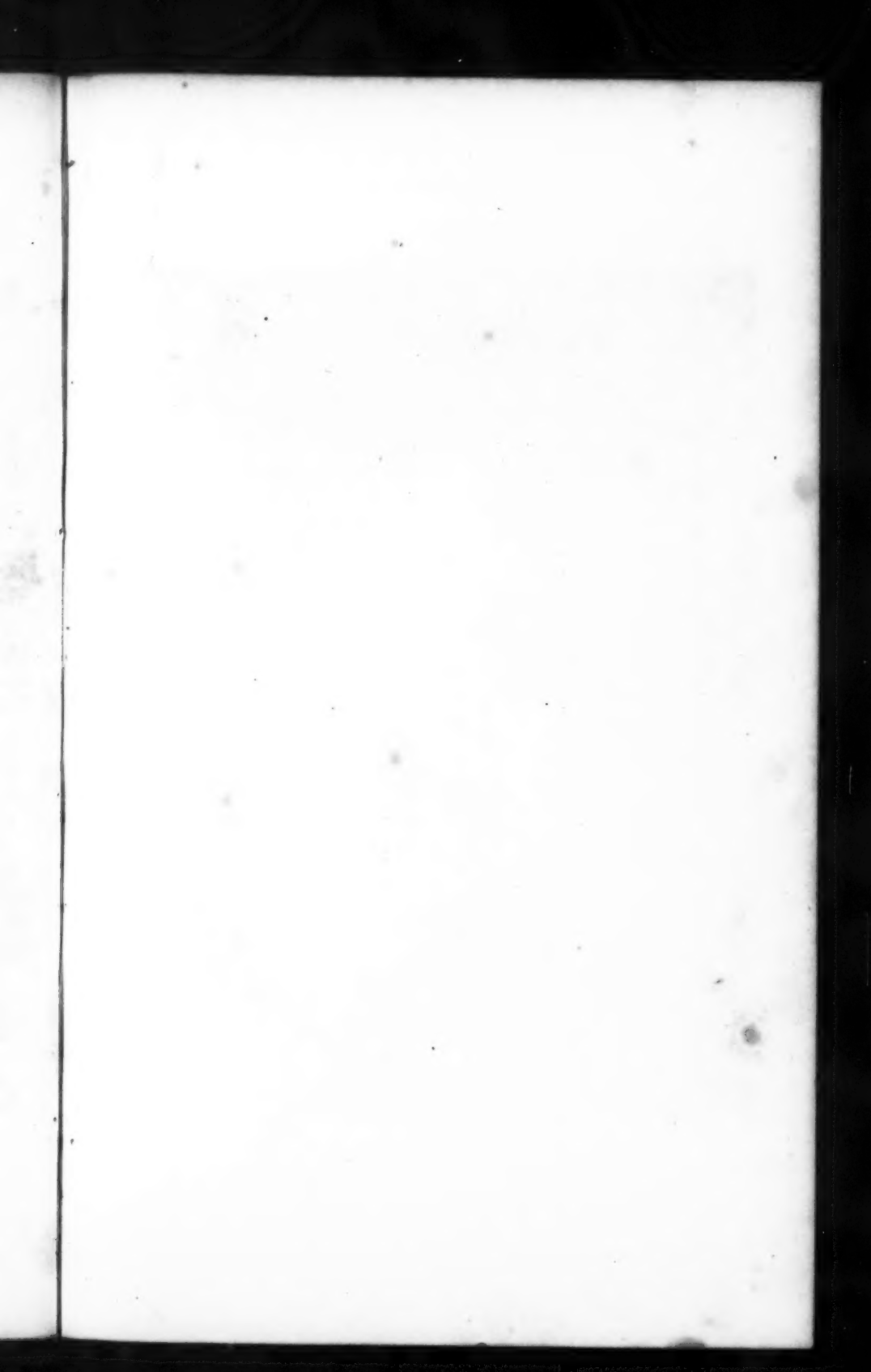
THE FLOWER GIRL.

BY DAVID M. STONE.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

It is thy spring-time now, fair girl!
 These are thy golden hours;
 Thou should'st not learn from life's rude whirl—
 Hark to the whispering flowers!
 Receive the lesson—scorn it not,
 Nor let its teachings be forgot.

Judge not the heart by outward show—
 Truth is the test of worth;
 Beauty is like the fair white snow—
 The fleetest thing on earth.
 Truth, like the perfume of the flower,
 Will linger till life's closing hour.





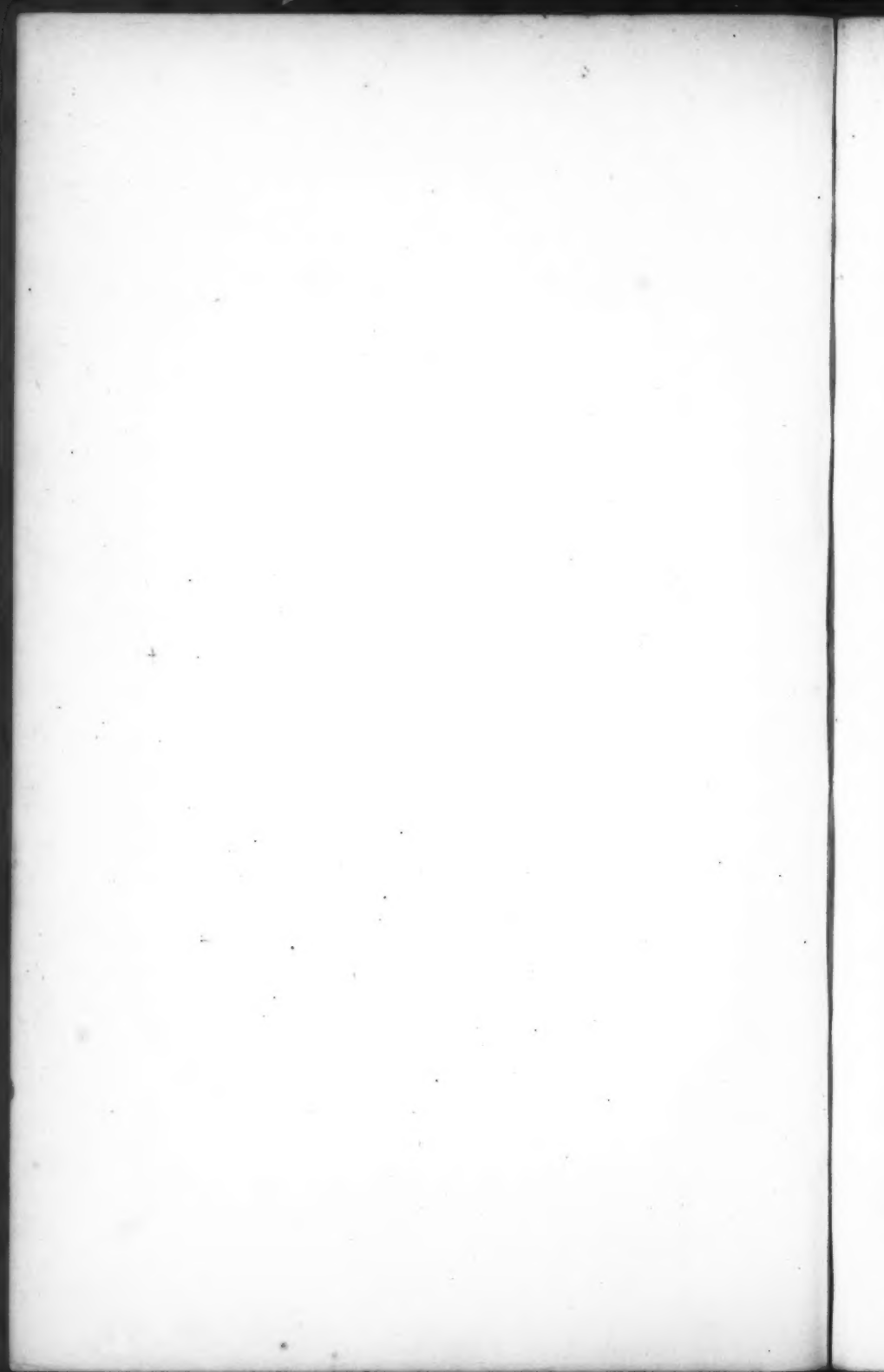
Painted by Destouche.

Eng^d by J. H. Gimbrede.

The Reprimand.



Tulipa



THE LYNNE OF GLEN LYNNE.

~~~~~  
BY ANNE P. ADAMS.  
~~~~~

[CONCLUDED.]

It was late in the afternoon, when our young traveler arrived in Boston. The stage rattled up to the door of a hotel, and immediately Alida recognized her father, standing on the steps. In another moment she was in his arms, and clasped closely to his heart.

There was much for each to hear, and to relate. Alida would have sat all night, talking and listening, but her father was too careful of his newly-found treasure, to keep her from the rest she so much needed.

The next morning was cloudy, and threatened rain. The remainder of their journey was to be performed in Mr. Lynne's own carriage.—He would have waited for a fairer day, but Alida, who was up with the birds, begged they might go, and her father yielded: It was easy to read in his face, that she would never ask in vain for anything in his power to grant. By the time they had breakfasted, a fine drizzling rain was falling. Alida, nothing daunted, declared she enjoyed it, and to prove it, held up her bright laughing face, to catch the drops as they fell. It was a sunny face, and the rain-drops sparkled there, like dew upon the grass blades in a summer's morning. It was impossible to resist the influence of her joyous spirit, and to Mr. Lynne this was the most beautiful of rainy days.

The clouds had emptied themselves before the travelers reached Brookside. The sun shone out brilliantly, as they drove into a spacious yard, and stopped before the door of a beautiful cottage, literally covered with roses and honeysuckles. A handsome black dog, with long, shining, silky hair, started from his sleep upon the piazza, and barked a joyful greeting as he recognized his master.

"Nero, this is your mistress," said Mr. Lynne, as he helped Alida from the carriage. Alida caressed him with her hand, and thought he was almost as handsome as Prince.

"You are welcome home, my darling," said Mr. Lynne, putting his arm around his daughter, and leading her into the house. Alida's bright eyes thanked him eloquently, as she held up her rosy mouth

for a kiss, and though she did not speak, Mr. Lynne felt that he was answered.

People made a mistake, as they are apt to do when they meddle with their neighbor's business, in saying that Wallace Lynne had become a ploughman. It was not generally known among his friends, that Mr. Saville, at his death, which occurred shortly after Honora's, left Wallace all his property. Mr. Lynne had reasons of his own for receiving his wealth very quietly. His own family thought him as poor as themselves.

Not choosing to live in the neighborhood of Glen Lynne, it was some time before Wallace found a place that suited him. Accidentally he heard of the farm at Brookside, consisting of about fifty acres of fine land. He was charmed with the location, purchased it at once, and built a modern cottage for his own residence. The good, substantial farm house was occupied by Mr. Davis, an excellent, practical farmer, into whose hands Mr. Lynne committed the management of the whole concern. So that after all, he was only a *gentleman* farmer, an *amateur* ploughman.

It was a lovely spot which Wallace Lynne had chosen for his home. In the immediate vicinity of a large flourishing town, it combined in a good degree the advantages of city and country life. The brook from which the farm took its name, ran lazily along through the yard, at a little distance from the house, between banks as green as emerald, overshadowed by trees not less beautiful, Alida thought, than those at Glen Lynne. Rustic seats stood invitingly here and there, under the trees. The yard was covered with closely shaven turf, as soft and smooth as velvet. Meadows and cornfields, woodland and orchards, fields of waving grain, cattle feeding, and lambs sporting upon the hillsides, formed a landscape as picturesque as it was beautiful. To Alida the whole wore the additional charm of novelty. She had never lived in the country. The little she had yet seen, promised the gratification of her intense love of the beautiful, and she felt with pleasure, that she was indeed at home.

The house itself afforded her an agreeable surprise. Elegance and comfort were combined in all its arrangements. The parlors were simply but tastefully furnished. There were few ornaments, but those were selected with great care. Some vases as chaste as they were elegant, a few pictures, a harp and a piano were all. A refined taste had evidently presided over their selection.

Alida found her own room fitted up with every thing that could possibly contribute to her comfort. A handsome Bible and Prayer Book lay upon the table, by the side of an elegant rosewood writing desk,

which she afterwards learned had been her mother's, a gift from Mr. Lynne, before their marriage. An exquisite engraving of Goethe's Mignon, and another of the Madonna, hung upon the walls, and on the mantel-shelf stood a delicate alabaster vase filled with roses. By the window overlooking the brook, and the dense woodland beyond it, was a large cushioned arm chair, where one might lounge, happily, forgetful of the passing hours. Alida was delighted.

"How could you arrange every thing so nicely, papa?" she said on returning to the parlor. "Nothing can be prettier than my room."

"I am glad it pleases you, my love," said Mr. Lynne, smiling fondly at the bright face which looked so lovingly into his, and wondering if anything could be a trouble to him which would make her happy.

"Will you look at the library before tea, love?"

Alida had not expected to see a library, but she did not say so, and they entered the room together. It was one's beau ideal of a room to read and study in—well lighted, cool, and quiet. Alida saw that she had been remembered in the selection of books, one corner being devoted to such as were suited to her age and taste. She could hardly express her pleasure.

"Then you really like our cottage," said Mr. Lynne, as he led her back to the parlor, and placed her at the head of the tea-table, which was spread there.

"Like it, papa! It is beautiful. It is so different from what I had fancied."

"What did you think it like?"

"I thought the house was very large, and ugly, with no trees about it, and no flowers. And I thought——"

"Do not hesitate to tell me what you thought, my darling."

"You will not be displeased with me, if I tell you, papa?"

"I can never be displeased with you, love, do not fear it."

"The only farm-house I ever saw before, was old Mr. Green's, where we used to go sometimes to eat strawberries and cream, when we rode into the country. I thought this house would be something like that. Aunt Isabella said it would. But it isn't, papa, in the least like it.—The rooms at Mr. Green's were very low, there were no carpets on the floors, there were only coarse wooden chairs and tables, and small windows, so high from the floor one could hardly see out of them. Aunt Isabella said you were a farmer now, and of course you lived as other farmers do. There is nothing *wrong* in being a farmer, is there, papa?"

"Certainly not, my dear. But what else did aunt Isabella say?"

The long lashes drooped over Alida's beautiful eyes, and the blush which mounted to her temples told with what an effort she answered the question.

"She said you were very poor now, papa, and that your style of living was very different from that to which I had been accustomed."

"She has not come to me too soon," thought Mr. Lynne, deeply pained by what Alida had said. "They have done their best to wean her from me. But her loving, little heart is true to me yet, and it shall go hard with me if I do not make her happy." And he *did* make her happy. To be sure the task was not a difficult one, for while she had him to love, Alida would have been happy on a desert.

When Alida went to her room that night, she sat down to examine her writing desk. In a little private drawer, which she accidentally discovered, she found a beautiful miniature of her mother. Governed by an uncontrollable impulse, she hastened with it to the parlor where her father was still sitting, and throwing her arms around his neck, burst into tears, without uttering a word. Mr. Lynne was alarmed by such a manifestation of grief, for which he could not divine the cause. Placing her beside him on the sofa, he soothed her by his caresses, until she was able to tell why she had been weeping.

"Do you remember your mother, my child?" he asked when Alida had become calm.

"Yes, papa; I remember how she looked, and how she used to sing to me—I know some of the songs she sung."

"Can you sing one of them to me now?"

"Yes, papa," and in her sweet child's voice, Alida chanted that beautiful hymn of Bowring's, beginning—

"From the recesses of a lowly spirit
My humble prayer ascends. Oh, Father, hear it!
Borne on the trembling wings of fear and meekness,
Forgive its weakness.

I know—I feel how mean, and how unworthy
The lowly sacrifice I pour before Thee.
What can I offer thee, oh Thou most holy,
But sin and folly?"

Mr. Lynne was deeply moved. When Alida had finished he kissed her, and said softly—

"Thank you, my daughter. Another time you shall sing to me again. You should be sleeping now. Good night, my love. God bless you."

The next day Mr. Lynne showed Alida a full length portrait of her mother, from which he had had the miniature painted for her. From that time the loved and lost one, often formed the subject of their conversation, and the consciousness of their loss, bound them closer to each other.

Mr. Lynne took care that Alida's education should not be neglected. Some of her studies he superintended himself. In others he selected competent teachers. Time passed rapidly away, while Alida grew daily in beauty and intelligence, and her father grew daily more and more fond of her.

Meanwhile events transpired at Glen Lynne, which put the question of Alida's return there, forever at rest. Mr. Lynne, the father of Wallace, died suddenly in an apoplectic fit. His estate was declared to be insolvent. Glen Lynne passed into the hands of strangers.—One would have thought now, the family pride would abate. On the contrary, as Fortune failed them, pride grew even stronger and stronger.

Wallace did not hear of his father's death until after the funeral. He felt the neglect keenly. But when he learned that only a bare pittance could be saved from the estate, for his mother and unmarried sister, he wrote to them as affectionately as if their friendly relations had never been interrupted, begging that they would make his house their home. Isabella answered the letter, coldly declining his offer.

Marion Lynne had married several years before, a widower of great wealth, whose age was at least double her own. He sought in a wife, only youth and beauty. These Marion eagerly bartered for his gold, throwing into the bargain, as things of little worth, her own peace and purity of soul. Like thousands of others, who have laid their womanhood as a sacrifice upon the altar of vanity, Marion Lynne learned when it was too late, that gold cannot purchase happiness. Loathing the husband who surrounded her with luxury—loathing at last the very luxury which she had bought at such a fearful price, she dragged out a life of misery and falsehood, vainly striving to hide behind the sheen of diamonds, and the soft light of pearls, the agony of a breaking heart. Mrs. Lynne and Isabella knew nothing of this, for Marion had the high spirit of her mother, and would have died sooner than reveal to any one the cancer which was eating out her life.

Isabella considered her sister far more fortunate than herself, in having secured an elegant establishment, while she remained single. The bloom of her youth had passed. With faded beauty, and no fortune, the probability of her marrying "*well*," or indeed of her marrying *at all*, was very small. This consideration decided her to receive favorably the addresses of Henry Mason, who during her first season in society had offered her his hand and heart, and been scornfully rejected because he was poor.

Afterwards he married a beautiful girl who loved him devotedly.—A brief period elapsed, and the young wife died, and was buried with her new-born baby in her arms.

Henry Mason had never forgotten his first love. Now that he was free, and Isabelle was poor, he ventured to ask her to share with him the abundance which his industry had accumulated. She consented, and congratulated herself upon having become the mistress of a handsome house, and possessing the ability to dress, and entertain company fashionably. She led a life of gayety, while her disappointed husband longed in vain for a requital of the love he had lavished upon her.

Mrs. Lynne's haughty spirit remained unsubdued to the close of her life. Her last request of Marion was, that she might be buried in a style worthy the former fortunes of the Lynnes of Glen Lynne.

Years passed, bringing chances and changes to all. To Alida and her father they came freighted with ever increasing happiness. Each one in passing, bound them more closely to each other. Alida was now seventeen. Tall, and elegantly formed, graceful and accomplished, more beautiful even than her mother had ever been, it is not strange that on her entrance into society admirers flocked around her, and that every thing which society could do to spoil her, was done. For her sake, Mr. Lynne left the retirement in which he had lived so long, and mingled again in the fashionable world. His own house was thrown open to company, and Brookside became a scene of gayety and pleasure.

Alida's life had been hitherto like a summer's day. She had never known an ungratified desire. Her lightest wish was law to her doting father. To gratify her tastes, to make her happy, seemed the one aim of his life. It is not often such absorbing affection exists between a father and daughter. The instances are as beautiful as they are rare. The two were never happier than when together. Alida identified herself completely with all her father's interests.

Among the gentlemen whom the hospitality of Mr. Lynne, and the beauty of his daughter, attracted to Brookside, was Douglass McLellan, a young Scotchman. Without being handsome, he possessed an indefinable power of attraction. His conversation was at once sensible and witty. His information seemed inexhaustible. His manners were singularly elegant, and he possessed one gift which, more than any other, has power over a woman's heart. His voice was deep, rich, and musical. It thrilled upon the listener's ear, and sent his lightest words to the heart, with the power of irresistible eloquence.

There is a wonderful fascination in the human voice. Its power is not duly appreciated, or greater care would be bestowed on its cultivation. A tale of love piped in one's ear on a shrill treble key, though the teller of it were gifted with a fair proportion of manly graces, would fall comparatively powerless on the heart of a delicate, sensitive woman. There is witchery in those rich, bass tones, which strike the ear like

the deep notes of an organ. They indicate a nature of corresponding richness and beauty, and one is greatly disappointed when he hears such a voice, if he finds the character is not in harmony with it.

Douglass McLellan possessed this charm in its utmost perfection. On his first introduction to Alida, when he only uttered some of those elegant nothings which fashionable people call conversation, his voice arrested her attention. Afterwards she found herself listening when he talked with others, not so much because his conversation interested her, as to catch the musical intonations of his voice.

Of all the gentlemen who thronged around the young beauty, Douglass McLellan was apparently the most insensible to her attractions. He never flattered her in words. Often when she was most brilliant, and her animated conversation drew a circle around her, he would stand apart, talking to some old gentleman about taxes, or corn laws, or negro slavery, apparently forgetful of the young beauty's existence. He never seemed to listen while she sang, never invited her to dance, never appeared conscious of her presence while she was occupied with others. But if an opportunity occurred when he could seat himself beside her, he would avail himself of it, and then he would bring forth the treasures of his mind for her entertainment, and so modulate his voice, that she would think no music could be sweeter. He never addressed her in the tone of elegant trifling, or extravagant compliment so often adopted towards women. The subjects he chose were such, that while they displayed the rich stores of his own highly cultivated intellect, at the same time, in the most delicate manner possible, expressed his conviction of the superiority of hers. Alida could not be insensible to this. Had he told her she was beautiful, she might not have bestowed on him a passing thought. Her mirror would have told her that as well, if the tongues of the flatterers around her had been silent. Had he extolled her grace, her sprightliness, and wit, he would have done no more than others did. The course he took was exactly suited to win a heart like Alida's. His flattery was of the most delicate and insinuating kind. Her delicacy was not shocked by its open expression, but she *felt* its power. By and bye she began to watch for his coming, to feel lonely in a crowd if he was not there, to carry his image in her thoughts, to watch for his approval when she spoke or exhibited her accomplishments for the entertainment of her guests, to remember his words, and treasure up his looks, and tones of voice, to study his taste, and seek to gratify it. The songs he liked were those she oftenest sang, though not when he was by. The books she read with deepest interest, were those he recommended.

Without speaking one word of love, without doing a single thing

which would commit him to her, in the eyes of the world, he paid her constantly those exquisitely delicate attentions, which only the object of them could understand, and which would be little likely to attract attention from others. His voice took a lower key, a softer tone when he spoke to her. He made her understand, though never in a way to wound her delicacy, that the lightest word she uttered in his presence, was heard, and remembered, that every song she sang, when he was by, made his heart strings vibrate. When he talked to her of other lands, of the beautiful women he had met in Spain and Italy; and of the bonnie lasses in his own native Scotland, something in his manner would say, though his lips never uttered the words, that she to whom he spoke, was fairer than all.

And so he won her, all peerless as she was, with all her glorious gifts, and wound the fibres of her heart round and round his own; and yet he had never breathed to her one word of love.

The lynx-eyed affection of Mr. Lynne saw through the indifference which McLellan affected. He knew that it was assumed, and so highly did he esteem the young man, that he believed him worthy of Alida. He read *her* innocent heart too, as if it had been a book spread out before him. While he was careful not to betray his knowledge to either of the parties, nothing escaped his notice, which could have a bearing on the happiness of his daughter.

Alida's favorite amusement was horse-back riding. She never looked more radiantly beautiful than when thus engaged. On her seventeenth birth day, Mr. Lynne presented her with a beautiful sorrel mare. She was a most elegantly formed and graceful creature, with proudly arched neck, and an eye indicating both spirit and gentleness.

One glorious October afternoon, Mr. Lynne promised Alida he would ride with her. The horses were brought to the door, and Alida took her seat in the saddle. As her father was about to do the same, Mr. Davis came, to consult him about some matter of importance. Alida was in the gayest spirits. Her horse seemed to have caught her mood, and danced, and capered about in her impatience to be off. Mr. Davis continued to talk, and Mr. Lynne, with one foot in the stirrup, was compelled to listen.

"Lady Bird is impatient, papa, shall I go? You and Black Prince can easily overtake me."

"Yes, go, my daughter, I will follow in a moment."

Alida started. Lady Bird moved off with a graceful, dignified motion, as if to say, "I have carried my point, and now I will go at my leisure." She continued this pace some distance, till Alida thought of turning to meet her father, when Lady Bird started so suddenly,

at something which caught her eye, that Alida being wholly off her guard, was thrown violently to the ground. Assistance was speedily at hand, and she was taken home insensible. No serious injury had been received, however. At the end of a week, she was moving about the house, as joyous and beautiful as ever. As joyous, but less gleeful, more happy, and more quiet also, for since the accident, a voice of music had whispered to her words which made her pulse beat wildly as she listened, and the finest fibres of her heart had thrilled beneath the touch of a skilful magician's hand. She loved and was beloved.

Tell me, ye who know, is there another hour in woman's life, so fraught with unutterable bliss, as that on which she awakes to this consciousness? When she learns

"—— the joy,
The rich, deep blessedness of pouring forth
The heart's whole power of love, its wealth and worth
Of strong affection——
On something *all its own*."

There is no need to dwell upon the happy months that followed.—
Those who have

"Climbed the white heights of womanhood,"

and there have

"Crowned their discrowned brows out of man's love,"

know more than I can tell them of Alida's heart history. To those who have *not*, the record would be unmeaning as the cuckoo's song.—
Let it suffice, that to Alida, Douglass McLelland had become

"All beauty and all life ——;
She questioned not his love, she only knew
That she loved him, and not a pulse could stir
In her whole frame but quivered through and through
With this glad thought——"

"How should she dream of ill? The heart filled quite
With sunshine ——
Closes its leaves around its warm delight;
Whate'er in life is harsh or out of tune,
Is all shut out, no boding shade of blight
Can pierce the opiate ether of its swoon."

* * * * *

The wife of Mr. Davis had formerly been a servant of Alida's mother, and very warmly attached to her. This affection, when Alida came to Brookside, was transferred to her, and was cordially reciprocated by her. Mrs. Davis became alarmingly ill. Alida watched by

her sick bed, until a physician was sent for, who, discovering at a glance the nature of her disease, forbid Alida's entering the house, and took all necessary measures to prevent the contagion from spreading. The prohibition came too late. Already the poison was working in her veins, and the day Mrs. Davis died, Alida was laid upon a sick bed. Her father never left her side. Never had he seemed to love her so tenderly.

The illness of a beloved one purifies and strengthens our affection. We learn how slight is our strongest hold upon them, how easily the silver cord may be loosed, and the golden bowl broken. Therefore it is that though

" The lark may sing sweetest when soaring above,
The bird that we nurse is the bird that we love."

Alida for many days hovered between life and death, but youth and a vigorous constitution triumphed. She rose from her couch with renewed life throbbing in her veins. Death had been cheated of his victim; but the loathsome disease which had well nigh made her his prey, left ineffaceable marks of its presence upon her. The beauty of her soul was undimmed, but the loveliness of its casket was destroyed forever.

When McLelland was first admitted to her presence after her illness, though he had been warned of the change he must see, the strong man wept like a child. "Douglass, my own beloved," Alida murmured, pressing her pale lips upon his brow,

" — thy love
Hath been to me all gifts of earth above.

It is so still. I cannot mourn for the loss of beauty while I know that I am thine, and thou art mine—all, *all mine own*. Speak to me, Douglass, call me your own Alida. Tell me that you do not love me less, because my beauty is so marred. But for your sake, I would not give to it a single thought. Tell me you do not care for its loss, for it was not *that* you loved. Take your wounded dove to your bosom, Douglass, and let her nestle there, and find strength and healing in the sunshine of your love." McLelland put his arms around her, and pressed her to his heart, then with one long, long kiss upon her lips, he left her—and *she never saw him more*.

I cannot put in words the low, mournful wailing of that broken heart. The agony was terrible, but it was short. When the sweet spring-time came, they laid her in her grave under the elm trees, by the brookside, and birds sang their love songs above her, in the branches,

and violets sprang amid the turf that covered her, and told their heart secrets to each other, and low winds whispered to the rustling leaves, and sunbeams kissed the earth and the sparkling waters, but the heart which man's perfidy had broken lay pulseless, and cold, and still. ***

Through the dense summer foliage, the passer by may see glimpses of a fair, white marble monument under the trees at Brookside. If its beauty should tempt him to approach nearer, he may read on one side of it the name, "Alida," and on another, "Wallace Tudor Lynne."

THE TULIP.

"BEAUTIFUL EYES."

~~~~~  
BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.  
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As through the dark night when the billow was surging,
And the voice of the sea-mew was heard o'er the deep,—
When the fierce, warring winds from their caverns were urging
The storm-king to wake from his ominous sleep;—

When the chart had misled, and the compass had gone,
And the sea was unknown, and the port was afar,
To the wild eye upturned, for a moment outshone
The diamond of heaven—the bright polar star;—

So came—when the starlight of faith was bedimming,
And fading the meteor—hope, from the skies,
And with darkness and sorrow my vision was swimming,—
The soft, gentle light of thy beautiful eyes.

Their glance was the stranger's—kindly, but cold;
And less was that light of the earth, than the Heaven;
Yet away from the future the darkness was rolled,
And glimpses of joy to my spirit were given.

The light of the cynosure passed from the wave,
And the tempest awoke in its fury and power;
Yet safely its anger the seaman may brave,
For the waters are known, and the ship is secure.

So quickly they faded—those beautiful eyes—
E'en at the blest moment they beamed but for me;
Yet calmly I walk 'neath the shadowy skies,
For the pathway will lead me to Heaven and thee.

M A R Y.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MY FRIEND, REV. H. GREGG, OF BROCKPORT, N. Y.

~~~~~  
BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.  
~~~~~

Gone home! gone home! how few the years
Earth's rough or flowery paths she trod—
Now from its trials, pains, and fears,
Summoned to dwell for aye with God!
In the glad morning of her life,
While faith and love glowed fresh and warm,
Called to the guerdon from the strife,
To the still haven from the storm!

Not hers the gloomy doubt that throws
Its shadows o'er the spirit here;
But perfect trust and sweet repose,
In heaven's unclouded atmosphere!
Not hers the weary war with sin;
Through CHRIST triumphant, on her brow
The victor-wreath 'twas hers to win,
Beams with unfading glory now!

Not hers the bitter sob that speaks
The heart that bleeds o'er severed ties:
No tear-drop glistens on the cheeks
Fanned by the airs of Paradise!
From sin, temptation, sorrow, free,
Walking amid the white-robed throng,
Her glad soul pours exultingly
The passion of its joy in song!

Oh, better thus, than still to know
The doubt, the fear, the weary strife,
The care, the grief, which ever throw
Their shadows o'er the sunniest life!
Better, than all delights that Earth
Can o'er her children's pathway shower,
Though sweetest hopes, each day, have birth,
And purest pleasures, every hour.

For she is *safe*! *our* feet may err,
Wide-straying from the narrow path—
She walks in light, and over her
No power to blind, the tempter hath.
Our hope may fail, but *hers* hath found
Fruition in her home on high:
We still must strive—but *she* is crowned
With life and immortality!

THE PRISONER'S FIRST PRAYER.

~~~~~  
BY HERVETTE MERTON.  
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It was a calm, stilly evening in summer : the sun had sunk to rest behind the distant hills, leaving night to revel in its glory. The little flowers had kissed the falling dew-drops, and were slumbering one by one. The pale stars twinkled in the blue vault of heaven, and the merry cricket had started its busy song. It was night in the lovely village of S——.

Seated at the window of a small, but neat cottage, might have been seen the aged form of widow Brown, the gray locks on her withered brow gently stirred by the evening breeze, that floated through the open window. She had been weeping, and the hot tear had not yet dried upon her cheek, as she kept her anxious watch—but, he—her darling boy ! her only son ! he did not come. So intense was her anxiety, that she had not heeded, as usual, the sweet silvery songs of young Mary Elton, as she busied herself with the evening meal ; and, when that was prepared, and the snow-white cloth was spread, and she glided to the side of her future mother, imprinting on her cheek a gentle kiss—even then, that sorrowing heart did not heed her. No ! her thoughts were lingering around the wandering one, and, oh ! how her heart ached as she watched for her wayward child. He had learned to love the wine-cup's ruddy glow, and preferred the rude, boisterous associations of the village inn, rather than the calm peacefulness of his quiet home, and the company of his kind mother and his betrothed Mary. Long did they watch, but in vain : the village clock had chimed the hour of ten, but he had not come.

Rising from her seat, the widow pushed back from her window the trailing rose-vine, and closed her little blinds, then, drawing the gentle form of Mary nearer her side, they knelt at the throne of grace, and the breath of prayer went up to heaven. It ceased ; but he came not—midnight rolled on, and the morning dawned, but they were still alone. And, oh ! the agony of that mother's heart, when a villager passing by her garden-gate, told her that her son had joined himself to a band of dissolute, degraded men, and had gone to the far-off city. But who can picture the grief of Mary Elton ! When the sad news fell upon her ear—it was *too* much for that young heart ; the blow

was too heavy for that slender form, and she sank, crushed to the earth. They bore her to her little room, and for weeks the little cottage was almost as silent as the tomb, for the long-drawn sigh, and the silent tear, told too plainly the anguish of that blighted spirit, and the woe of that mother's broken heart! * * * *

Twenty years rolled away! Years! how great their value! and yet we dally with them as if they were trifles, instead of pages in the record book of the great "I Am"—little thinking, that upon those short tablets of time, are inscribed the lineaments of our characters!

Yes, twenty years have rolled away, and it is morning, bright, beautiful morning! the east is radiant with its earliest blushes, while in the west, clouds of snowy mists encircle the mountain tops. On the road that winds around by yonder hill, might be seen, at this early hour, a lone and solitary traveler. He looks tired and careworn, his step is slow and wearied, and as he turns aside to gaze on the little stream that murmurs so gently down the road, there is a movement on his chest, that seems like a sigh; and, as he turns a bend in the road, and steps upon the rustic bridge that spans the mountain stream, he halts awhile, and gazes down into the pure waters at his feet.—Ah! he remembers that spot now, for there he sported when he was a child; and there he wandered, when youth sat lightly on his brow, and there leaned on his arm the light form of his Mary. And can it be, that this is the wanderer Robert—the widow's only son? Yes, it is he, but he bears no longer the slender, delicate form of youth; nor the clear sparkling eye, whose blue might have vied with the violet's hue, or the deep azure sky above him. He has grown coarse and rough; there is a harshness about his face and a fierceness in his eye, that tell too plainly the scenes and occupations of his life.

But he hurries on, down through the little valley, then through that field of waving corn, then over that little hillock; and as he pauses, he turns and gazes up the road, with a wild and anxious eye. He is a fugitive from justice! Detected in the act of forgery, in his attempt to escape, he raised his hand and stained it with the blood of his pursuer, and then fled; but he knew no one in that great city who would shelter him; his companions in crime had all forsaken him, and he was alone. Then he thought of his mother, and he turned from the city's busy mart, and hasted, day and night, in search of her he once despised and forsook: but will he find her? Ah, no! for hear his anguish as he mounts the little porch at the old homestead, and asks the good lady at the door for widow Brown.

"Widow Brown!" exclaimed she. "*Widow Brown is dead!*"

"*Dead! My mother dead!*" shrieked the unhappy man, and he dashed through the little wicket gate with the frenzy of a maniac, staying not his speed till he reached his mother's grave, and there, upon its cold sods, he threw himself, and called aloud to her—" *Oh! my mother! come back to thine erring child! come back, and shield thy son!*" But, no! his mother heard him not; the low winds caught his agonizing cries, wafted them through the deep foliage above, round by the old church belfry, then they floated off in the distance—but *there came no answer.*

So deep had been his feelings, that he had not noticed the throng that drew near him; and it was not until a strong arm was placed upon him, that he arose from the ground. Then they tore him from the spot, and bore him back to the city, and thrust him into a dark and lonely cell, there to await his trial. It came, and he was remanded back, under sentence of death.

When the sad story of Robert's visit to his childhood's home had been told through the village, it chanced to fall on the ears of Mary Elton, now the village teacher—and she resolved to leave her little charge, and seek the wanderer, whom she had loved so well. She thought not of the dangers which would attend her; she only thought of winning the erring one to a better life—if not here, at least hereafter. She was no longer the merry, light-hearted girl that once sported o'er those grassy fields in search of flowers, but the village teacher, the poor man's friend, the comforter of the sick, and the smoother of the dying pillow.

It was the Sabbath day!

"The peasant's cheerful song was hushed by every hill and glen;
The city's voice stole faintly out, and died the hum of men."

Let us look in upon the prisoner in his lonely cell. His hair hangs in matted locks; his eye has dimmed, and his cheek has grown pale; and as he paces his little room, his step trembles. Now he throws himself upon his hard couch, and now, he starts up, pressing his aching brow, as if to drive from thence his thoughts. Ah, foolish youth, to despise a mother's counsel, laugh at her kindest words, and trifle with her tenderest feelings! It is now you see that life is not all the golden dream of childhood! There is no deception here! Delusion maddens not your brain now; reality, stern reality is around you! those cold damp drops on the hard stone walls, are not the "mere pictures" which were drawn before your youthful mind by the fond, faithful guide of your opening years. No! they are real! Touch them! how they make your heart shudder! and that *death* which is

before you—that awful death on the gallows—is not a “chimera,” as you termed your mother’s warning, but it is to be a real, earnest consequence of your wilful spirit.

Meditations like these filled the prisoner’s mind, until worn out, he threw himself again upon his couch, and gradually sank to sleep.—An hour rolled away, and the iron door grated harshly on its hinges, a light form stepped within the cell and glided to his bedside. She laid her soft hand on his hard brow, and whispered his name. The prisoner started up with a frown, and then with a smile beheld before him the once beautiful being who sported with him in childhood. Yes, it was Mary Elton, and she took him by the hand, and told him of a dark, misspent life, changed into an *earnest, noble* one: she led him to the little window, that looked out upon the calm eventide, and pointed him to the serene skies above, and then told him of that Saviour who *is* the prisoner’s friend. She spoke to him of his mother, and of that bright home whither she had gone—it was enough. The strong man relented, his head fell upon his breast, the tear gathered in his dark, fierce eye, and he sank upon his knees by the side of Mary, and the solemn stillness of that little cell was broken by the heart-rending prayer of the prisoner—“God of mercy! save a guilty wretch!” And who shall doubt the sincerity of that prayer? Who shall say, there was not mercy in heaven to meet it? Who shall say, that when death bore away that spirit, Jesus *refused* to save it?

That night, when Mary left him, Robert was a changed being: his proud, wicked heart was humbled and contrite; but when she came again, she found a sterner visiter had been before her—Robert had paid the penalty of a broken law!

When she returned to her home, she bore with her his remains, and laid them to rest by the side of his mother; and she planted o’er him the beautiful violet and the fragrant rose, and watered them with her tears. Thus, *alone*, did she pay him the last tribute of her affection. *She* was his only mourner, and *her* heart was the only one that ached o’er his untimely end: for who stops by the wayside of life, to weep o’er the grave of an erring one? None, but the broken-hearted and bereaved! Then she went on in the even tenor of her way, acting out the humble, but *noble* part in the great drama of human existence.

Oh! *deal gently with the erring one!* ye who have the guiding of his last thoughts. Speak softly to his hardened heart! for who knows but that he may, through the power of divine grace, be snatched even “as a brand from the burning,” although sin may have blackened his soul with its deepest dye? Oh, *deal gently with the erring one!*

MAHOMET.

BY L. A. ROBERTS.

EVERY age has its distinguished characters, who impress indelibly upon it and futurity their mark, and whose influence, whether for good or evil, is felt through succeeding generations. The doctrines taught by Socrates and Plato still find an answering chord in the minds of seekers after strange things, and we have even now among us those who would build altars with the Athenian inscription—"To the Unknown God."

A belief in the marvellous seems to be a predominant trait in the human character. Men will not wash in Jordan and be healed, but wait until commanded to do "some great thing," which they suppose essential to their recovery. Effects of unknown causes, and results of supposed supernatural agency, produce impressions even more permanent than those which spring from the correct understanding of natural laws.

The religion of the Mahometan is based upon this credulity. The same blind, unreasoning faith that teaches the Hindoo mother to cast her child into the "Sacred River," or to immolate herself upon the funeral pile of her husband—that teaches the Thugs, murder is pleasing in the sight of God—and that leads the Jesuit to believe that the end always sanctifies the means, actuates the follower of Mahomet in his devotions.

What can seem more pitiful to an educated mind than this blinded zeal, bigotry and superstition, or to sum it in one word—Ignorance, (for ignorance and superstition always go hand in hand,) which forms the basis of this system. And when these errors once have full possession of the soul—when the minds of their subjects are no longer open to reason, not even death itself has power to dissolve the illusion.

"The lover may

Distrust the look that steals his soul away,
The babe may cease to think that it can play
With heaven's rainbow; alchemists may doubt
The shining gold their crucibles give out—
But *Faith*, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last."

The subject of this sketch was born in Mecca, in April, A. D. 569. He was the only son of Abdallah and Amina. The Moslem tradition

says: "Abdallah was so remarkable for personal beauty and those qualities that win the affections of women, that on the night of his marriage with Amina, two hundred Korish virgins died of broken hearts;" but we are not informed whether Mahomet inherited any of his father's attractions.

At the moment of his birth (so goes the tradition) a celestial light illuminated the surrounding country, and he, raising his eyes to heaven, exclaimed, "God is great, there is no god but God, and I am his prophet"—and many other marvellous things took place at the same time. His father died while he was yet an infant, leaving his family in poor circumstances—five camels and one Ethiopian female slave being all their possessions. In consequence of their poverty, the education of Mahomet was neglected in his youth, and he was taught neither to read or write. He was a thoughtful child—quick to observe, prone to meditate on all he saw, and possessed of a fertile imagination. When he was twelve years old, he went with a caravan to Syria, taking then his first lesson in merchandizing. At sixteen years of age, he went as armor-bearer to his uncle in a warlike expedition. This is cited as his first essay in arms. After that, no events of importance occurred to interrupt the even tenor of his way for several years, and nothing was apparent which would give us any idea that he was more particularly under the protecting care of heaven than any other mortal. He mingled with other men, and busied himself in transacting worldly business; he bought, sold, and got gain.

Through the influence of friends, he obtained the situation of factor for a rich widow named Khadijah, in whose service he gave such satisfaction as induced her to make him her husband, by doing which she at once raised him to an equality with the richer families in Mecca.—Mahomet was at this time about twenty-five, and his wife nearly forty. In consequence of this advantageous matrimonial alliance, he was enabled to live at his ease, and his ever active mind sought for something on which to occupy itself. He soon formed the scheme of establishing a new religious faith, or as he chose to term it, to cleanse the religion of Adam, Moses, Abraham, the Prophets and Jesus from the errors which had been connected with it by idolatrous worshipers, and reinstate it in its original purity, which was, as he said, the worship of the one true God.

At first he chose very wisely to confine the promulgation of his doctrines to his own household. The different members of his family soon acknowledged belief in his assertions, that he was the prophet of God and received visits from the same angel that appeared to Moses. The first announcement of his prophetic character was made when he was

about forty years old, and is known by Mahometans as the first year of the mission. His servant having professed the faith, received his liberty, and his followers still follow his example by emancipating their slaves upon their declaring themselves believers of the Koran. During the subsequent three years, he succeeded in enrolling among his followers some of the principal and most influential men in Mecca.

Having now, as he hoped, a sufficient interest to support his cause, he called a public meeting of his relatives and friends on a hill side in the vicinity of Mecca. But all was not as favorable for him as he could have wished, and the assembly dispersed in confusion. A second meeting was called at his own house, where he addressed the assembly upon the revelation he had received from heaven, but was not warmly received by his kindred, although his words found favor among the people at large. He did not claim to establish a new creed, but to restore the old, which was derived from God himself. "We follow," says the Koran, "the religion of Abraham the orthodox, who was no idolator."

It may be well before proceeding further, to examine briefly the condition of the country at this period. The Arabs say that their country was peopled soon after the flood by the progeny of Shem, forming tribes, the most noted of which are the Adites and Thamudites. But little remains concerning these tribes, the permanent population being ascribed to Katan or Joctan, a descendant in the fourth generation from Shem. Yarab, one of his sons, founded the kingdom of Ysmaen. The kingdom of Araba was so called in honor of him, from whence the Arabs derive their name. Jurham, another son, founded the kingdom of Hedja, over which his descendants bore sway for many generations. Among this people Hagar and her son Ishmael were kindly received when exiled by Abraham. Ishmael married the daughter of Modad, a reigning prince in the line of Jurham, and thus a Hebrew became grafted on the Arabian stock. Ishmael had twelve sons who formed twelve tribes, obtained dominion over the country, and finally obliterated the primitive stock of Joctan. Christian writers cite the above as a fulfilment of the covenant in Genesis xviii : 18-20.

The name Cush is sometimes given to the Arabs and their country in scripture. The descendants of Cush, the son of Ham, inhabited the banks of the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf, and is probably the race whose descendants now roam over Abyssinia, and are sometimes called Syria Arabians.

The religion of the Arabs, in what they call days of ignorance, partook largely of two faiths, the Sabian and the Magian. The origin of the former is uncertain. In its original state it was pure and spiritual,

inculcating a belief in the unity of God, the certainty of future rewards and punishments, and the necessity of a virtuous and holy life to obtain a happy immortality. They supposed the heavenly bodies to be inhabited and luminated by angels, and such was their reverence for the Supreme Being, they dared not approach him save through their intermediation. But by degrees their faith lost its simplicity, and became mingled with wild superstition and blind idolatry.

The Magians or Guebres (fire worshipers) originated in Persia, where their doctrines were reduced to writing by its great prophet and teacher, Zoroaster. Their creed was also originally simple, inculcating a belief in one Supreme Eternal God, in whom and by whom the universe exists. That he created two principles, one of light or good—the other of darkness or evil. These formed the world out of a mixture of their opposing elements, and were engaged in a perpetual contest in the regulation of its affairs. Hence the vicissitudes of good or evil, as one or the other elements obtained the ascendancy. The contest they supposed would continue until the end of the world, when there would be a general resurrection and judgment. The angel of darkness and his disciples would be banished to an abode of woful gloom, and their opponents would enter the blissful realms of everlasting light. They believed the abode of the Deity to be on the sun, and revered it as his residence, and also as the source of light and heat. They had no temples, altars, or religious symbols of any kind, but addressed their prayers directly to the Deity. But the sect in time lost sight of the divine principles in the symbol, and came to worship fire as the real Deity; and in their frantic zeal would seize upon unbelievers and offer them upon the flame as sacrifices. Judaism and Christianity had also their adherents among the Arabs.

Such was the state of religion when Mahomet appeared, and by deceit, persuasion, and force, joined all classes and tribes in one sect, and with the Koran for their guide, and “There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet,” for their watchword, they went forth to establish the most numerous and powerful religious denomination the world has ever known.

As a guide-book in all matters, both spiritual and temporal, Mahomet gave his disciples the Koran. The word is from the Arabic, and signifies to read or teach. The Mahomedan is taught to believe that the law of Moses was formerly the guide for human conduct—that it was superseded by the Gospels, which in their turn gave way to the Koran—that being the completion of the law. It teaches the unity of God, a belief in angels or ministering spirits, in the last Judgment, in predestination, and in future rewards and punishments. Much of the

Koran may be traced to the Bible, the Mishna, and the Talmud of the Jews.

This innovation upon old customs and belief was met with strong opposition, and Mahomet and his followers were obliged to take refuge in the castle of his uncle Abu Taleb, one of the chiefest among his proselytes. Abu Taleb was so far discouraged that he endeavored to dissuade Mahomet from pursuing the affair further, representing the great danger in which both himself and friends were placed; but he was not to be intimidated, and said, "If they put the sun against me on my right hand, and the moon on my left, still will I persevere!"

For three years they were obliged to remain in the castle, during which time the sect, as is usually the case, increased under persecution. The same year as their exodus from the castle, Khadijah died.—Although when married to Mahomet, she was past the bloom of years, yet he remained true to her, and never availed himself during her life of a plurality of wives according to the Arabian custom. He permitted his followers four wives, and after the death of Khadijah did not confine himself to that number. His first choice was made within a month after the death of Khadijah, and fell upon Ayesha, daughter of Ahu Beku, one of his followers. As she was but seven years of age, he was merely betrothed to her at this time, the nuptials being postponed two years. During these two years he married a widow named Sewda.

In the tenth year of his mission, Mahomet visited Medina, where he had many friends and converts, but so strong was public opinion against him, that his life was endangered, and he was obliged to seek safety in flight. His followers, however, rapidly increased, and he was soon enabled to return with impunity. From this year the *Hegira*, or the flight of the Prophet, which corresponds with A. D. 622, the Moslems calculate their time. On his return to Medina, he built a temple or mosque, on the sight of which one still exists, and is called the Mosque of the Prophet. At this time he was very abstemious in his diet and frugal in his expenditures. His food consisted chiefly of fruits and barley bread, with milk and honey. He swept his own room, mended his own clothes, lighted his fire, and was in short his own servant.

In the twelfth year of his mission he told his followers that on one night he made a journey from Mecca to Jerusalem, and thence to heaven, where he conversed with God. This story seemed so very improbable that many of his followers left him, but some of the most influential in his ranks came forward and testified of their belief of it, which not only convinced others of its truth, but gave Mahomet assurance that whatever he might say would now be received without question.

Until the thirteenth year of his mission, he used no means to increase his numbers but argument and persuasion. Previously he seemed to have disclaimed all power of working miracles; but during the thirteenth year he announced that other prophets had been sent by God to illustrate his different attributes: Moses, his gentleness and providence; Solomon, his wisdom; Jesus, his righteousness and power; but none of them all had been able to enforce conviction, and even their miracles had been treated with unbelief. *He*, therefore, the last of the prophets, was sent with the sword which was the key to heaven and hell. All who fell fighting for the true faith would be transported to Paradise, there to revel in

" Bowers of love and streams of wine,
And palaces of purest adamant,
Where dark eyed houris, with their young white arms,
The ever virgin woo and welcome ye."

Predestination was here brought to his aid. According to the Koran, every event was predestinated from eternity, and could not be avoided. No man could die sooner or later than his allotted hour, and it would be the same whether upon the field of battle or his bed. No violence was yet authorized upon unbelievers who would pay tribute. Here appears to be the first dawn of worldly ambition, which afterward seemed to be the principle motive by which he was actuated. In a short time, by the combined force of arms and eloquence, he had acquired dominion over a great number of Arabian tribes. Many thousand warriors joined his standard—children of the desert, by long practice inured to withstand for a long time severe hunger and thirst, as well as the scorching rays of the tropical sun. He taught them temperance, disciplined them in military tactics, persuaded them to valorous feelings, and subjected them to authority. He now commenced laying plans for conquest, and selecting about ten thousand of his best troops marched toward Mecca. So secret had been his proceedings that the inhabitants of that city were not aware of his designs until he was encamped under their very walls. The city was surrendered without an action, the inhabitants deeming it folly to contend with so large a force. He was now in possession of his native city, and consequently of the Caaba or temple, which he immediately cleared of all idols and images of idolatrous worship. His followers, particularly those of Medina, began to say among themselves, 'Now he is possessed of the city of his birth, Medina will be forgotten'—which, coming to his ears, caused him to make a public announcement, that should he in the days of prosperity forget those that have befriended him in adversity, he should be unworthy the favor of that God whose

prophet he claimed to be. He consequently returned to Medina, where he continued to reside until his death.

From the first dawns of success, his course was one of continual conquest. With the Koran in one hand, and the Sword in the other, his followers marched against every place of importance in the country, presenting their countrymen the choice between embracing the faith of their leader, or death. The faith soon became popular, and thousands rushed to his standard from policy. The Koran continued to increase in volume, new chapters and verses being added as necessity required; but it was not till some time after his death, that the different parts of it were collected. They before existed only in the forms in which they were put at the time of delivery—some sentences on parchment—some cut on stone—some on palm-leaves, and in every conceivable place of record; while much only remained in the memory of his followers.

Under the name of *alms*, contributions were levied for the support of the Prophet, in the collection of which some difficulty was at first experienced; but by means of his all-powerful argument—the sword—all opposition was soon overcome. His followers continued to increase until his death, which occurred at Medina in the eleventh year of the Hegira, at the close of his 63d year, A. D. 632.

USE OF BOOKS.

"It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds, and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books, great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all, who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am. No matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If the Sacred Writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live."

DAME NATURE IN THE BLUES.

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 BY MISS H. V. C.  
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Who does not sometimes love to see
 Dame Nature in the blues?
 With pouting lip, and cloudy eye,
 When showering tears she strews.

On such a night, she robes in black,
 And lays aside her crown,
 Then wreathing clouds about her head,
 Puts on a fearful frown.

She mutters in the distance first,
 Then thunders with a crash,
 While her dark-browed and piercing eye
 She opens with a flash.

Then timid warblers haste away
 For shelter, in the wood,
 Or spread the downy quivering wing
 To shield their trembling brood.

The nimble-footed squirrel runs
 And bounds into the tree,
 With sheltering tail upon its head
 Looks out the storm to see.

That bird astray from fairy land,
 The gem-like butterfly,
 Seeks vainly now its brighter home,
 Then folds its wing to die.

The tiny flies which joyous seemed
 In yester's noontide ray,
 Now cease their gambols in the air,
 And hide their heads away.

The flowers bow their gentle heads,
 Or look with wonder up,
 And one to catch the shining tears
 Unseals its little cup.

The foliage green
 Has lost its sheen,
 And droops upon the spray,
 The fountains hush,
 Their music gush,
 Sweet zephyrs haste away.

The mountains proud
 Their heads enshroud
 With drapery of blue—
 Retiring dales
 Beg from the gales
 A robe of mourning hue.

The ocean waves
 From stormy caves
 Rush with a wrathful roar;
 They foam and dash,
 And furious lash
 The high and rock-bound shore.

The quivering sail
 Beats in the gale
 Against the straining mast,
 Then tears to shreds,
 And sends its threads
 Out streaming on the blast.

A wing like night
 Hides from our sight
 The beauties of the day;
 And fearful sighs
 From earth arise—
 Hopes, trembling, die away.

But, lo! a light
 Mellow and bright
 Gleams down from yonder heaven,
 And kindling streams
 Of golden beams
 To gladdened eyes are given.

'Tis dark awhile,
Another smile,
Ah! be not hopeless yet!
Soon we shall see
Dame Nature free
From such a charming pet.

O'er yonder wood
A tinted flood
Is streaming from the west;
The mists have gone,
The mountains don
Their most attractive vest.

Now free from cares,
Dame Nature wears
A robe of varied hue—
A scarf of green
With spots of sheen
Hang round with gems of dew.

A girdle bright
Of jewelled light
She weaves from sun and storm;
With smiles of grace
Lighting her face,
She twines it round her form.

A turban new
Of lightest blue
She wreathes about her head,
And misty spots
Seem golden dots
Strung on a silver thread.

The flowers peep out
And look about,
Amazed at what they see—
Happy surprise
Illumes their eyes
When gloomy shadows flee.

In sighing bliss
The zephyrs kiss
The blossoms as they nod—
From dewy lips
Their nectar sips,
Then lift them from the sod.

Oh! look and see
In yonder tree
That chirping squirrel bound—
His eye is bright,
His bosom white,
How quick he looks around!

The butterfly
That seemed to die,
Unfolds its rainbow wing;
Bright insects glance
In circling dance,
While joyous warblers sing.

The blast which roared,
And eager poured
Its wrath upon the waves,
Its ragings cease,
And whisp'ring "peace,"
Their pardon gently craves.

Now comes the night,
And rosy light
Is fading from the west;
That fringe of gold
Grows dim and old
That trims the cloud-bright crest.

Proud Nature decks
With diamond specks
The crown upon her brow—
The crescent pale
Loops up her veil,
How beauteous is she now!

Some people tell
'Tis very well
Sometimes to have a pet,
To spend your fears
And shed your tears,
To scold and storm and fret.

I'm sure I do
Think just so too,
Who is there, pray, that don't?
The crisis past,
No longer last
Thoughts such as will and wont.

The darkest cloud
Can but enshroud
The sunbeams from our sight—
Bright rays are there
As pure and fair
As ever gemmed the night.

Then sulk away
Quick as you may,
But only for awhile—
For if you pout
Too long about,
You'll rather fret than smile.

THE REPRIMAND:

OR GOLD, VERSUS LOVE.

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BY MRS. S. T. MARTIN.  
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THERE was great bustle and rejoicing in the little village of Elmdale, for a rich man was about to take up his abode there, and the sunshine of prosperity already in anticipation lighted up every nook and corner of the town. Mr. Emory, for this was the name of the coming Cræsus, had purchased the "Weldon Place," a handsome but rather dilapidated house standing in the midst of a natural park, which formerly belonged to an English gentleman, but had for some years been uninhabited, as the title was disputed, and no tenant cared to occupy the large and cheerless rooms, with their dingy relics of departed splendor. But for weeks, the unwonted sounds of saw and hammer, of plane and chisel had announced to the passer by, that a new order of things was at hand; and the few who gained admittance into the carefully guarded premises, were astonished at the changes one short month had wrought. The house was being fitted up in a style which seemed to the simple villagers one of regal magnificence, and as they gleaned from the workmen employed on the building, the scanty particulars known to them of Mr. Emory's reputed wealth and habits, they learned to look upon him with a respect that bordered upon awe, and to long for his coming with no ordinary degree of excitement. Rapidly as the repairs went on, it seemed to the good people of Elmdale that the great man was never coming, for, though he had once made a flying visit of inspection, they saw nothing more of him than the carriage in which he was whirled through the village, not deigning to stop at the sign of the Hen and Chickens, though the landlord stood on the steps hat in hand, ready to wait himself on his expected guest. But "*perseverantia vincit omnia*," which means, freely translated, that holding on will overcome every obstacle, and the patience of Elmdale was at length rewarded by a sight clear and undoubted of Mr. Richard Emory.

It was on a bright Sunday in June, that the sexton ushered into the redly cushioned and carpeted pew on which the above name was engraved, a short and stout gentleman, whose identity was as evident to all the congregation as if he had been born under the shadow of that identical sanctuary. "Well to do in the world," was stamped on every line of his

face, and in every fold of his shining broadcloth—the very tie of his cravat proclaimed it in visible characters. We are bound to confess that the first feeling, as Mr. Emory's countenance beamed on his worshippers, was one of disappointment; for had it belonged to Dick Jones the cobbler, the said countenance would have been deemed decidedly vulgar. The mouth was large and sensual, with thick prominent lips, the nose rather small and turned up—the hair red, or more properly, carroty, refusing with sturdy independence to stand up or lie down at the pleasure of another, and taking its own way in all directions. The eyes of a whitey grey, or greyish white, though partially covered with gold spectacles, were very prominent, and said plainly—"We have a right to look about us in the world, and we intend to use it." There was no *Mrs.* Emory, that fact had been ascertained long ago, and therefore the owner of the name had been supposed young, but his appearance utterly contradicted the supposition. He was certainly middle aged, and thereupon Miss Eunice Strong, the milliner, and the widow Thompson, who were both of an uncertain age, bridled up, and looked as simple and unconscious as possible, when the gold spectacles in their exploring tour lighted upon them. It was to no purpose that Mr. Harris the minister had taken special pains to prepare a good sermon for this important occasion. Mr. Emory was busy looking at the congregation, especially the female portion of it, and the people were busied in returning the glances with interest, so that the preacher was quite unheeded. There was little apparently to satisfy the inquisitorial eyes, among the grave matrons and blushing maids who filled the village church, for they roamed restlessly, until by chance they spied in a distant corner, the cottage bonnet that shaded the cheek of fair Hetty May. They twinkled for a moment, then settled eagerly on the innocent, upturned face, and wandered no more during the service. A sweet face it was on which they rested—a face that Guido or Carlo Dolci would have loved to paint—so pure and saint-like in repose, but with smiles and dimples in ambush, ready to break upon you at a moment's warning, and with startling effect. Once only, those large, violet eyes wandered in the direction of the cushioned pew, but they met a gaze so fixed and rude, that they turned away in confusion, fain to hide themselves beneath their long silken lashes, from such persevering scrutiny.

At the close of the service, Hetty May, who for a wonder was at church without her mother, was joined by William Carleton, a fine, enterprising, handsome young mechanic, who was a universal favorite, and the two walked quickly away, without giving one thought or glance to the new comer, who was the cynosure of all other eyes. They had

not gone far, before they were joined by Bessie Gray and Kate Morris, two dashing, dark-eyed village beauties, who had been all the morning throwing killing glances into the stranger's pew, and were slightly jealous of Hetty May.

"Well, Hetty," said Bessie Gray, "what do you think of Mr. Emory?"

"I hardly saw him," was the reply—"and have not thought enough about him to form an opinion."

"Oh, that will do well enough for you to say," replied Kate, with a toss of her pretty head—"but if it is the truth, I guess you are the only one in Elmdale who could say so."

"And why, in the name of common sense," indignantly exclaimed William Carleton, "should all Elmdale go crazy about a common vulgar looking old man like Mr. Emory? What if he is rich, that doesn't make him great or good, or even good looking, does it?"

William Carleton was ignorant of the magic power of gold, or he would not have asked that question, but Bessie Gray was wiser, for she laughed scornfully as she said—

"If you lived in the Weldon Place, and drove those elegant horses, and owned half a bank beside, you might find out that money could do more for you than all the schooling in the world without it."

"I am content to try the schooling, as you call it, first, Bessie," said the young man, good humoredly, and there the conversation dropped, for he so seldom saw Hetty without her mother that he could not afford to waste this precious opportunity in discussing Mr. Emory. It was evident to all who saw them, that the two were very happy in each other, and that they wished to prolong as much as possible the walk home, for they went all the way round through Deacon Grant's meadow, though the lane leading directly to the house of widow May was shady and far more pleasant. Mrs. May was sitting at the window when they came in sight of the house, and the dissatisfied look she wore, warned William to make a short leave taking, so with one stolen pressure, he released the little hand from its imprisonment, and saying cheerfully—

"There's a better time coming, Hetty, wait a little longer," he turned and was out of sight in a moment.

Let us enter the cottage with Hetty, and while she is putting away her shawl and bonnet, give our readers a glance at the interior with its solitary inmate. The room into which the outer door opened, was large and pleasant, with trees and shrubbery about the windows, and furnished in a manner not exactly in accordance with the present fortune of its occupants. The stuffed and ornamented chairs—the handsome Dutch clock, the bookcase of carved oak, the pictures, and even the gilded

bird-cage, told of better days, and belonged to a time when Alice May was a young and joyous bride, loving with her whole heart the man who afterward so cruelly deceived and deserted her. For some years she was happy, though her home was repeatedly made desolate by the loss of three lovely children, who all died in infancy. The mother's heart bled, but her husband was still spared to her, and in his affection she found support and consolation. But a cloud was even then rising, at first a mere speck on the horizon, that soon threatened to overspread the whole sky, and burst in ruin on their once happy home. Mr. May was a generous, warm-hearted man, full of fun and frolic, voted by all his associates the best fellow in the world, and as such, the life of every social gathering. When the wine cup was passing round, it was difficult for him to avoid tasting it, until, ere he was aware, the habit of drinking was formed, and became a band of iron, which it seemed impossible for him to break. During the first bright years of wedded life, Arthur May had spent all his evenings at home, seeking no enjoyment in which his beloved Alice was not a sharer—but when death invaded the little circle, leaving tears and sadness in his footsteps, the bereaved father sought refuge from thought among his gay companions, forgetful of the poor smitten heart that was left to weep in solitude.—Through long weary hours, the anxious but trusting wife would sit alone, waiting for the return of her absent husband, and even when he came with flushed countenance and a manner unnaturally gay, she would not admit to herself the possibility of danger. But too soon there came a time when doubt was changed into dread certainty, and Alice May knew, before the babbling tongue of scandal had proclaimed it, that her husband, her proud, noble and admired husband, was a drunkard. The ruin of such men as May, is soon accomplished, for the very qualities that endear them most to their friends, seem but to furnish added stimulus to the downward course of the inebriate. Long before the little Hetty could fully understand why her once kind father was now always stupid or savage, or why the smiles of her fond mother had given place to bitter tears, the downfall and disgrace of May were complete. His house and furniture were sold at public auction, and the family were forced to remove into a miserable dwelling, where the unremitting labor of the wife barely served to procure the necessities of life for herself and her child. Every method that affection could suggest, was tried by her to save her wretched husband, but in vain, and at last worn out with anguish and unshared toil, and fearing for her life and that of her helpless child, her resolution was taken, and she proceeded to act upon it. Circumstances had developed in her, strength of will and firmness of purpose, and transformed the timid young girl into the stern, self-reliant

woman, who sought neither sympathy nor aid from those about her.— Fortunately for her, she resided in a state where the treatment of her husband furnished sufficient ground for divorce, and having obtained a legal separation, she departed with the little Hetty from the scenes of her happiness and her sorrows, leaving no trace by which her course could be ascertained.

Years passed away, and in the quiet village of Elmdale to which her steps had been providentially directed, she had found friends and employment, and as the widow May, was respected by all who knew her. By her skill and industry, she surrounded herself once more with the comforts of home, and redeemed one by one, the articles of furniture which, as a part of her bridal outfit, she particularly valued, and which had been purchased by a tried friend, with that understanding. It seemed the one sole passion of the moody and disappointed woman, to make for her child a home so happy, that her wishes should never stray beyond it. As Hetty grew up under her eye, intelligent and beautiful, and good as she was lovely, the proud mother began to cherish ambitious dreams for her future, and to look forward to some wealthy alliance that should raise the young girl from her present obscurity, to the station in which her birth and rare graces entitled her to move. It was therefore with no small amount of grief and indignation, that Mrs. May learned a short time before our story commences, that William Carleton, the orphan nephew of Mr. Harris, the minister, who had nothing on earth but his good looks and good character to recommend him, and who was moreover only a house carpenter, had presumed to raise his eyes to her daughter, and what was still worse, had contrived to render himself agreeable to the young girl. However, as no overt act of disobedience had yet been committed by either of the young people, she contented herself with sundry hints and warnings, giving Hetty definitely to understand that the addresses of William Carleton would never receive her sanction. Poor Hetty wept in silence, but though she was too gentle and dutiful to rebel openly against maternal authority, there was a fund of quiet determination in her character that augured well for the hopes of her lover.

Things were in this position, when the arrival of the rich Mr. Emory at Elmdale, and the fact that he was still a bachelor, caused the heart of Mrs. May to thrill with unwonted excitement, for sure she was that in the whole country round, there was not one maiden who could compare with her Hetty, in mind or person, and if the face of other girls had made their fortune, why not hers? Detained from church by indisposition, she was indulging in these reflections, when the sight of William and Hetty disturbed her day dream, and threatened the overthrow of

all her airy castles. How would her heart have exulted, could she have known that on her daughter alone, the eyes of the great man had been fixed—and that as he took his seat in the handsome carriage which had been for an hour waiting at the door of the church, the image of the fair girl in the cottage bonnet, seated itself beside him, and persisted in accompanying him home.

Mr. Emory was not a "marrying man," by which is meant in genteel parlance, he belonged to the class whose business it is to amuse themselves by playing with the hearts of the gentler sex, without committing themselves to any one of them—in other words, the class of anglers who glory in obtaining a nibble without even seeking to land the prize. It was his boast that in all cases he could say, "I came, I saw, I conquered," while his own heart continued invincible; but as he left the little church of Elmdale, there were symptoms in the region where he supposed that organ to be, which made him tremble. Certain it was, he had never seen a face that seemed to him so beautiful as that of the village girl of whose very name he was still ignorant, and he resolved to find her out and cultivate the acquaintance, certain that any overtures from him must be thankfully received in such a quarter.

This resolution he expressed to Capt. Hazelton, his satellite and hanger on, who for the sake of his dinners and his horses, was content to yield to his humors, flatter his follies, and further his plans on all occasions.

"Pon my word," said the gallant captain, twirling his scented moustache, "you do the girl only too much honor in thinking of her. Of course you are not serious in the thing. A petticoat would play the deuce in this establishment."

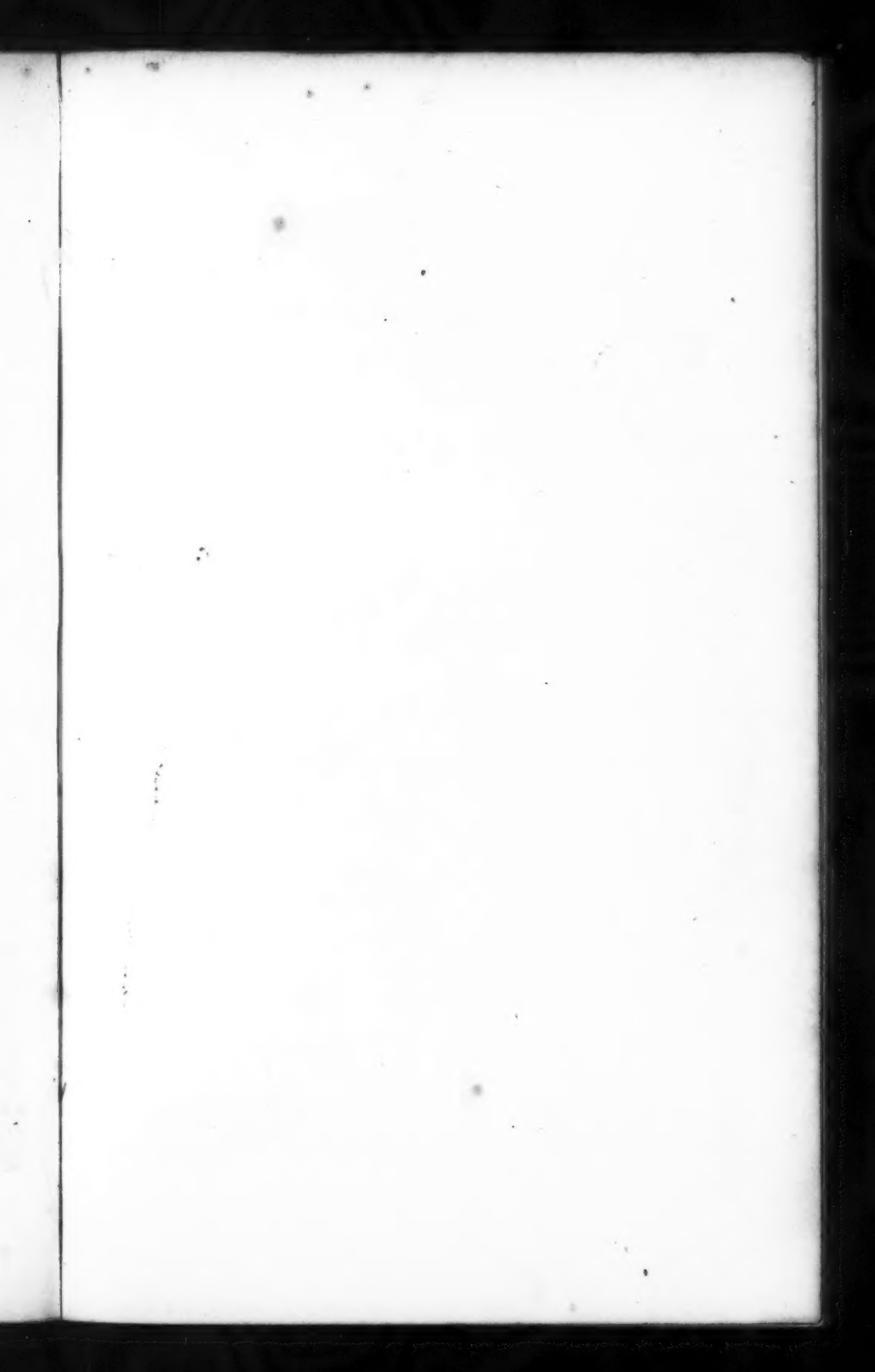
"Oh! as to that," replied his companion, "I have my own ideas, and know enough to keep my neck out of the noose. It is only '*poor passay lay tongs*,' you know, and a man might do worse than to play the agreeable to a beautiful girl like that, in this out of the way place. At any rate, my mind is made up about it, and what I want of you is assistance, not advice."

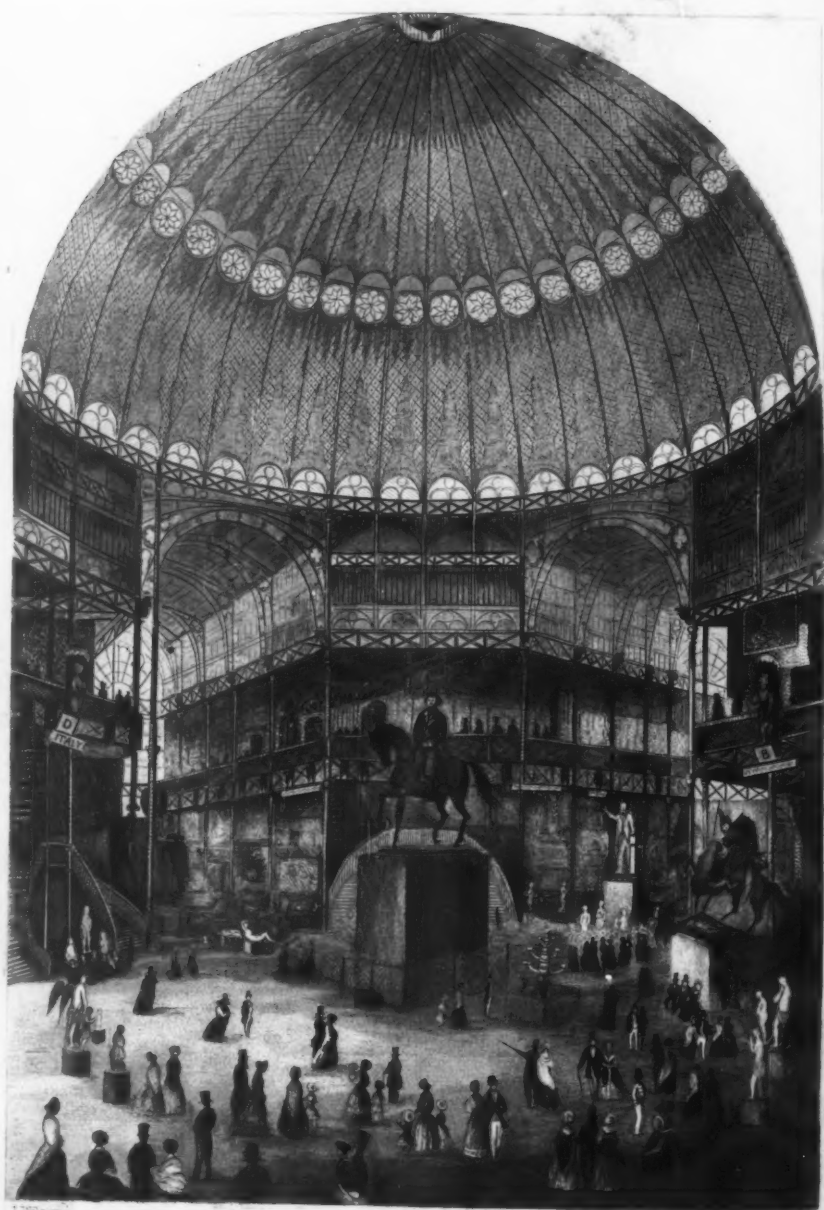
It was easy for Mr. Emory to ascertain all he wished to know about Hetty May—easy too to obtain an introduction to her mother, though the conceited and purse-proud man had nearly committed a fatal error on his first visit, by assuming an air of patronage and condescension, which so incensed the widow May, that in her heart she agreed with Hetty in declaring him the most disagreeable man she had ever seen. But he came again and again, finding each time more to admire in the unconscious girl whose grace and beauty shed such brightness over her cottage home, and with the low cunning that often belongs to a char-

acter like his, winning the heart of the mother by flattering her weaknesses and seeming to yield to all her opinions. At first, his visits to the cottage were simply for the sake of gratifying an idle fancy, without any definite purpose, but as he saw more of Hetty, and especially as he saw how constantly and strenuously she sought to avoid him, he grew interested in the pursuit—his vanity was piqued, and it became to him an object of some importance to overcome this unexpected resistance. Mr. Emory was at heart an unprincipled man, and therefore he had little faith in female virtue. He saw clearly, however, that the widow May had too much pride and ambition to acquiesce in a daughter's gilded shame, and that none but honorable proposals would be entertained by her for a moment. The idea once admitted into his brain, that Hetty May might make an ornamental appendage to his establishment as Mrs. Emory, it soon took entire possession of his thoughts, and as is usual in such cases, his passion was only stimulated by the indifference and even aversion of its object.

It must not be supposed that the frequent visits of Mr. Emory at the cottage of Mrs. May, had escaped the notice of the good people of Elmdale, interested as they were in all the movements of the great man.—They were at first full of astonishment, then of virtuous indignation, that an artful woman should so take in a stranger, one too who might make his choice among all the ladies of the land. There were nearly a score of spinsters in the town, each of whom considered her chance in this matrimonial lottery worth something, and that the prize should be drawn by one whom they had not even regarded as a competitor, was very provoking. However, there was no help for it, as Mr. Emory was not a man to tolerate interference in any shape, and Mrs. May was not likely to relinquish a profitable speculation from motives of disinterested benevolence. All that could be done was to show the offenders that they understood and disapproved their proceedings, and accordingly Mrs. May and her daughter met, on every side among their former friends, cold, scornful, or averted looks, whenever they made their appearance in public. We have said, on every side, but it was not so.—At the parsonage they still found sympathy and kindness, and though William Carleton well knew that in ordinary cases, the money bags of his rival would be sure to win the day, his perfect confidence in the affection and faith of her he loved, never wavered for a moment. His strong heart throbbed with tenderness and pity, as he pictured to himself the trial that awaited her, for Mrs. May's exulting pride in the splendid conquest her daughter had made, was evident to all, in spite of her attempts to conceal it.

To be continued.





J. W. Dean

J. White

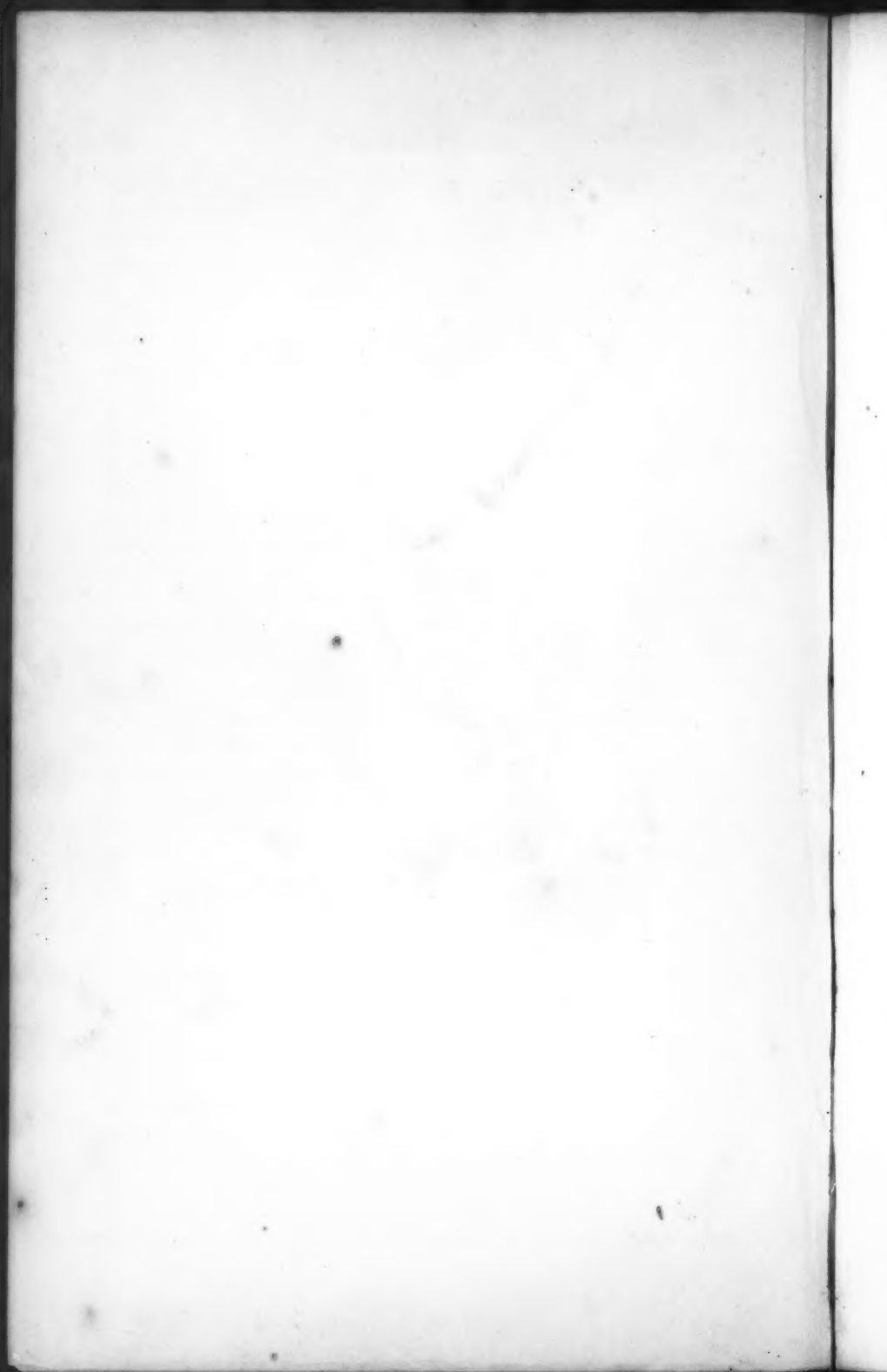
NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE.

Interior View.





Petunia.



THE REPRIMAND:

OR GOLD, VERSUS LOVE.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTIN.

[CONCLUDED.]

Poor Hetty! Gladly would she have given up all claim to this envied conquest—gladly would she have spoken the decisive word that should free her from his odious attentions, but to this, her mother would by no means consent, and the rich man was so hedged about with self-complacency, that not one doubt of ultimate success, found entrance into his heart. The coldness and aversion of the young girl were attributed by him to maiden timidity, and he found in them only a stimulus to the passion that was becoming every day more serious. It was no part of Mrs. May's plan to suffer this passion to spend itself in unmeaning gallantries, and she managed so well that in less than six months from the time of his entrance into Elmdale, the master of Welden Place laid himself, with all his gilded trappings, at the feet of her fair Hetty.—To his great surprise, for he had supposed this act of condescension would be received by the maiden with becoming gratitude and delight, his offer was instantly and haughtily rejected, with a decision that would have been rudeness itself, if the eyes and lips through which it came, had not been so bewitching that anger only seemed an added grace. Quickly recovering himself from his momentary embarrassment, he said gaily—

"I believe it is not at all uncommon for young ladies to say no, when they mean yes. I cannot consent to take so hasty an answer to such a proposal, and shall hope on my next visit to find you in a better humor."

"But I assure you, sir," she answered, with spirit, though in spite of her efforts, tears would force themselves into her eyes—"I always mean what I say, and I shall never change either my mind, or my answer if you were to wait a hundred years."

"Cruel girl!" he replied, with an equivocal smile, "you know how well anger becomes you, and are practising on my forbearance. Well, my time will come. Good morning, Miss Hetty, make my compliments to your good mother, and think of me kindly until we meet again."

So saying, the discarded suitor bowed himself out of the house, with an air of great satisfaction, leaving Hetty in a state of amazement and

indignation, impossible to describe. She knew too well that her mother's influence was all on his side, and feared that she would employ the full force of maternal authority to carry out her wishes. The sorrows and loneliness of the widow May, had appealed to the best feelings of her daughter's heart from infancy, and rendered her an object of almost sacred interest in Hetty's eyes, and now to be compelled not only to thwart her favorite plans, but to act in direct disobedience to her commands, was a thought that filled her with dismay. And yet, should she blacken her soul with perjury, by giving her hand to one man, while her heart was in the possession of another? Should she by such a course, seal not only her own misery, (that might be borne,) but break the heart of William Carleton, who trusted so implicitly in her honor? No, she could not—she would not—she would be true to herself and to him, and for the rest, she would meet the storm as best she might, striving by every act of filial tenderness to prove to her mother that nothing but a sense of right actuated her in her intended course.

Vain hope! Mrs. May saw in Hetty's determination nothing but obstinacy and self-will, and set herself with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, to subdue it, never allowing herself to doubt that by thus inflicting a temporary pang, she was securing the ultimate good of her child. It was to no purpose that Hetty utterly refused to see Mr. Emory alone, or to accept any of his offered gifts—he was a constant visitor at the cottage, sure of a welcome from Mrs. May, whose zeal in his behalf seemed daily to augment. It was the story of "Auld Robin Gray," in simple prose, and in this case, too, young Jamie was away—for William Carleton had been for some weeks absent from Elmdale, being employed in a distant city on a job which promised to be not only profitable, but permanently advantageous. He knew enough of matters at home to make him seriously uneasy—not that he doubted for a moment the constancy of Hetty, for he had rightly read her true, warm heart, but the thought was bitter that for his sake she was enduring persecution, and he not there to comfort and sustain her.

"Never mind, I will make her full amends for it by and bye," was the vow registered in his heart, and well and faithfully was it kept.

The unwelcome assiduities of Mr. Emory, and the cool assurance with which he, and every one about her, looked upon her acceptance of his suit as a matter of course, drove Hetty almost to distraction. There were times when she felt as if under the influence of some fearful incubus, and believed it vain to struggle against her destiny, but the intense pain occasioned by this belief gave her new strength for resistance, and thus months wore away, and still she was alone, for still William Carleton came not to Elmdale. Letters indeed sometimes reached her,

"Like angel visits, few and far between,"

bringing messages of love and cheer, but in this crisis of her fate, she wanted some strong arm on which to lean, some sheltering wing under which to take refuge until the storm had passed away.

In this mood, weary of the ceaseless strife in which she lived, angry at her tormentors, her truant lover and herself, Hetty left home one morning to visit a poor old woman, whose age and infirmities rendered her a helpless dependent on the kindness of others. Hetty loved to minister to the wants of the patient sufferer, for young and happy as she had hitherto been, her heart was full of woman's best and holiest sympathies, and now as she walked slowly towards Ailie Foster's humble abode, a feeling of calmness and trust insensibly stole over her, hushing into repose all the jarring elements that had so long disturbed her peace. It was one of the loveliest days of spring; a carpet of soft green moss covered the forest path she was treading—the air was vocal with the happy song of birds—wild flowers smiled on every side, shedding their perfume on the passing breeze, and the silvery murmur of a clear rivulet fell in measured cadence on her ear. Nature, like a fond mother, seemed wooing her wearied and fretted child to her bosom, and though Hetty might not have been able to explain or understand her own emotions, she felt the full influence of the soothing spell. After a long and pleasant interview with old Ailie, she started for home with a light step and a heart from which care had strangely vanished; but when she reached the wood, brook and flowers and birds were unheeded by her, for she was no longer alone. A manly form was at her side—a voice whose lightest tone caused her heart to thrill, was uttering words she had pined to hear—and her fears and cares and doubts all forgotten, Hetty May was for the moment perfectly happy. She did not think to question her lover concerning his long absence—she hardly remembered her own protracted anguish and suspense, only one absorbing thought was present to her mind. William was once more with her, and his heart was all her own—it was enough, she could now meet any trial the future might have in store for her. Oh, wondrous might of love! which can thus infuse new life into the human soul, enabling it to triumph over suffering and death itself—gilding the darkest clouds of adversity with the rainbow of hope, and linking weak, sinful man with the unfallen spirits who bow and worship before the throne of the Eternal! No wonder those young hearts which are filled almost to aching with a sense of love deep and immeasurable, should for a few brief moments forget the threatening past and future in the blissful present; no wonder they should believe in the omnipotence of love, and

defy every attempt at separation. If it were only a dream, it was one that brought back the light to Hetty's eye and the rose to her cheek, but both vanished as she drew near home, and remembered what awaited her there. She dared not invite William to enter her mother's dwelling, for too well she knew that no kind welcome would greet him, and besides he wished for the present, that no one but his uncle's family should know of his return. Notwithstanding her efforts to conceal her misgivings, it was a pale and tearful face on which the young man gazed with passionate fondness, as she bade him a hurried farewell and entered the house alone. He could not tear himself away from the spot, so stealing noiselessly through the small garden, he stationed himself near the open window, that he might enjoy the luxury of looking on her he loved, while she was unconscious of his presence.

When Hetty entered the room, her mother was seated in her arm-chair, engaged in her usual occupation of sewing, but she looked up smilingly as she gently reproved her daughter for her long absence, and pointed out a bouquet of rare exotics that graced the old-fashioned book case. Mr. Emory had been there, she said, to invite Hetty to ride, and finding her out, had left the flowers, with love and compliments to his intended bride.

Hetty's heart swelled indignantly as she took the bouquet, and with an impulse she could not resist, tore it in pieces and strewed the flowers upon the floor. It was too much to be thus insulted—thus treated like a child who was to have no voice in the disposal of herself—that this man should dare to speak or even think of her as his bride, spite of all she could do or say to the contrary. The words of her heart's chosen were still thrilling in her ear, his kiss was still burning on her cheek, and it was sacrilege even to look at the offerings of another. Such were the thoughts of Hetty as she stood gazing on the hapless flowers, but who can paint the surprise and anger of Mrs. May when she witnessed the rash deed?

"Hetty May!" she exclaimed, as soon as she found breath for words, "I have borne with your folly and perverseness until now, because I hoped you would have sense enough to see at last where your true interest lies, and to conform to my wishes. But take care how you provoke me too far, lest I should be tempted to wish myself childless as well as a widow."

"Mother," said the young girl, "I have told you all along that I never could love this man, and now I tell you I detest him from my inmost soul. I will not accept his presents—no, not so much as to smell a flower that comes from him, for if he was not meanness itself, he would not persist in forcing his attentions on one who feels towards him as I do."

"And pray, if I may ask the question," retorted her mother—"what has Mr. Emory done to draw upon himself the hatred of Miss Hetty May? Is it because he has selected her, a poor, friendless girl, from the thousands who would gladly and proudly have accepted his offers, that she thus presumes to stigmatize him?"

"No, mother," she replied, "you know it is not that. If he had contented himself with making the offer you call so generous, and left me free to accept or decline it, I would have respected and honored him to my dying day. But if he thinks me an article of merchandize which he can buy with his money, whether I love him or not, he will find himself mistaken. Let him go to those who want him or his gifts, I wish for neither. If I am poor and friendless, I think too much of myself to give my hand without my heart, and that Mr. Emory never can have."

"Hark ye, girl!" exclaimed Mrs. May—"I know very well the secret of these heroics. You imagine yourself in love with young Carleton, and it is for his sake you refuse a man whose shoes he is not worthy to touch. But mark my words—never with my consent shall you throw yourself away upon a beggar, and not another week shall you trifle with the honorable proposals of a man like Mr. Emory."

"William Carleton is no beggar, mother," said Hetty, warmly—"he has youth, health, talent and energy, and with these he will win his way to fame and fortune. But even if he should not, it would not affect my love for him, for I would far rather share his poverty than to be mistress of all Mr. Emory's wealth. Mother," exclaimed the excited girl, her mood suddenly changing, and throwing herself on her knees at her mother's side—"you used to love your little Hetty, do not condemn her to certain and hopeless wretchedness. I have spoken hastily and improperly, for my heart is sorely wrung, but you know how dearly I love you, and how gladly I would obey you, were not my earthly all of happiness at stake. William and I are both young, we will wait and hope on for years if it is necessary, but do not break my heart by refusing to sanction my choice, for never, never can I make another."

"Rise, foolish girl," replied her mother, "and do not take an attitude of deference, while you refuse obedience to my reasonable commands.—Listen, child," she continued—"I once was young, and fancied I had a heart, and that this alone, rather than reason, ought to be consulted in my choice of a husband, and what was the consequence? For a little while I thought myself happy, but when poverty came in at the door, love flew out of the window, and the long years of misery that have followed that brief dream of joy, I pray God you may never know."

Hetty's heart suggested that poverty alone had not been the cause of her mother's unhappiness, but she loved her too sincerely to pain her

by giving utterance to the thought, and Mrs. May added with a look of stern determination—

“Enough has been said between us, until you are prepared to render to your mother the obedience due from a child. Meantime my word is pledged to Mr. Emory, and I will not break it for a childish fancy. I wish for your own sake as well as mine, that this marriage should take place with your free consent, but however that may be, rest assured that in one month from this time, you will become his wife. I am certain that when it is once over, you will learn to look upon yourself as you will be in fact, a most enviable woman.”

With a face from which every vestige of color had fled, Hetty rose from her place at her mother's feet, and went to her own room with despair busy at her heart. An abyss of horror was yawning before her, from which she could see no means of escape. Should she follow the course her heart dictated, and consent to a clandestine marriage with William Carleton, she might draw down upon her head a mother's curse, and this, to the dutiful child who had never wilfully disobeyed her only parent, was a thought full of agony. On the other hand, if she weakly submitted to what she felt to be an unjust exercise of maternal authority, and went to the altar with a lie upon her lips, who could gauge the amount of wretchedness such an act might, nay, must occasion! At all events, this she would not do, death itself was preferable to a union unsanctioned by affection.

While Hetty sat alone, wrapt in anxious and desponding thought, William, who had been an unobserved spectator of the scene we have described, left the window with a heart in which love, pity, and indignation held by turns the mastery. He had returned to Elmdale with a plan of action partly matured, and now in concert with a confidential friend, the only one of his own sex with whom he had ever been on terms of intimacy, the details were speedily arranged, and nothing remained but to gain the consent of Hetty to her share in the enterprise. This was by far the most difficult part of the affair, for the young girl was so strictly watched by her mother, whose suspicions were excited, that an interview between the lovers seemed impossible. When at length, by the assistance of the good clergyman, this was brought about, and William found himself once more in the presence of Hetty, a new difficulty arose. She could not resolve on a step so decided as that proposed to her, at least until there was manifestly no other resource.—Her mother might relent, a thousand unforeseen things might occur to prevent the hated consummation, but should she find it inevitable, it would then be time enough to adopt a course from which her guileless and affectionate heart revolted. It was in vain that William urged his

own love and her plighted faith—in vain he portrayed the dangers and trials that awaited her, and the certainty that to this point she must come at last; he could only obtain from her a promise that as a last resort, she would submit to his guidance, and with this he was obliged to content himself.

But Hetty soon found that her lover had prophesied truly with regard to the fixed and unrelenting purpose of her mother. The preparations for her marriage were driven forward with such rapidity that she had scarcely time to think—and all her entreaties and expostulations were treated as the caprices of a child whose movements must be guided and controlled by others. Day after day, from morning to night, her rich lover sat there with his cold, stony eyes fastened on her, till she felt as if absolutely petrifying under their influence, and then he would congratulate himself that the impulsive, irritable girl was becoming so docile and gentle. Well was it for her that one was near who watched the progress of affairs at the cottage with the sleepless vigilance of love, or she might at this time have submitted to her fate without a struggle, so cold and dead seemed her heart, and so enviable the repose and quiet of the grave. William Carleton saw in her fixed and pallid features, the effects of the mental conflict through which she had passed; he saw too the apathy that was stealing over her, and felt that no time was to be lost in saving her from her impending doom.

Mr. Emory was sitting alone in his splendid library, after a long interview with his man of business, who had come from the city for that purpose. Every thing prospered in the hands of the rich man, money flowed in upon him from all sides, and he could not help regarding himself as a peculiarly fortunate personage. Whoever else might lose their rents, his tenants were always punctual—his speculations always succeeded, and his ships came safe to land. And to crown the whole, he was about to bring home to his noble mansion the prettiest bride in the whole country, and if he was obliged to confess to himself that his pride had suffered a little in the wooing, there was balm in the thought that as a husband he could obtain full indemnity for the grievance. His lip was still curling with the smile called forth by this reflection, when a visitor was announced, and Frank Norwood, a dashing, talented young lawyer, entered the apartment. Mr. Emory was charmed to see him, for in times past, he had made sundry advances towards an acquaintance which were so coolly received, that there seemed no ground for their renewal. In his present self-complacent mood, however, this was all forgotten, and the young man was welcomed with a cordiality as flattering as it was unexpected.

"I am aware, sir," said Mr. Norwood, with a bland smile as he seated

himself, "that your time is just now particularly valuable; but I have ventured to intrude upon you, as a gentleman whose judgment and knowledge of the world render him a safe adviser, to consult you with reference to a private matter of delicacy and difficulty, now on hand."

This was attacking Mr. Emory in a vulnerable point, for the love of gossip formed so prominent a trait in his character, that he had often rendered himself obnoxious to the good people of Elmdale, by what they termed, meddling with matters in which he had no concern. His countenance was therefore quite radiant, as he replied—

"Make no apology, my dear sir, I entreat you—command my services in any way, only state the case plainly that I may understand it."

"The case then is plainly this," said Norwood—"I have a friend, a fine noble fellow, residing in a distant city, who has been from childhood attached to a young lady every way worthy of him, and who fully returns his affection. They have long been engaged, and were to be married as soon as his prospects would justify their union, when a rich old curmudgeon steps in between them, and because the young lady is very pretty, wants to appropriate her as he does every thing else. The worst of it is, her relatives are all on his side, simply because he has more money than my friend, who is worth a thousand of him in all other respects, and in spite of the misery of the poor girl, who hates him, they are determined to compel her to become his wife. Now, what advice would you, sir, give in this matter?"

Mr. Emory had listened eagerly to this statement, never once suspecting it to have any personal bearing—the very hardihood of the thing precluded suspicion. Could he imagine that any man living would dare apply to him, Richard Emory, Esq., the terms, "an old curmudgeon?" Besides, in choosing Hetty May for his wife, he believed himself to be stooping immeasurably, and supposed all concerned must so consider it, and though he had once or twice heard of William Carleton as a discarded lover of the young girl, he believed him to be a low, vulgar fellow, who had long since abandoned the field in despair. Strange as it may seem, therefore, he heard Frank Norwood's story without one misgiving, and rubbing his hands with glee, exclaimed—

"Do? why, there is but one thing to be done. Let the fine young fellow take her, and then let the old curmudgeon help himself if he can."

"I was certain you would take this view of the matter," said his companion, "but there are difficulties in the way. The young lady is strictly watched, and there are reasons which render it necessary for the thing to be done immediately if at all. My friend has wit and courage enough for any emergency, but he must not appear in the affair, or it is all over with us."

"Where does the young person reside? Is it any one with whom I am acquainted?"

"She is here at present, but excuse me, sir, I am under solemn obligations to give to no one the slightest clue to the names or residence of either party, until the whole thing is over, then they will both be most happy to see and thank you for the kind interest you evince in their concerns. By the way," continued Norwood as if musing—"it would not do to procure a team from the livery stable, for that would lead to enquiries in a gossiping community like ours, and then discovery is inevitable."

"Oh, that need not trouble you," Mr. Emory warmly exclaimed.—"My carriage and horses are at your disposal—and I fancy nobody will venture to ask questions about my establishment. But may I ask—what is your plan of operations?"

"Certainly, sir, you have a right to know. Our plan is simply this. I am to take the young lady out to ride, as her friends will trust her with me—and my friend is to meet us at a convenient spot, and convey her to a neighboring town, where the ceremony will be performed—we shall then return together, and own up, as the saying is, and then—we shall see what we shall see."

"Excellent, excellent! but my good sir, I should like to be present at the denouement, if there is no objection."

"None in the world, I assure you—in fact, I am authorized to give you a special invitation to meet the bridal party on our return from B. A supper will be ordered at six, P. M., at Ryder's Hotel in the village of Grafton, and there I shall be delighted to present to you the fair bride."

It might have seemed a little suspicious to Mr. Emory that all the details should be so well arranged, when the visit was professedly one of consultation, but he was not in a captious mood, so he answered gaily,

"You may depend on me. I never fail in an affair of this kind.—The course of true love, you know, and all that sort of thing, always interests a bachelor like myself. Meantime, my carriage and driver are at your disposal, as I shall ride Black Bess to Grafton."

The smile with which Frank Norwood took leave of the great man, deepened into a hearty laugh when he found himself alone. "That was handsomely done," was his soliloquy. "I shall always respect my diplomatic talents after this. Really I did not know before, how clever a fellow I might prove myself to be on such an occasion."

A few days after this, the equipage of Mr. Emory drew up before the cottage of Mrs. May, and a note purporting to be from that gentleman informed Hetty that though he was compelled to leave town on business.

he had sent the carriage for her, hoping she would avail herself of it to take a drive. Greatly to Mrs. May's surprise and pleasure, Hetty instantly accepted the offer, expressing her joy in the prospect of a ride accompanied by Mr. Emory. Business of a very pressing nature had been found by Frank Norwood to call that gentleman from Elmdale on this particular day, lest his accustomed visit at the cottage might bring about a premature disclosure, and thus derange his well laid plans.

The weather was uncommonly fine, and as the proud mother saw her daughter whirled away in that elegant establishment, her heart swelled with exultation, and she mentally exclaimed—"I knew if I was only firm she would come to it at last, and when once she is mistress of Weldon Place, let us see who will dare to say I have sold my child for money. Sold her, indeed! I might have brought my wares to a worse market methinks."

The sun was setting gloriously behind the hills, when Mr. Emory rode up to Ryder's Hotel, the place of rendezvous appointed by Frank Norwood. He was courteously received by the smiling landlord, who ushered him into a large parlor, which was still empty, though evidently put in order for expected guests. The man of money was slightly out of humor, for the gentleman in whose name he had been summoned to Brookville, was not to be found, and an uncomfortable suspicion of having been hoaxed, was taking possession of his mind. He had little time for thought, however, before the sound of wheels roused him, and his own superb horses dashed up to the door, prancing gaily, as if entering into the spirit of the scene. The carriage door was thrown open, and the bridal party alighted and entered the house. Both ladies were closely veiled, but there was something in the form and gait of one of them, which sent the blood in a swifter current through the veins of Mr. Emory. He walked the apartment, trying to collect his thoughts, for a time which seemed to him indefinitely long, but at length the door opened, and Frank Norwood made his appearance, with a beautiful girl leaning on his arm, and close behind him came William Carleton, supporting the shrinking, trembling form of Hetty May. The party stopped in front of Mr. Emory, whose eyes seemed starting from their sockets with amazement, and Frank Norwood taking Hetty's hand, said with a low bow—

"Permit me, sir, to redeem my promise, and present to you the new-made bride of my friend Mr. Carleton, who wishes to express to you personally, her gratitude for the services you have rendered her."

Mr. Emory's first impulse was a very undignified one, for he was strongly inclined to knock the speaker down, but though weak and vain, he was really a good natured man, and in a moment, as the ludicrous nature of the whole thing flashed upon him, he exclaimed—

"Fairly outwitted, by Jupiter! Young man, you have reason to boast a little, but how is this? I am an old curmudgeon, am I? Very flattering, upon my word!"

"Pardon me, my dear sir," said Norwood, with difficulty stifling a laugh—"it was absolutely necessary to mislead you, and I was well assured you would never recognize yourself in such a likeness. But really, my friend here had a prior claim to this young lady, and he has only been helping himself to his own, in what he has done."

Mr. Emory's face wore a somewhat rueful expression as he replied—

"I wish the young lady much joy of her bargain, not but what I consider myself a very ill used man in being jilted by her after this fashion. But perhaps it is as well as it is, for Miss Hetty, (no offence I hope, ma'am,) would not have felt herself exactly at home, I suppose, as mistress of my establishment."

Miss Hetty agreed entirely in this assertion with her quondam suitor, and dutifully begged his pardon for having been so unfortunate as to strike his fancy at the beginning, though she assured him she had done what she could to correct the error ever since.

The self-love of Mr. Emory had received a shock, but his heart (or the substitute for that organ) was untouched, and it was not long before his mental equilibrium was restored, and he drove away from Grafton, consoling himself with the reflection that all women were not fools enough to prefer a poor young mechanic to a millionaire like himself. But though his own mortification was thus happily disposed of, he was not inclined to brave the ridicule that awaited him in Elmdale, so hastily arranging his affairs there, he shut up his house, and resolved on making the tour of Europe before attempting again to change his state of single blessedness.

We will imitate the example of the ancient painter, and draw a veil over the emotions of Mrs. May, when she learned the astounding fact that Hetty had become the wife of William Carleton. It was long before she would forgive or even see her, but at length, finding resentment a poor substitute for the love and tenderness of a daughter, she wrote Hetty, who had accompanied her husband to New-York, inviting her to visit Elmdale—and the invitation was instantly and gladly accepted, for the thought of her mother's anger was the one bitter ingredient in Hetty's overflowing cup of blessedness. When after a lengthened visit, Hetty prepared to return to her new home, her mother was easily persuaded to accompany her. William Carleton had formed a partnership with an eminent master-builder, and was on the highway to fame and fortune, and in his pleasant home, witnessing the domestic happiness of her children, Mrs. May ceased to regret the rich son-in-law she had lost, and confessed her error in having once preferred gold to love.

THE DYING BOY.

BY T. C. M.

"Come, sister! lay your tender hand,
Upon my burning brow,
For in my breast 'the silver chord'
Is slowly breaking now.

Entwine thine arm about my neck,
And fold me to thy heart;
Here has my spirit loved to rest,
And fain would thence depart.

Thy tears flow fast as summer's rain--
Thy bosom heaves with woe;
Thy fond and clinging kisses say,
'I cannot let thee go!'

Thy lips would breathe new life in mine,
Thy love would chain me here;
Thy wailing tones of anguish'd prayer,
And mingled sighs, I hear.

Nay, do not wildly clasp me thus--
Thy grief doth pain my heart;
And every sigh new terrors add,
To barb the victor's dart.

Now false appear the joys of earth--
How soon its pleasures fly!
Its brightest hopes quick fade away,
Like rainbows in the sky.

But still thy love, unclouded, shines
With pure and brilliant ray;
In life—in death—it ever casts
A halo o'er my way.

I go! but Death can ne'er divide
The ties that bind us here:
On angel wings I'll leave the skies,
And by thee linger near.

And when the scenes of light shall fade
And vanish from thy sight,
My hand will guide thee thro' the vale,
To fields of living light.

Then, sister, dry those gushing tears
That dim thy radiant eye:
Kiss me once more, and on thy breast
I'll lay me down, and die."

Hillsborough, N. H.

"LITERARY WOMEN."

BY HELEN IRVING.

"I am fairly wearied out," said our lively and piquant friend, Anna Littlefield, as she flung down the weekly journal, which contained a long dissertation on the "duties" and "sphere" of woman—"I am fairly wearied out with this incessant prating of the lords of creation. They seem to take it for granted, that every woman is born with a depraved and fatal tendency to wander from the paths that lead to the kitchen, and that she is only to be reclaimed, by the call of duty sounded in her ears by their *disinterested* voice. They feel morally sure that wherever a woman is found guilty of reading a book, or (fearful enormity!) of writing one, the roast joint of mutton will be burned—the pudding turn out heavy, and their precious shirt-bosoms be limp or scorched.—Ever since Eve stole the apple from the tree of knowledge, I believe all the post-Adamites have reckoned it a sin for her to take to learning. How elegantly they discourse of the broom and scrubbing-brush! and the plaintive melody of their kitchen lyrics is almost touching. Then the delightful insincerity with which they tell a woman, *in print*, that she never looks more bewitching than with her sleeves rolled up at the pie-board—or in any one of the beautiful 'household avocations.' But let her put on 'a love of a Paris hat,' and go out with them on a promenade, and they will tell quite a different story—unless, indeed, it chance to be a wife or sister, who *should be* at home, providing for their lordly necessities. Why do they think it so positively necessary that a woman, to *be* a woman, should be always in the practice of domestic drudgery! Mr. A—— does not think his reputation as a merchant will suffer, because he does not sweep out his own warehouse, or unpack all his own goods; nor does Mr. B—— think he shall be any less distinguished as a lawyer because he does not make his own office fires, or dust his own musty law-books. There is a sort of *cant* about the whole thing that sickens me!"

Our friend Anna waxed warm, and so did we, somewhat—for we had not a little sympathy with her impatience, remembering how many philosophers from Diogenes down to Dana, had vexed the feminine spirit with their critiques on woman. The dread that she should over-step her "sphere"—that mysterious and still undefined circle which encompasses her, seems long to have been a source of agitation, and when

here and there one departs from the refinements dear to all true womanly instincts, the fear seems to be, that the example once set, all who have courage will follow in the wake—that womankind need only precedent and tolerance, to forsake one-half their old employments and customs, and make for themselves a new line of habit and life. They seem to forget that every true and noble woman's soul enshrines, as its birth-right, a sweet ideal of harmony and grace, that defines her "sphere" a thousand times more clearly than their theorizing—a sphere, which her quick intuitions would not suffer her to transgress, though George Sand promenaded the Boulevards daily in masculine attire, or smoke cigars at noonday on the public square with royal sanction.

But it is not with an elaborate discussion of the prolific topic of "woman's sphere," that we would vex our own brains or those of our readers—we would only utter some of the thoughts that have arisen as we have read again and again articles in regard to "literary women," (which term includes lovers of books as well as lovers of the pen,) such as provoked the indignation of my friend Anna.

The fear, that seems still to haunt the mind masculine, that the intellectual cultivation of woman is incompatible with the fulfilment of those sweet household duties, that make her the fair, dispensing spirit of harmony and beauty and cheer in a home, seems to us, at this day, to betray a pitiable lack of observation, experience or just appreciation.—That a woman will superintend her household with any less skill and grace, *because* she has enriched her mind by familiarity with works of genius, and ripened her judgment by the study of grave authors, is merely ridiculous. That she should be a good housekeeper, a wise and careful mother, a skilful director of her domestics, and a willing participator in their labors, when necessity calls, requires that she possess sound *common sense*. Give her this, and she will not be the less wise, careful and skilful, even though every room contain its library, and every corner its escritoir. Give her a character without this element, and though her whole life be spent in the practice of arts domestic, she will fail in producing that harmony of household life, that sweet charm of order and system, that deepen and enrich the blessedness of *home*—that develop the full meaning of that sacred word.

We call to mind on the instant, two cases in point—mere types of many. That of one, who from the necessity of a changeful income, has spent much of her life in actual domestic engagements—in the practice that makes perfect, of culinary arts—but in whose household is perpetual disquiet, whose servants are never tractable, whose labors are never "over," whose presence breathes never the sweet spirit of order and rest. And of another, who, brought up fashionably and foolishly

to know nothing of the practice of domestic duties, on her marriage never betrayed to the servants whom she directed, her ignorance—and on the exigencies that so often occur with our uncertain order of domesticities, could present to her husband a delicious repast, and maintain with a quiet dignity the order and comfort of her household.

That a woman to whom books are a treasure, and intellectual life a joy, should not *prefer* to them, the various occupations which can be entrusted to other hands as well, is not more remarkable than that the professional, or business man, should choose to delegate to heads and hands which are fitted only to such duties, those burdening cares which would not only distract his time, but unnecessarily weary and oppress him. But if the necessities of her position require these duties at her hands, she will perform them none the less cheerfully, that she knows herself capable of higher things. That her home shall be made a loving place of rest and joy and comfort for those who are dear to her, will be the first wish of every true woman's heart, and though many a sacrifice may come in the way of all this, it will be done cheerfully, and great will be her reward. Few we trust are so unfortunately situated that there come to them out of their cares no hours or means of intellectual luxury.

In regard to a woman who *writes*, and publishes what she writes, the almost unanimous masculine conviction seems to be, that she must be fit for nothing else—that, however sweet her poems, and piquant her sketches, her husband's stockings must of necessity be undarned, and his dinners ill-cooked—her own dress uncared for, and her children vagrant—or if, perchance, she remain unmarried, she must be repelling and unsocial, eschewing all the sweet graces of maidenhood. If it be that there are women, loving literature, who neglect their duties, and grow selfish and unlovable in their absorption by books, and waste all the tender sympathies that should be devoted to those around them, on authors, and their creations, or dye the fingers in ink that should be dispensing the sweet charities of home, the evil is not in the thing to which the mind is devoted, but in the nature itself. That the literary, as well as the philanthropic world, has its Mrs. Jellybys we do not deny, but the fault lay not in the cause to which that "strong-minded" lady's attention was directed, but in the ill-regulated brain, which her fanaticism warmed. Had her passion been "domestic management," instead of Borrioboola Gha and the African Heathen, her children would have been martyrs to theoretical culture, and her household a school of drill, and a restless rotation of systems.

We doubt not that there may be in the world some women, whose too exclusive devotion to one object in life, has rendered them unfitted for

the harmonious exercise of all its duties ; but is not the same true of *men*, in precisely the same degree ? And where one such case can be brought up to us, we can point to many, where the hand that guides the glowing pen is most skilful in its ministry to every need and every comfort of home—tender in its touch in the sick room—ready for every duty that calls. We speak not from a limited observation, when we say, that there is no incompatibility in a woman's pursuit of literature either as a reader or as a writer, with the performance of every duty, that makes a noble home-life—and not only is there no incompatibility, but the beautiful and symmetric development of her intellect will lend an added worth and grace to whatever she may do. We have been in homes where the sweet spirit of feminine genius has been the light and warmth of the household—where the pure aspiration and lofty ideal of thought and life have been felt by every soul within the charmed circle.

The culminating point of all this wise wordiness seems to be that '*literary*' women—(and, mark the half-sneer with which it is often spoken!) will never worthily and wisely fill the place of wives and mothers. We had thought that the many true and beautiful women, whose noble lives are a part of the literature they adorn, would have shamed from every thinking mind the unworthy thought. And we do not *yet* believe that there is *one* man of noble mind, and true, earnest heart—one of just manhood—who would choose that the wife or sister of his love should not be able to meet him with comprehending sympathy among the books and subjects that were dear to him—that he would not joy in the quick intuitive perception of the thought-enriched mind, which could aid him in difficulty, or wisely comfort him in doubt or despondency. And if here and there among the roses of her bridal-crown, the lover should espy the laurel-leaf of his betrothed, we do not believe the white blossoms of her love would show to him less fair.

While a true woman's heart is so dependent, in its needs for love and tender sympathies, man need not fear that her brain will drain its sweet springs, or blight its bloom. Literary honors are all too cold a reward to atone for the loss of the lightest of household loves. On woman devolve all the tender ministrations of home, and she who cannot combine literary achievement with the performance of these duties, will be happier to let the pen lie idle—and she who could fail in that love that makes the household blessed, should hardly attempt, it seems to us, to send forth harmonies into the great world-home.

Let a woman make the cultivation of her intellect, harmonious with her life, but let her neglect no opportunities to develop and enrich her mind. Let her cease to believe that the charming trifles which fashion and custom think sufficient for her, can feed her spirit of immortality.

Let her believe that life will expand and beautify before her, with every year of her mental growth, and that the broadest mind and the richest cultivation are not too much for her peculiar duties. And if sweet melodies, and brave and clear thoughts are in her brain, let her joy in their expression as simply and naturally as in that of any utterance of her nature. Let her sing of her love, of her joy, of her sorrow, as her heart prompts, and let the true, the pure and the good, find ever in her utterance, a voice. Let her breathe words of comfort to the sorrowing, of hope and courage to those who wait for the word of cheer. Let her send forth sweet thoughts for the little child, and merry words to brighten the fireside group. And oh, let the divine truths that come to her spirit in hours of musing, or sadness, or deep experience, go forth to bless the needy heart as they have blest her own. And since to woman seems to be entrusted the cherishing of all that most ennobles, refines and purifies the world, let her strive to live up to the sweet ideal within her breast, and make the expression of her life more beautiful than that of her pen.

A THOUGHT.

MEN's characters are determined, not by the opinions which they profess, but by those on which their thoughts habitually fasten, which recur to them most forcibly, and which color their ordinary views of God and duty. The creed of habit, imitation, or fear, may be defended stoutly, and yet have little practical influence. The mind, when compelled, by education or other circumstances, to receive irrational doctrines, has yet a power of keeping them, as it were, on its surface, of excluding them from its depths, of refusing to incorporate them with its own being; and when burdened with a mixed and incongruous system, it often discovers a sagacity which reminds us of the instinct of inferior animals, in selecting the healthful and nutritious portions, and in making *them* its daily food. Accordingly, the real faith often corresponds little with that which is professed. It often happens, that, through the progress of the mind in light and virtue, opinions, once central, are gradually thrown outward, lose their vitality, and cease to be principles of action, whilst through habit they are defended as articles of faith.—*Channing*.

THE HEART.

BY MISS JULIA W. THOMPSON.

THE human heart—the human heart!

That little mystic thing,
Is a wild bird with changing hue,
That's ever on the wing.

Thou canst not chain its airy flight,
It roams where'er it will;
From vale to vale—from height to height,
Untired and restless still.

Sometimes it trills from morn till night
A simple, joyous lay,
Content within some lowly vale,
To breathe its life away.

Sometimes it seeks the cypress shade,
And o'er Love's lonely grave,
Pours forth a wild and mournful strain,
Re-echoed by the wave;

Anon, to cloud-encircled mounts,
It soars on airy wing;
O'er rocky steep and dread abyss—
A reckless, wayward thing.

Too oft, alas! it clings to earth,
Charmed by a glow-worm ray,
With dust upon its golden wing,
And sadness in its lay.

But something whispering of the skies,
The little bird doth hear—
Then upward, upward still, it flies,
Through mists of doubt and fear,

Nor pauses in its lofty flight
Till heaven's bright porch it gains,
And the sweet songs that angels sing
Are mingled with its strains.

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER:

OR THE LOST ONE FOUND.

BY ANNA.

It is a cold, dreary afternoon, and the sky, which has been overcast all the morning, is now pouring forth torrents of rain; but notwithstanding the weather, the streets of one of our large southern cities are well filled with people, hurrying some one way and some another, loaded with bundles and baskets, well stocked with good things for to-morrow's dinner.

"To-morrow will be Christmas day! to-morrow will be Christmas day!" hummed a bright merry child of about eight years of age, as she stood by the parlor window of a very handsome dwelling, gazing at the many passers by, ever and anon clapping her hands, and uttering some childlike remark, as a face that she recognized passed along, looked up and nodded kindly to her. "Oh, aunt Mary!" she suddenly exclaimed, addressing a lady of about five-and-forty years of age, who was seated quietly before the fire, occupied with her knitting—"there goes one of Mr. Cole's servants, and he is carrying the biggest turkey I ever saw."

Her aunt smiled and replied—"Well, don't you think, Alice, that Jacob (this was their old negro servant) will be able to get as big a one for your dinner?"

"Even if he should," said the little girl, laughing, "I am sure I could not eat it all by myself, but I may give some of it to some poor little beggar children, may I not?"

"Certainly you may, my dear, and we will tell—but do put down that window," exclaimed Miss Vernon, hastily interrupting herself, for her niece, while she was uttering these last words, had placed herself quickly upon a chair, raised the window, and was stretching her head far out. "What did you open it for?" she added, as Alice immediately obeying her, sprang from her seat and was about to leave the room.

"Oh, aunt!" replied the child, "there is a poor boy on our stoop, and I want to tell him to come to-morrow and get some turkey for his dinner."

"Jacob," said her aunt to the old colored man, who entered the apartment at this moment, "just go to the street door, and see about that little beggar child, that Miss Alice wants to share her turkey with."

"May I not go too, aunt?" inquired her niece.

"You may just go to the door if you want to, but do not let her go out in the rain, Jacob," said Miss Vernon, turning to the old man.

"Oh, no, Missis, I won't let my little rosebud get the least bit wet," he replied, as Alice, clasping one of his large black hands with her small delicate fingers, drew him impatiently from the room.

"You have got me a very big turkey, haven't you, uncle Jacob?" she enquired, when they had reached the hall.

"Oh, yes, Miss Alice!" he replied, "but you won't be able to eat all of it yourself."

"I know that, but then there will be more for others, and even as big a turkey," she continued, "as Mr. Cole's, wouldn't feed all the little beggar children."

The old man smiled, and the tear which had glistened in his eye, rolled down his dark face, and as he gazed upon the fair little form by his side, whose cheeks were rosy with health and youth, and whose bright eyes danced with pleasure, he thought that *his* little flower was the loveliest that ever bloomed.

They now opened the street door, and there seated upon the cold marble steps, was a boy of about ten years of age. His clothes were very thin, and covered with many darns; he had no cap upon his head, and his black hair, which was dripping wet, hung down over his face, as he rested his cheek upon his hand.

"Little boy! little boy!" exclaimed Alice, as Jacob, leaving her at the top of the steps, went down to the child, and touching him upon the arm, endeavored to rouse him. The boy looked up. There at his side was a strange negro, telling him that his young mistress wanted him, and pointing towards the house. Mechanically the child arose, hastened up the steps, and soon stood in the door-way before Alice.

"Come in! come in!" she exclaimed, taking him by the hand, and endeavoring to draw him in the hall. But he drew hastily back, and said, while he brushed the hair from off his face—

"Thank you, miss, but I must go home to my mother."

"Where does your mother live?" enquired Jacob, casting an earnest and scrutinizing glance at the boy.

"On the corner of Charles and Smith streets," replied the little fellow.

"What have you been doing all day?" asked Alice.

"I left home early this morning," he replied in trembling tones, "to try and get some work to do, so that I could make a little money, and then my mother would have something to eat, but," he continued, bursting into tears, "I have not made a cent, and now she must starve. I was just thinking that I would *beg*," he exclaimed passionately, hastily wiping his eyes. The tears were now rolling down Alice's face, which

the little fellow observing, took her hand affectionately in his, and begged her not to cry for him.

"No," said Alice, "I won't cry. I will do something better than that; and you won't beg, will you?" she enquired, the color deepening upon her cheeks, "but you will come and ask me for every thing that your mother wants?"

The boy smiled, looked earnestly at her, and seemed as if almost about to say—"Yes."

"Uncle Jacob," continued Alice gaily, "has bought me a nice big turkey for my Christmas dinner, and I invite you to dine with me to-morrow. If you are anything of a gentleman," she added laughing, "you certainly will not refuse such a lady-like request." As she uttered these last words, she placed her hand in her pocket, and drawing out a gold dollar, gave it to the astonished child, saying, "Take that, and buy your mother some supper."

At the sound of the word *mother*, he started, threw himself on his knees before Alice, and pressing her little hands to his lips, while the tears again streamed forth, exclaimed—"Thank you! thank you!—Oh, you have made me so happy! And I will come to-morrow and dine with you if mother will let me." Then rising hastily, he ran down the steps, and before Jacob, who seemed about to address him, could utter a single word, he was out of sight. The negro looked up the street, rubbed his woolly head, and murmured—"It is strange, very strange! but the boy was so like Massa Charles Howard. I must speak to Massa Vernon when he comes home."

In one of the upper rooms of a poor miserable looking dwelling, is seated by a table, on which stands a low flickering light, a tall, slender woman, bending earnestly over her work. The apartment is damp and cold, for one of the panes in the window is broken, and the wind and rain have free admittance there. "It is strange Charles does not return," she murmurs, rising and looking anxiously out into the street.—"I am afraid something has happened to him. But no," she added, clasping her hands and raising her eyes towards the dark cloudy sky, while the cold rain fell upon her pale face, "Thou, oh Lord, relievesth the fatherless and the widow, and in Thee will I put my trust."

Hark! there is a quick step upon the stairs. The mother's ear has caught the sound; she turns quickly, closes the window, and at the same instant the door of the room is thrown open, and the poor boy, to whom our little Alice has been so kind, enters. His arms are filled with various small bundles; *he too* has returned home loaded with good things. He opens the packages eagerly before his astonished mother's

eyes. One contains a nice tender steak, another some fresh butter, another a loaf of hot bread, and another a few candles; then he places in her hand about three shillings in change, and completely overcome, bursts into tears. The mother gazes anxiously at her son. *How*, she thinks, can he have come by so much money? and his tears—he, whom she would so fully trusted, surely cannot have been led, perhaps for her sake, to commit a theft.

"Charlie!" she exclaims, somewhat sternly, "how have you obtained these things?"

The boy raised his eyes, looked earnestly in her face, and said, "Dear mother, you do not think I would steal!"

"I could hardly think so, my son," she replied, with a trembling voice, as she drew him affectionately towards her.

"And I did not *beg* either, mother," he said, after a few moments, raising his flushed cheek from the shoulder on which it had lovingly rested, "but I bought all this with some money that was given me by a beautiful little girl, and she asked me to come and eat dinner with her to-morrow, and I may go, can't I?"

"We will see, my son," replied his mother.

He then related to her, word for word, all that had happened to him. And when he told her that the little girl called the negro uncle Jacob, his mother started, sighed deeply, and inquired particularly about the old man's appearance.

We will now leave these two happy ones to enjoy their unexpected supper, and return to the dwelling of Colonel Vernon.

The fire in the sitting-room is burning brightly, and the large globe lamp on the centre table sheds a brilliant light throughout the apartment. Tea is nearly ready, and Miss Mary Vernon, the Colonel's maiden sister, has now laid aside her knitting, and is assisting Jacob's wife in arranging the table. The Colonel, a tall, fine-looking young man, of about thirty years of age, is seated in a large easy chair, reading the newspapers.

"Oh, dear papa! have you come home?" exclaimed Alice, rushing into the room, and springing into her father's lap, she clasped her arms affectionately around his neck, while he drew her towards him, and pressed kiss after kiss upon her rosy lips.

"Why, where has my little daughter been, that she did not know when papa came in? You were not at the window watching for me."

"Ah, please don't mind!" she said, entreatingly, as she placed her little hands upon his cheeks, and looking him full in the face, added—"I just went down stairs to get uncle Jacob to show me the turkey that

he had bought for me, and to tell you, aunt Louisa," she continued, turning towards the negress, "to put another plate at table to-morrow, for I am going to have company to dinner."

As the child uttered these words, her father looked at her in astonishment, and the old colored woman exclaimed—"Why, Lor blessom, who are you goin to invite?"

"I have already invited my company. It is only a poor little boy."

Her father smiled, and said—"At any rate, we will send your little boy some dinner." Then turning towards the negress, he added, "Aunt Louisa will attend to it."

"No, papa, no, he is coming here to dine," exclaimed Alice, quite excited. Before her father could reply, however, Jacob entered the apartment, hat in hand, and requested to speak a few minutes alone with his master.

"Get the carriage immediately, Jacob, and you can drive me," exclaimed the Colonel, entering the room after a few moments had elapsed, his whole manner bearing the marks of great excitement.

"The horses are already before the carriage, massa; I took the liberty of harnessing them before I spoke to you."

"All right," replied the Colonel, "there will be the less delay."

"What is the matter, Donald?" enquired Miss Vernon, grasping her brother anxiously by the arm.

He started, passed his hand through his hair, and exclaimed, "Mary, if my hopes are not disappointed, we are on the track of our dear sister. Oh, Alice, my twin sister!" he added, "would to Heaven that to night my never-ceasing prayer that you might be restored to us, might be answered, and that I may again clasp you to my heart."

At these words his sister turned pale as death, while her lips murmured—"I pray it may at last be so!" and the two old colored servants, who had been born, married, and would die, they said, in the Vernon family, stood near, their hands joined and their eyes raised towards heaven.

"Where are you going, papa?" exclaimed Alice, as her father having hastily drawn on his overcoat, was preparing to leave the apartment.

"I am going, my little one," he replied, stooping down and kissing her, "to bring you home, perhaps, a little boy to dine with you to-morrow."

"Dear, good papa!" exclaimed the child. "Well, there will be enough for both the little boys."

"Oh, I won't promise that you can have more than one."

"Well," she replied, as she drew her hand impatiently away and pouted her little lip, "I won't eat dinner with your little boy, if you won't eat dinner with mine."

The widow and her son have finished their nice supper, and she is trying to persuade him to retire to his bed, for he must be fatigued, she says, after being out all day, but he pleads so hard, that he is not very tired, and would just like to sit up a little while, to enjoy the nice fire, which he has been helping her build, that she cannot refuse him. And there the two sit. He, on a low stool at her feet, his head resting upon her lap, while he holds one of her thin white hands in his, and thinks how he will work for her, and she shall never sew again. Then he looks at the broken pane of glass, through which the wind and rain enter, and he almost thinks that it cannot be very cold out, for he does not feel the air much, but he gazes toward the warm fire, and then knows why he does not feel the cold. Still gazing at the bright coals, so full of pictured images, he falls asleep, dreaming bright, happy dreams. Sleep on peacefully, sweet boy, and may you awake not till they can be realized !

And the mother, as she sits there, sends her thoughts back to the far past. She dreams that she is *again* a happy child, roaming the woods of her father's country-seat for wild flowers, accompanied by her darling twin brother, who was ever her companion and protector in all her rambles. They have gathered their baskets full, and now they are seated by the side of a rippling brook, while twining in her golden locks the most beautiful buds, he kisses her and tells her how he loves her.— *Again* the cold waters rush over her ; she has fallen, in endeavoring to reach a beautiful flower on the edge of the bank, into yonder dark stream, but when just sinking, she feels an arm around her,—it bears her up,—she is saved, and while almost fainting, carried up the opposite bank. Then, when she has recovered, both run quickly home that she may not take cold, get in by the back door, and she is soon in her own little bed-room, where aunt Louisa, her nurse, is immediately sent by her brother to her assistance. Then, while the good colored woman rubs her till she is in a perfect glow, and dresses her in dry clothes, she places her little fat hands against those ebony cheeks, and kissing them again and again, makes her promise that she will not tell papa, for he would be so angry, that perhaps he would not let brother Donald and her go to gather flowers ever again.

Her thoughts come down to later years. It is a cold December night, and the wild winds are raging around her father's mansion, but there is one who fears not the storm, and he has come to claim her for his bride. There is a horseman stands beneath her window—he sounds a low whistle, which she hears far above the tempest, and silently, yet sadly, in the dark night, she leaves her stern father's dwelling, and becomes the wife of Charles Howard.

Two years have passed. *Again* she bends over her loved husband's

sick bed. That terrible southern fever, which has stricken so many, has not passed him by. He is dying—no power can save him—she and her young babe will be left alone in this cold world. She has often, since her marriage, written home to her father, but her letters have always been returned unopened.

She lays her husband in his final resting place, and as a last resource, has resolved to go to her parent, throw herself on her knees before him, and implore him, at least, to take under his protection her son, her only child.

It is a beautiful evening in the early fall; the foliage is assuming its brightest tints. *Nature is dying—so is man!* The stern old Mr. Vernon is breathing his last. He lies stretched upon his bed, and the casement is open to admit the cooling breeze. By his side stand his son Donald, his young wife resting upon his arm, while Mary bathes her father's parched lips. The dying man utters the name of Alice.—All bend eagerly forward. Are his last words *forgiveness*?

There is a pale face gazing in the open window at the scene before her, but they see her not. None listen more eagerly than she on hearing her father pronounce her name. His words are, "Alice! I have disowned her! let her name be blotted from your memories!" These sounds enter her brain, she feels as if she would go mad, and clasping her child tightly to her heart, she turns away and hurries down the winding path towards a deep stream. On the bank she stands as if in the act of springing, but now thoughts come over her of that brother who saved her from those very waters, and sinking on her knees, she prays—she acknowledges her own utter weakness, and implores for strength from above to support her under her trials.

The widow starts. The fire has burned low, so that it sends but an uncertain light throughout the apartment. Her son's head still rests in sleep upon her lap, while she has been passing, in memory, *again* through those scenes of her sad life.

The door of the apartment opens, a hand is laid gently upon her arm, and an old, familiar voice whispers in her ear, "Sister Alice!" She turns, and is clasped in her brother Donald's arms, while old Jacob throws himself at her feet, and pressing her hand to his lips, sheds tears of joy.

Christmas day has come, and happy is the party assembled around Colonel Vernon's well-filled board. Little Alice's wonderfully big turkey looms large on the table, and she is very well satisfied to share it with the little boy papa has brought home.

Before partaking of the viands, they bend their heads, while the Colonel thanks the Giver of all good for the *many* blessings he has shown them, and with heart-felt gratitude all respond—*Amen*.

A DAY IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

A HOUSE of cast iron and glass—a Palace of Crystal ! how vividly do these words recall the nursery tales that amused our childhood, and awaken visions of enchanted knights and enchanting ladies, of dragons and hippogriffs and centaurs, revelling amid scenes of oriental splendor and magnificence. Well—those days of romance may have gone by—those happy days, when a devout belief in Crusoe, and Gulliver, and Sindbad, and the Arabian Knights, was a part of our childish creed ; but to those who visit the World's Fair, the dream of enchantment is sure to be renewed, with more than its original power to charm. We have heard indeed, (though the story seemed to us apochryphal,) that there are persons who, having visited the Crystal Palace, pronounce the whole thing a grand humbug. If there are any such Solomon's of the nineteenth century, we pity them, for the world itself must seem to them but a humbug on a larger scale. From any knowledge of "men and things" which leads to such a result, we fervently pray to be delivered, for the old fashioned veneration we feel both for nature and art is to us a source of exquisite enjoyment, and no where is it more powerfully excited than in the Crystal Palace.

The exterior of this building is unique and imposing, though from its staid sobriety of hue and general appearance, it gives little promise of the wonders within. Its admirable proportions lose somewhat of their effect, from its close proximity to the massive Croton Reservoir, and on the other side, the Latting Observatory, whose dizzy height seems to seek the clouds ; but no one can fail to admire the symmetry of proportion and the completeness of design, which without sacrificing one architectural beauty, has made every inch of room within the building available for the purposes of the exhibition. But let us enter these charmed precincts, into the inner temple where Art unveils herself to her worshippers, claiming for her true interpreters a homage which worldly power and grandeur could never obtain. We pass the officials whose neat uniform is in keeping with the place, and now we are in the western nave, with Maroehetti's equestrian statue of Washington directly in front of us, serving as a landmark to guide our steps in this bewildering panorama. Shutting our eyes for the present on all the miracles of industry and skill that solicit our attention on every side, we hasten forward, and stand under that wondrous dome, a sight of which would

of itself well repay a pilgrimage from California hither. What aerial lightness and grace characterize this immense arch, and how skilfully the colors of blue and gold are mingled in the arabesques by which it is embellished. But beautiful as is the view above us, we must not linger there, for ten thousand beauties are all about us, wooing our eyes again earthward.

Marochetti's equestrian statue of Washington forms the central object of the exhibition, but considered as a work of art, it seems to us a decided failure. The Bucephalus resembles a stout, heavy Pennsylvania dray horse, and the rider seems to have been fashioned by the hand of the artist in accordance with the animal. Both are massive and stolid, without one spark of that hidden fire of genius shining through them, which so lights up the neighboring cast of the Amazon and Tiger.—Every muscle of the terrified, agonized horse and his heroic rider is instinct with life, and we expect momentarily to see the spear hurled at the ferocious animal with whom she is in such fearful proximity. Another bronze cast of the Knight and Serpent is also full of action and energy, well conceived and highly finished.

But here we are, in the immediate vicinity of our American Powers' world-renowned group of statuary, and involuntarily we approach with reverence, awed by the presence and the exceeding power of beauty.—Look at the Greek Slave—the very ideal of female grace and delicacy, appealing to the deepest sensibilities of the heart, by the mingled sadness and resignation of that sweet face, on which a thousand touching memories are legibly written. Her thoughts are far away—she has forgotten the rude throng about her, and the degradation to which she is subjected—and sees only a happy home, and the beloved ones from whom she has been torn forever. Daughter of classic Greece! would that in this blissful dream thou mightest pass away, and thus escape the power of the tyrants who have doomed thee to a fate more bitter far than death!

In this proud, regal Eve, who stands beside the Greek Slave, the artist has formed a type of perfect womanhood, in its full mental and physical development, and the Fisher Boy, beautiful as the fabled Adonis, personifies youth and innocence, first listening to that mysterious voice which speaks through all animated nature. The Proserpine is so inimitably beautiful, that one feels in looking at it, as if old Pluto might well be contented even in his dismal abode, with such a companion.

Across the area is one of the gems of the Fair—a small statue of a Roman peasant girl, sitting with her work-basket by her side, engaged in threading her needle. The countenance and attitude of the girl are full of strange interest, and those who have once looked upon it, will

return again and again, to gaze at the patient, industrious little seamstress, who seems so unmoved by the bustle and splendor around her. The companion-piece, a little boy of the Campagna, trying on his father's hat, is fine, but inferior in interest to the other. It is impossible for us in this bird's eye view, to give even a passing glance at all the statuary, in the form of busts, statuettes, groups and figures of full size, which crowd the area and naves, but we must linger for a moment before "The lovers going to the well," to admire the fulness of happy affection depicted in the countenances of both. Hagar and Ishmael in the desert—The Minstrel's Curse, an American work, and the Mendicant, are all noble specimens of art, but what shall we say of Carew's statue of Webster, which occupies an elevated pedestal, behind that of Washington? If it is intended as a caricature of the great man, it answers the purpose admirably, for not only is that godlike brow deformed by a large protuberance which reminds one of hydrocephalus, but the whole figure, the posture, and even the very folds of his clothing speak eloquently of senility and decay. One sees in looking at it, only a weak, pitiable old man, whose failing limbs can scarcely support his frame, and instinctively enquires—can this be Daniel Webster, the wise statesman, the eloquent defender of the Constitution? There is a medallion portrait of Webster, a statuette, and several busts in bronze, plaster and marble, in the exhibition, which are far truer to the life than this statue.

A revolving, flashing Fresnel light, imported from France for the light house at Cape Hatteras, is placed in the south nave, and gives a brilliant effect to the evening view at the Palace. It is composed of prismatic pieces of glass, which glitter and flash like mimic suns, even amid all that glare of light. In the same nave is an Italian copy in marble of the celebrated Warwick Vase, with a sculptured pedestal, a gem of art. Of the magnificent engines and hose carriages which adorn the naves, we can only say, they are worthy of the brave and noble men who use them, and the philanthropic service to which they are destined. If New-Yorkers are justly proud of their Fire Department, their pride is not likely to be lessened by a sight of the splendid apparatus belonging to this and sister cities, on exhibition at the Palace. In the north nave are several marble mantels of American manufacture, magnificently carved, and which compare favorably with even Italian sculpture. The specimens of marbleized iron, a purely American invention, are most beautiful, as are also the Scagliola, or cement marble columns, antæes and pedestals, manufactured in this city. Before leaving the naves, we must glance for a moment at these superb ornamental mirrors, arranged for decorative effect, before which ugliness itself lingers, admiringly, in spite of the reflection that meets the eye. We are com-

pelled to content ourselves with one passing peep at Genin's show-case in the north nave, filled with every thing rare and elegant in the way of clothing for both sexes and all ages, from the infant in its tiny satin cradle, to the stately dame whose silks and furs give added splendor to Broadway; and also at Phalon's Cologne Fountain in the east nave, arranged with every variety of choice essences, soaps and other toilet appliances, somewhat in the form of a Turkish kiosk.

And now, turning away from the numberless objects of interest and curiosity still unseen, we enter the Italian department, stopping on our way to look at the picture of John the Baptist, sent by Pius Ninth, as his contribution to the World's Fair. The coloring is admirable, and the expression of the face perfect, but what is the wonder of the spectator, when informed that this seeming painting is a copy in mosaic of stone, of Guercino's picture! It is composed of minute pieces of stone of the various colors required, joined so skilfully together, that the whole looks, excepting under a strong light, precisely like an oil painting. Seventy-five thousand dollars have been offered by Queen Victoria for this unique picture, and refused by his Holiness.

As we enter the first court of the Italian department, we pass the Son of William Tell, an exquisite statue in marble by a Florentine artist. The expression of the boy's countenance, as he turns to look at the apple fastened by the arrow to a branch above him, is full of childish wonder mingled with proud exultation at this convincing proof of his father's skill. This court is filled with rich and rare articles—busts and statuettes, tables of mosaic of wood and marble, cameos elaborately cut, precious stones, and coral in every variety of form—with velvets, silks, laces, embroidery and tapestry. Passing through it, we enter one court of the Austrian department, rich with the spoils of Lombardy, Hungary, Bohemia, and the Tyrol. Here are treasures of art, which if seen by themselves, would challenge the admiration of the world. "The child's first step" is a work that ought to immortalize an artist—and the same may be said of the cage of Cupids, a basket of flowers in marble, and a veiled head by Magni—a wonderful production, full of life and beauty, and several small statues chiselled with equal vigor and delicacy of finish. We must not stay to notice the great variety of decorative furniture and upholstery, with which these courts are filled, or the beautiful display of Bohemian glass, porcelain and painted china which adorn the counters—for we are in the immediate vicinity of Thorwaldsen's celebrated group of Christ and his Apostles, and the air of repose which pervades this secluded nook, invites us to enter. These are the original plaster casts from which the marble group now in Copenhagen was modelled, and have at the first glance the appearance of highly finished

marble statues. There are twelve full-sized figures arranged in a semi-circle, six on either hand of their Divine Lord and Master, who occupies a position in the centre of the group. The colossal size of the figure of the Saviour, though adapted probably to the position for which it was originally destined, gives a strained and unnatural appearance to the whole group, and we cannot but feel that something is wanting in the countenance of the "man of sorrows" to assimilate it with our ideal.—We do not see in Thorwaldsen's Christ, the divine, shining through and consecrating the human, as we have seen it in some copies from pictures of the old masters—and certainly, with the exception of John the beloved, the Apostles are in our estimation a set of very indifferent looking men, none of them, not even the impulsive Peter, bearing the impress of the energy and unconquerable determination which most of them possessed. The draperies and other accessories of these figures are perfect in their way, and speak the cultivated, observant artist, but we must say, heretical though it may be, that we never turn away from this court without a painful feeling of dissatisfaction, that a subject so full of interest to every child of Adam, should have no more power to concentrate and thrill the soul.

On leaving this court, we pass a large and varied collection of American daguerreotypes, sent from all parts of the country, and comprising "counterfeit presentments" of all kinds of human faces. Some of these, particularly the crayon daguerreotypes, and those colored in oil, are very fine, equal in beauty to miniature paintings. A likeness of the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" struck us as peculiarly vivid and life-like, standing out from the plate like a finished painting.

But here we are, before what seems to us a magnificent Gothic secretary of colossal proportions, and while we look, lo the front opens, and a luxurious bed presents itself, with every needed appliance—above it is a writing desk, medicine drawers, book-case, alarm clock and musical box—on one side of the bed is a ladies' wardrobe, washstand, secret jewelry case and dressing bureau, on the other side a gentleman's wardrobe and secret silver closet. This wonderful piece of furniture is the production of American skill and industry, and must, we think, in a cheaper and somewhat simpler form become a universal favorite.

Among the most attractive articles in the Fair, to the lovers of music especially, are the pianos, from the majestic Grand Piano, with a tone like the sound of many waters, down to the miniature instrument, the Tom Thumb of pianos which by means of a key, winding it up, discourses eloquent music for the ears of Ariel or Titania. Some of these pianos are heavily and skilfully carved; others are of papier maché, with keys of mother of pearl, and all of a beauty and finish both of

exterior and tone which might enchant Saint Cecilia herself, could she look upon them. These carriages too—could human art and skill invent any thing more beautiful or more perfect in the way of loco motion? This one, shut up in aristocratic seclusion, is reposing on its laurels, secured by glass doors and lace curtains from the profanation of vulgar touch, or the scrutiny of vulgar gaze. "Too fine for use," seems written on its embroidered trimmings and silver mountings, so we will pass it by, and bestow a hasty glance as we go, on the sewing machines which are trenching so boldly on the province of woman's fingers, whether to her advantage or disadvantage, time must show. By the way, we should have noticed, in passing, the superb display of decorative furniture in the American department, a self-rocking cradle, which to us was highly suggestive. If "coming events cast their shadows before," is it not a significant fact, that in these days of "Women's Rights," when fathers may find the nursery duties devolving on them, a cradle should have been invented that rocks itself? Well is it for the little occupants that such a thing exists, otherwise they might be obliged in the "good day coming" to give up their time-honored right, and sink to sleep unrocked.

Every one has heard of the far-famed Gobelin Tapestries of France, but few we imagine are prepared to see the kind of thing that meets the eye on entering court sixth of the French department. This court is hung with what seem to be magnificent paintings in tarnished gilt frames, and of various sizes, but which are, in reality, five pieces of tapestry, from the Imperial manufactory in Paris. These superb pictures (for they are such) are all wrought with a needle and on the wrong side of the fabric, the workman patiently copying after his pattern, and never seeing the right side of his work during the process, which sometimes lasts twenty years. This manufactory, as well as that of the celebrated Sevres china, which is beautiful beyond description, is in the hands of royalty, and employed exclusively in the decoration of the Imperial residences. Times are changed, since the "nephew of my uncle" was a prisoner at Ham, confined in a small unfurnished cell, without fortune, friends or reputation. Let us hope a still greater change is at hand, which shall elevate the toiling millions, when the producer shall profit by the proceeds of his own labor, and industry and talent enjoy the beauty they create. We must pass rapidly by this bewildering show of painted porcelain vases, dinner and tea sets, cups and dishes, candelabra, and time pieces of every variety, for we are on the way to look at a dress, the counterpart of one worn by the Empress Eugenie, of tarletane, so much like woven air in texture, that seventeen yards of two yards in width can be put into a tumbler. Poor Eugenie—does she find that her fetters weigh the less heavily because richly

gilded? Does not the conscious insecurity of her brilliant position sometimes cause her to regret the happy past? Her face, as the painter has presented it to us on porcelain, by the side of Napoleon III, is very sweet, but it is too pensive for a youthful Empress, placed by love at the head of the gayest court of Europe. One fancies in looking upon the picture, that whatever the royal bridegroom may have felt, the hand of the fair bride was given without the heart.

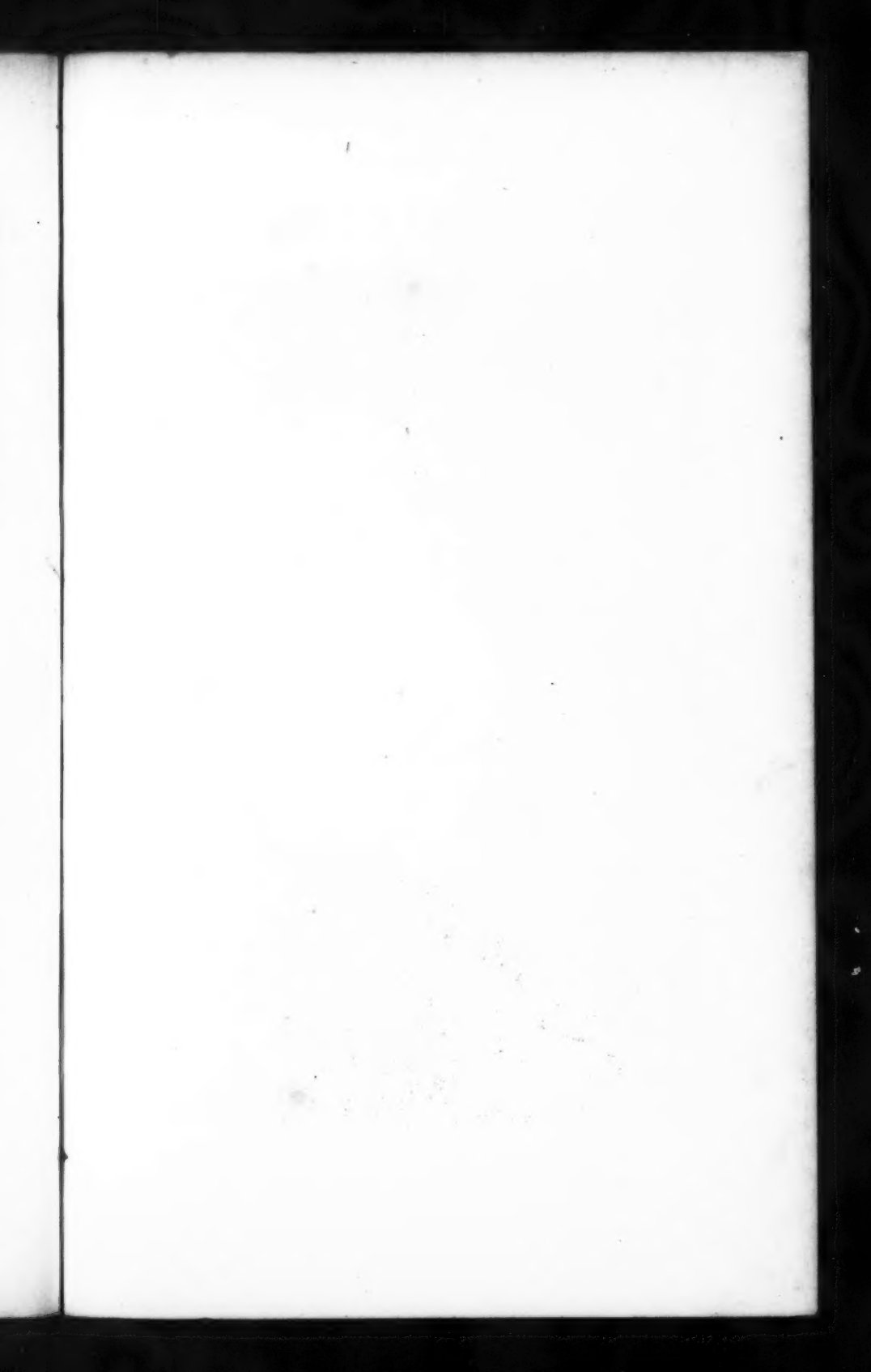
We have not space in this article even to glance at the mineralogical cabinet, though its beautifully arranged treasures render it a spot of great attraction even to the uninitiated—or at the machinery arcade, whose ceaseless din and clatter reminds us of the display of industry made by a thiftless housewife in the presence of company. We are sure, as we look on these rapidly revolving wheels and cranks and pistons, that they all subserve some admirable purpose, and wonder exceedingly as we listen to the explanations of the inventors,

“That one small head can carry all they know,”

but if called on to explain in our turn to others, must respectfully decline the office.

Far more is it to our taste to gaze upon these frowning suits of armor from the Tower of London, which stand, each in its own niche round the Palace, and to imagine the stirring scenes in which they may have figured, centuries since. Here is one which perchance was worn on the field of Agincourt—there, with his visor down is a grim old warrior who may have led on the Crusader in the assault on Acre. How heartily they must despise the effeminacy of the present generation, as they look down from their lofty elevation on the moving throng below. There is to us a strange fascination in these stern relics of the past, thus confronting the stirring, whirling present, and not one of the brilliant objects that meet the eye in every direction, interests us more than these voiceless mementoes of by gone ages.

In the north nave, is an antique article entitled the Jerusalem Plough, and purporting to have come from Palestine, which looks as if it might be the implement first used for turning up the earth's surface after the primal curse denounced upon it by Jehovah. It is accompanied by a rake and pitchfork of the same primitive construction, the latter resembling a huge skeleton hand, with the usual complement of fingers. The contrast between these uncouth and awkward representatives of Oriental agriculture and the beautiful inventions and improvements of modern days, is great, but not greater than that existing between the patriarchal husbandman who wielded the former, and the farmer of the nineteenth century who profits by the latter.





The Anglers.



Painted Aconites.



A DAY IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

CHAPTER II.—THE GALLERIES.

"Here are countless treasures,
Matchless works and pleasures,
Every one a marvel, more than tongue can tell;
Uselessness divinest,
Of a use the finest,
Weaving o'er the spirit, beauty's wondrous spell."

Ascending the stairs on the south side of the east nave, we enter the gallery over the British department, and find ourselves surrounded with rich and varied contributions from the United Kingdoms of England, Ireland and Scotland. As we turn toward the Dome, leaving the Picture Gallery behind us, we come first to the tempting display of Irish laces and embroideries exhibited by Messrs. Higgins & Co. of Dublin. In a small case by itself, is a superb handkerchief, embroidered for Mrs. Pres. Pierce, on which our national emblems are conspicuously wrought, and which is altogether a unique and elegant present from the gallant Irishman by whom it is exhibited. There are Limerick laces which compare favorably with the best fabrics of Brussels, and embroidered cambrics of exquisite beauty, both from England and Ireland.—The children of various industrial poor schools in the latter country, furnish some beautiful embroideries, and one young lady sends a knitted scarf of unbleached linen, containing, it is said, three and a half million of stitches, and weighing only five and a half ounces!

We shall pass this wilderness of spools, and sewing cottons, though under other circumstances they would be objects of special interest, especially to those well disposed ladies who have not given up the making of their husband's shirts, but we must stop a moment to look at the socks knit by Mrs. Begg, a sister of the immortal Burns, in her eighty-second year. Here are bonnets in various styles—Berlin wool embroideries, and pretty little Doyleys, and a large assortment of Honiton and other laces imported from Nottingham. One flounce of Honiton lace imported by Jaffray of this city, costs only one thousand dollars!

But attractive as guipures, point laces, crochet and other embroideries are supposed to be to the fair sex, we are disposed to pass them with only a hurried glance, leaving the mats, rugs, leathers, fancy vests, linen threads, perfumery, optical instruments, and surgical models and

appliances, to those who come after us, stopping only to admire the skill and ingenuity with which the London Society for teaching the Blind have contrived substitutes for the eyes, in the embossed books, music, maps, and even games for amusement contributed by them.

A magnificent Axminster carpet hangs over the stair-case, on our way toward the corner of the gallery, which challenges our admiration for the combined elegance, taste, and durability of its fabric. Near it is a case containing some singular but beautiful manufactures of Irish bog-oak, (a black and fine grained wood which takes a high polish) Irish pearls and native gold, in the form of brooches, bracelets, rings, and other ornaments. A case, containing ornaments of malachite set in silver, stands next, and displays both taste and skill, and in the same court are some ancient Tara brooches of Wicklow gold, interesting from the associations connected with them.

But here we are, in the south-west angle of the British gallery, in the presence of such artistic beauty of design and such miraculous mechanical skill, that involuntarily, conversation and almost breath are suspended as we gaze. These cases contain the contributions of the world-renowned London goldsmiths, whose fame, from the days of good Geordie Heriot to the present time, is well sustained by the "poems in silver" on which we gaze. In the case sent by Angell of London, is a large central group, entitled "The Halt in the Desert," containing four hundred ounces of solid silver, and "beautiful exceedingly," far beyond our praise, and an exquisite group of "Sir Roger de Coverley and the Gipsies," so imbued with the spirit of true art, that the gazer forgets to admire, in the veneration with which it inspires him. Here are ewers, cups, baskets, wine services, magnificent candelabra, and a variety of other articles which resemble "fancy's fairy frost work," far more than the household utensils whose name they bear. Flowers and clusters of grapes with leaves and tendrils, are wrought on some of them, in alto relievo, with such wondrous skill, that they seem entirely detached, producing an effect indescribably beautiful. "The Landing of the Pilgrims," in Garrard's collection, is very fine, and the specimens of electro plated table sets, candelabra, vases, &c., sent by Elkington & Co., are exquisite creations of artistic skill. Beyond these is the rich and resplendent collection of Hunt & Roskell, embracing two testimonials, of massive splendor and superior workmanship, one of which is presented by the Jews to their countryman, Sir Moses Montefiore, and a centre piece and candelabra, in solid silver, adorned with nine classical groups in pure white silver. In this case is a variety of tasteful and costly jewelry, particularly two wreaths for the hair, one composed of rubies and diamonds, and the other of brilliants only, which are inimitably beautiful.

We ought, in passing, to have noticed the Swiney cup, valued at one hundred pounds, which with its contents, the same amount in gold, is to be the reward of legal talent and research, either here or in Great Britain, having been left by the will of the late Dr. Swiney as a prize for the best essay on jurisprudence, to be handed in before the first of January, 1854.

A large space in the south gallery is appropriated to the display of earthen ware in all its varieties. The celebrated Staffordshire potteries are represented here, and the porcelain manufactures are only inferior in beauty and finish to those of France and Saxony, while they are better adapted to domestic use than the elaborate and expensive articles so celebrated as the Sevres and Dresden china. There is a dessert service here, in porcelain and Parian clay, similar to one exhibited in the London Crystal Palace, and purchased by Queen Victoria for one thousand guineas, as a present to the Emperor of Austria.

Throughout this part of the gallery, we find numerous exquisite works in Parian clay, busts, statuettes, and groups, ideal, historical and mythological, each one of which is a study, finished with the most minute attention to details, and full of grace and beauty. These admirable works are not as most suppose, modelled and wrought by hand, but cast while the clay is in a fluid state, in plaster of Paris moulds, which absorb the water from the clay, leaving the figure when taken from the moulds reduced one-fourth in size. This Parian clay is so perfectly adapted to the use of the sculptor, that it seems like profanation to apply it to any other than artistic purposes.

But we can linger no longer near this attractive display of china, for the department allotted to Germany and the Zollverein is before us, filled to overflowing with specimens of industry and skill, and proving beyond a doubt that however phlegmatic the German temperament may be, German hands are light and ingenious enough to accomplish any thing they choose.

Among the numerous articles of jewelry, we notice the jewel flower sent by Hauleck, and representing a carnation, the stem and leaves of which are gold and enamel, and the flower of brilliants and rubies.—There are also some exquisite specimens of painted china from the Royal Factory in Berlin, and the painted vases and panels are exceedingly beautiful. Above our head is a famous display of colored worsteds, suggestive of embroidered covers, slippers, &c., and all around us are fancy articles, toys of all kinds, Bohemian and Oriental garnets, ivory carvings, agate candlesticks, models and vases in terra cotta, heads and figures in gutta percha, and a bewildering variety of other things "too numerous to mention." We stop a moment to admire some fine

specimens of the transparent porcelain shades, so familiar to most of our readers, and which are made by impressing sheets of fine transparent clay, with a sharp die, the thin parts forming the lights, and the thick, the shadows of the picture.

In this department is the Brobdignag of toys—a figure of Gulliver in papier machè, lying on the ground, surrounded and covered with thousands of Lilliputians, who are trying to fasten down the monster with ropes and pins, greatly it would seem to his amusement, for the smile with which he looks on has frightened a score or two of the pigmies out of their propriety, and they are tumbling about in all directions in their eagerness to escape. There is to us, in this mimic Gulliver and his Lilliputians, far more than meets the eye, and we moralize upon it until we find ourselves unexpectedly entering the precincts of “la belle France,” in the west gallery. Here is a large assortment of gloves, which could by no possibility be mistaken for other than French gloves, and in another court, are dainty slippers, sandals, and quilted boots, that might have been worn by Cinderella herself. There is in this department a most magnificent display of decorated and painted porcelain, table services, traveling cases, vases, ewers, &c., some of which are as unique as they are beautiful. A dinner service of white and shaded crimson, sent by Haviland of Limoges, is magnificent. We linger for a moment to admire, amid this dazzling display of electroplated ware from Christofle of Paris, three immense baskets of chased silver, in open work, filled with artificial flowers, such as Paris only can supply. There are some busts here by Cordier, remarkable chiefly for the quaint and singular subjects from which they are taken. The characteristics of the African, Asiatic and Chinese races are here truthfully depicted, in bronzed and gilded metal, with what effect, we leave the reader to determine.

Leaving the “thousand and one” products of French industry and skill which lie about us unnamed, for want of time and room to enumerate them, we pass onward through Switzerland, Austria, and Italy, on our way to the gallery appropriated to the United States. We have heard much and often of the Genevese watches, and here are numerous specimens, soliciting our attention as we enter the Swiss department. Here is a small case from Capt. of Geneva, in which, among other exquisite things, is a portemonnaie, containing a minute watch with half a dozen separate dials, and a casket, with a tiny bird in it, which at the touch of a spring, ruffles its plumage and discourses most eloquent music. Watches innumerable, in portemonnaies, lorgnettes, bracelets and rings—watches plain, enamelled, set with brilliants, emeralds and rubies, meet the eye in every direction, and at length we stand before *the*

watch, the outer diameter of whose case does not exceed *one-third of an inch*. This must, we think, be the identical time-piece which regulated the movements of the fairies when dancing around their mystic ring, before those interesting personages went out of fashion in this prosaic age.

Swiss industry is farther represented here, by a tempting display of embroidered muslins and lace goods, straw fabrics, mathematical instruments, and carvings in wood.

We shall pass by the Austrian department in the gallery, with its textile fabrics of various kinds, its musical instruments, and various toys, for to confess the truth, we have little patience with the label of "Austria" so ostentatiously displayed on the plundered treasures of Italy, Venice, Bohemia, Hungary and the Tyrol. It reminds us of what in this temple of art we would fain forget, that injustice and oppression still maintain their sway over the fairest portion of Europe, crushing the human intellect, and rendering contraband the purest emotions of the human heart.

The Italian contributions in the gallery, are of the same classes as those we have described below; we shall not, therefore, linger here, though these tablets of marble, sculptured with flowers in alto relievo, are exquisitely beautiful, but proceed to the American gallery, which is separated only by an imaginary line from that of Austria and Italy.

One court in this gallery is filled with Chinese curiosities of all kinds—crape shawls, carved work boxes, a chess board inlaid with millions of pieces of ivory, and among these things, a carved statue of our Lord in ivory, said to be the work of a monk of Genoa, who was not a sculptor previous to this effort. In the same section is a small collection of Mexican curiosities, some of them probably Aztec productions, and interesting as relics of that long-forgotten race.

As we pass along the gallery in a longitudinal direction, we discover a case of superb plain, embroidered, and fur trimmed mantillas, from Bulpin's Mantilla Emporium, Broadway. They are very rich and very fashionable, but we are not tempted to remain long in this vicinity, and pass onward, stealing a glance as we go, at the quilts, counterpanes and table covers that surround us. When we learn that one quilt contains ten thousand pieces of silk, and another double that number of pieces of velvet, we admire the patient industry which produced these articles, but must consider it misapplied, as we cannot help fearing that the mind suffered from inanition, while the hands of the fair fabricator were thus laboriously employed.

But here we are in the midst of hair work of every variety of hue, and who shall boast of the virtues of Tricopherous or Wahpene, when

baldness may be so speedily and securely remedied? Here too are surgical instruments and artificial appliances of every kind, so that a man might be "made up" to order from this collection, deficient in nothing but that troublesome and useless appendage, a soul.

On the wall, through all these passages, we find specimens of worsted work and other embroideries, some of which are good, and others remind one forcibly of those bygone school days when Strephons and Delia's adorned every sampler, "looking delightfully with all their might" at the wondering beholder.

Some beautiful specimens of Honiton point lace of American manufacture are found in this vicinity, exhibited by Roberts & Co. On the opposite side of the passage are innumerable gold pens, from the various manufacturers with which our country abounds. Near them is a rich and elegant tea service of solid California gold, consisting of twenty-nine pieces, arranged on a very beautiful plateau of silver. This work is exhibited by Ball, Black & Co., of this city, and is valued at fifteen thousand dollars, quite a fortune to be invested in a few vine-wreathed cups and saucers and spoons, however beautiful. The case of Tiffany & Co., contains the Collins' service of fine gold, a rich silver toilet set, a variety of articles in massive silver, and a dazzling display of jewelry, diamonds, pearls, opals, and other precious stones, exquisitely set. One large diamond in this case was valued at fifteen thousand dollars, and two diamond crosses, composed of small diamonds, at six hundred dollars each. The American display of jewelry in this gallery is truly magnificent, and may challenge comparison with that of any country in the world. We need only to refer to the case we have just mentioned, and to that of Marchand & Co., in this gallery, to bear us out in this assertion.

The case of Jones, Ball & Co., of Boston, is filled with costly and beautiful articles in silver, and among other objects of interest, contains the Webster Vase, presented by the citizens of Boston to that great man, and the testimonial ordered by Webster for Peter Harvey, with the inscription dictated by him.

Bailey & Co., of Philadelphia, contribute a case, which sustains the well-earned fame of our sister city in matters of taste. It contains an ornamental table castor in the form of a large shell, which is exceedingly unique and elegant.

Near this display of the precious metals, we find a great variety of fancy works in shells, hair, wax, flowers, beads and glass, many of which are the work of one contributor, Mrs. Sarah Ann Reed, of this city.—We can hardly conceive how, in one short life, this lady could find time to do so much and to do it so well.

The display of confectionery, bonbons, and comfits in this vicinity

must be very tempting to juvenile palates, and these bewitching little damsels yecept *dolls*, no less so to juvenile eyes. Many an orb dimmed with age brightens on passing these attractive cases, and many a faded cheek is wreathed in smiles as the gay assemblage of miniature maidens meets the sight.

Farther on, in the same direction, is a curious and interesting exhibition of confectionery skill, being a wonderfully exact model or representation of a portion of Greenwich-street in sugar. The houses, with open windows, through which you look and perceive the different occupations and attitudes of those within—the crowd of emigrants just landed, some in a cart with baggage and some on foot; the scavengers with their carts and horses, and all the ordinary bustle of that busiest of busy streets, all are portrayed to the life, and no one can deny that it is sweetly done, for it is done in sugar.

Passing out of this court, on our way toward the east gallery, we notice a variety of cases containing bonnets, hats of all kinds, military equipments and uniforms, splendid furs, and children's clothing of every conceivable pattern, with combs, canes, umbrellas, shoes, wigs and toupees, and all the *et ceteras* of utility and fashion. As we turn to the east, we find ourselves approaching the glass and earthen ware, which represent that department of industrial skill in the United States.—The "patent flint enamelled ware," made by the United States Pottery Company in Vermont, is very beautiful, as well as strong and durable. Here also are exquisite specimens of painted porcelain from Haughwout & Dailey, of this city. The ware is imported from France, in a plain state, and the painting and gilding are done by the employes of this house, affording occupation to more than a hundred individuals. There is on this table a specimen plate, with blue band in the Alhambra style, of a dinner service, manufactured for the President, extremely rich and *recherché*.

The Brooklyn Glass Company contribute some superb articles in cut glass, and there is also a great variety of beautiful specimens of cut, engraved, and colored glass, from the New England Glass Company, the largest manufacturing establishment of the kind in the country. Many of these articles in colored glass are quite equal in beauty to the celebrated Bohemian wares, of which specimens are to be found in the Austrian department below.

A novel style of perfuming pocket-handkerchiefs by means of very small and thin glass cylinders holding a drop or two of the required essence, and which are to be crushed between the fingers in the handkerchief, is here exhibited, but we confess we should prefer the old-fashioned method, to the risk of finding minute particles of glass in the

perfumed article. A jointed mosquito net of wire, large enough to protect a bed, but which can be folded into a small compass, seems to us a much more admirable contrivance, and, in the mosquito season, is redolent of comfort and protection.

Still farther on, we pass some stained and painted glass, which savors of the middle ages, and some patent bee-hives, whose industrious little tenants are busily laying in their winter stores, unmindful of the Vanity Fair about them.

We would gladly speak of the Agricultural department, in the midst of which we now find ourselves, could we do justice to the industry, the skill, and the patient perseverance under discouragements, which distinguish most of the inventors here represented. But we could, at the most, only give a dry catalogue of inventions and implements, which, however valuable they may be on the farm, or in the kitchen, would possess little interest for the general reader, who probably prefers results, to a description of the means by which they are brought about. We shall therefore devote the remainder of this article to a cursory examination of the Picture Gallery, at the entrance of which we have now arrived.

There are six hundred and eighty-five pictures numbered in the official catalogue. The gallery devoted to their exhibition is directly over the Machine Arcade, between the Croton Reservoir and the main body of the Palace. It is well ventilated, and lighted at night by upwards of a thousand gas-burners, so arranged as to throw a light like that of day upon the pictures. Scattered through the Courts of the Palace, are upwards of a hundred other pictures, that have been rejected by the Director of the Gallery as unworthy a place on its walls. It could scarcely be expected that, of the large number of paintings occupying the Picture Gallery, all should possess absolute merit, but no one can walk through the Gallery attentively without feeling that art is truly and worthily represented there.

We have been pained and astonished to find in this great exhibition of a world's industry and talent, so few paintings by our American artists. With very rare exceptions, our most eminent painters have contributed nothing to the collection. We regret this the more, since we are confident that we have both landscape and portrait painters, whose works need not shun comparison with those now living in any other country. There are five or six pictures from the old masters, one of which, a Madonna and child, by Carlo Dolci, is exceedingly beautiful—full of the exquisite softness and repose which characterize all the productions of that great painter. The "St. Cecilia," by Guido Reni, is a fine picture, with a warmth of coloring, and fullness of life, that contrasts

strongly with the tame expression given by some modern painters to the subjects treated by them.

An original Correggio, on parchment, and a second Guido Reni, (the Madonna and child,) are objects of interest to every lover of art.

Holland sends a multitude of pictures to adorn the Gallery, most of which are of a high order of merit. One of them, "Two ladies reading by lamplight," by Kiers, is a wonderfully truthful and striking picture. The effect of the light falling on the faces and figures, while the rest of the room is in deep shadow, is very fine, and the coloring throughout is admirable. There are several winter scenes, and a number of landscape views, by Dutch painters, which we admire exceedingly, and some groups of cattle, so true to nature, and to nature in her happiest mood, that one can hardly believe it to be a "counterfeit presentment," on which the beholder gazes. Several views of the interior of old halls, kitchens, taverns, &c., from the same country, are excellent; and a large painting by Van Starkenborg, "A view of the Catskill Mountains," reminded us of Durand's fine pictures more than anything else in the gallery.

Of the pictures from the Dusseldorf school, we need hardly say that they are full of spirit and artistic beauty. The talented artist Hasenclever contributes five capital pictures, either one of which would place him in the front rank of artists. The "Deputation of Workmen before the City Council" is an eloquent delineation of the revolutionary spirit so rife in Germany in 1848. A company of "turtle fed" councillors, who are evidently on the best possible terms with themselves and the world, and wonder how any one can be otherwise, have just admitted to their august presence a deputation of workmen, who are presenting a petition, while one of their number points through the open window, to an excited crowd collected in a public square, and wrought up to madness by the appeals of a stump orator, who is gesticulating wildly above their heads. The expression of firm determination on the part of the workmen, and that of incredulity and indifference on the faces of the councillors, is given to the life, and the relief of the whole picture is such, that even the sense of touch can hardly convince one that it is a flat surface before him. The other pictures by the same artist are very fine, particularly the portrait of himself engaged in painting his celebrated picture, "The wine testers." It is evidently a "labor of love," on which he is employed, as he holds up the ruddy wine to the light; and those who expect to find in a great artist, a face kindling with the inspirations of genius, or "sicklied o'er with thought," would be shocked at the air of jollity and "good fellowship" that pervades the countenance of Hasenclever.

The Queen of England contributes to the collection a picture by Winterhalter, which is interesting from the fact that it contains portraits of herself, Prince Albert, the Duke of Wellington, and the infant Prince Arthur, a beautiful child, in his royal mother's arms. The Iron Duke is presenting, on bended knee, a casket containing some princely gift to his little namesake and godson, while Victoria looks on with all the mother beaming in her eye—and, in the background, a view of the Crystal Palace commemorates the opening of the Exhibition on that day.

The "Return of Regulus to Carthage," by Cammuccini, of Italy, fills one entire end of the gallery, and is a strongly drawn and striking picture. The stern and unflinching resolution of the old Roman, and the anguish of his family and friends, who cannot, even yet, believe him wholly lost, are well depicted, and the various accessories of the scene are effectively portrayed. We prefer this picture to the one on the other end of the gallery, entitled "Scene of an inundation on the Loire." The frightened family are attempting to save themselves on the roof of the submerged cottage, and the terror and helplessness of the old bed-ridden grandmother, drawn through the opening by the stalwart arm of her son, strike one with horror. The face of a drowning horse, seen above the water in one corner of the picture, has an expression of pain and fear almost human.

So much has been said, in the public prints, of the merits of Leutze's picture of "Washington crossing the Delaware," a smaller copy of which is in the exhibition, that we need not linger before it, though it will amply repay the study of hours.

"Martin Luther before the diet of Worms," by Van Pelt, of Holland, is a noble picture; and so, also, is "Galileo before the Pope's Council, in 1632," by Ewald, of Berlin; the "Execution of Marino Falieri," Doge of Venice, by Scheider, of Munich; and "John Knox denouncing Mary Stuart," by Volkhardt, of Dusseldorf—all of which are no less interesting from their historical associations than from the artistic beauty which characterizes them. Our own New York artist, Wm. S. Mount, contributes several paintings, all of which are marked by that fidelity to nature and felicity of expression which distinguish his productions.

But we must not particularize farther, or the fascinations of our subject would lead us far beyond the limits of a single article. We cannot, however, leave the gallery without expressing our admiration of the superb portrait of the well known Father Gavazzi, by Fagnani, of this city. To say of this portrait that it is life-like, is saying but little; it is the orator, the patriot, the fearless Crusader, living and breathing, before us, but spiritualized, or, if we may be allowed the expression,

idealized by the power of genius, and looking as we may suppose Rienzi to have looked when his eloquence shook Rome to her very foundations.

And now our pleasant task is ended, and we must take leave of the Crystal Palace and the wonders it contains, regretting only that so small a portion of them have passed under review in this limited article. But if, to those who have seen the Palace, we have been the means of affording pleasure by recalling the delightful hours spent within its walls; or if to those who have been denied that rare enjoyment, we have communicated some faint idea of the World's Fair, we shall be more than satisfied, since we have the best of all possible authority for pronouncing it "more blessed to give than to receive."

TO L. T. B., ON HER PASSAGE TO INDIA.

~~~~~  
BY LEILA LINWOOD,  
~~~~~

Oh! my beloved, on the deep,
I watch for thee—I cannot sleep.
The moon shines on you silver cloud,
Soft as she gilds thy vessel's shroud—
Wrapped in the wild and restless breeze,
Thou rockest o'er the Indian seas,
While every billow's crest of foam
But drives thee, farther, from thy home.

Oh! my beloved, on the deep,
I watch for thee, and watching, weep—
I miss the sweetness of thy face,
The quiet of thy dear embrace—
I miss thy fond lip's earnest praise,
Indulgent to my erring ways—
I feel the fresh, the deepening pain,
Thou wilt not come to me again.

Oh! my beloved, on the deep,
I watch for thee, and *vespers* keep.
Father, who sittest on thy throne
Above the stars of yonder zone,
Forget not one, who, at thy call,
Resigned a precious earthly all.
Oh, hear my prayer, before I sleep—
Bless my beloved, on the deep.

THE PAINTED ACHIMENES.

BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.

CONSTANCY.

"'Twas many a weary month ago,
And many a league away,
We strayed beside the silvery Po,
And watched the closing day.
Still basks the vale in summer's beam—
Flows on the winding river;
But quenched that dark eye's gentle gleam,
And hushed that voice forever.

"Many the words of love then breathed,
And pledged by many a token;
A fair bouquet her fingers wreathed,
I blessed the language spoken.
Those withered flowers my eyes can see
But fresh and blooming yet;
May Heaven itself be false to me,
If ever I forget.

"Oh! had my love been nobly born,
Or I, the vassal's pride,
I had not roamed the earth forlorn,
Nor death had won a bride.
She died, I know not where, nor how—
'Twas told in festal hours;—
Look, noble lady, on my brow!
Take back thy gift of flowers.

"And fare thee well! if earth had aught
Which could this grief beguile,
It were that voice, with pity fraught,—
That eye's bewild'ring smile.
I scorn the dower thy sire prefers,
Though it a principedom be;
But one deep sigh, which should be hers,
I breathe, to part with thee!

"Again farewell!" Yet lingers still
That hand within his own;
And gushing tears those glad eyes fill,
And strangely sweet her tone:

"Forgive! that faith is nobly proved;
These flowers my vow renew!"
The high-born maid is she he loved
Beside the silvery Po!

THE VALENTINE PARTY.

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BY HELEN IRVING.  
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Miss Sophronia Arabella Brown was determined to have a Valentine Party—she had heard of them in distinguished cities. Among “charming coteries,” they were very popular and very delightful, and she did not see why there should not be a Valentine Party in Appleville, as well as in a larger and more ambitious place. People of brains were not wholly confined to cities, and if there were not taste and intellect enough among her “set” in Appleville to carry off such an affair with eclat, she thought it was a pity. A Valentine Party there might be, and a Valentine Party there should be, and so fully matured sprang this idea from the brain of Miss Sophronia, that reserving only time to think to whom she should first speak, she donned bonnet and cloak and furs, and sallied out into the keen frosty air of a late January day, to “mention the subject” to her friends.

She was fortunate enough in the course of an hour or two, to see some three or four of her female acquaintance, and by dint of much talking and a great display of enthusiasm on her part, she managed to convince them that such an affair was not only possible, but very easy of accomplishment—and might be made something quite distinguished. She even hinted that a most honorable mention would very likely be made of it in the Appleville Chronicle—the editor of which having great poetical talent, was to be invited, although he was not exactly a *young* man. Miss Sophronia invited these select friends of hers to drop in at her house the next morning, and then and there the matter was matured and finally decided, and all et ceteras arranged, even to what it would be advisable to have for entertainment, they feeling sure that something more substantial would be expected than the nectar and ambrosia of the poets.

The invitations for the 14th of February were duly given out, and it was speedily understood by all the elite of Appleville, that a rare and distinguished occasion was before them—and all who were supposed to have brains, and some who had heretofore quite lived above such suspicion, were busy, concocting “something good” for Miss Brown’s Valentine Party.

Every town had its poets and scribblers, and Appleville had its full share, so that Miss Brown’s hopes had a very good foundation of pens, ink and paper to rest upon. Very many of the invited entered into the

excitement with earnest satisfaction, while others, I am sorry to say, looked forward to what they were pleased to call "sport" on that momentous occasion.

Miss Sophronia, some people said, (but it must have been maliciously) had long since turned that "last corner" which entered her upon the list of spinster-hood, but the lady herself appeared most sweetly and entirely ignorant of the fact, and on all occasions wore the bloom and grace of "twenty-five," to which age she blushing confessed. Miss Brown—she modestly owned it—was somewhat "blue." That she wrote verses, she had once acknowledged, although she never "composed for the public eye," but she was a most diffuse reader, and she numbered among her out of town acquaintance no less than two quite known literary gentlemen. Perhaps in the happy combination of Miss Sophronia's nature, a little more sentimentality may have been mingled than in those of some who surrounded her, but if it sufficed to give her a comfortable self-satisfaction, and to throw around the scenery and belongings of the very ordinary manufacturing town of Appleville, a soft, poetic grace, it certainly was a very charming and desirable thing, and need not have provoked the smiles it sometimes did, when it displayed itself in some larger and finer words and phrases, than the generality of people deemed necessary. Miss Sophronia's father—she had now, no mother—was a very fat, comfortable, well-to-do sort of man—but having about as little poetry and sentiment in his nature as one of his own mill-saws, it came to pass that his finer daughter found but little sympathy at home with her more elevated ideas, and her most intimate friends were often made to sympathize with the sufferer from whom "pa" so often withheld the means of gratifying what she called her "more patrician and classic tastes."

Notwithstanding her father's snug little income, Miss Sophronia had lived and bloomed in the front rank of Appleville society for the last twelve or fifteen years, without inducing any aspiring youth to bestow on her the privilege of changing the unpoetical surname, which so illy accorded with its romantic prefixes. In earlier days, this might have been Miss Sophronia's fault, for in her opinion, the very mundane clay that made up the mortality of those who surrounded her, was hardly fit to mate with the finer porcelain of her composition—but of later years, it had been rumored that the lady had grown somewhat less fastidious, and looked upon the manly and intelligent Apollas of Appleville somewhat more admiringly. Especially had it been rumored (oh, scandalizing Madam Rumor!) that marks of her tender regard were lavished upon a certain bachelor physician, whose age was as indefinite as her own, and who had enriched Appleville with his skill and presence during

the space of the last two years. The M. D. was not handsome—far from it—his face was most decidedly plain; he was rather short, and exceedingly stout, which, considering Miss Sophronia's leaning toward the classic, was hardly the style one would have anticipated to draw out the long-guarded affection of her heart. But then, Miss Sophronia was tall and thin, and love delights in contrasts—so they say—and she had read “Jane Eyre,” and “Olive,” and several more novels of the same sort, whose heroes were marvels of plainness, and she loved to dream of the beauty of the “inner soul” illuminating the features, and to cherish the thought of a face, lacking beauty in the eyes of all the world, being radiant to her appreciative heart alone. The doctor was good-natured and hard-working. Miss Brown thought him of a “sweet and loving spirit,” and gloriously devoted to his profession. She thought him literary too, for he took half a dozen magazines and newspapers, and had the same number of bookshelves filled with miscellaneous reading, which Miss Brown called his library, and to which she was allowed free access.

Entre-nous, Miss Sophronia was, although the Applevillians were very impertinent to say so, decidedly smitten with Dr. Mason, and when one or two roguishly or maliciously hinted that Miss Brown thought the Valentine Party would afford a fine opportunity for the diffident youth to make some demonstration, they were not so very wide of the truth. The fact was this—Miss Sophronia knew herself the heiress of a very comfortable little property; she knew also that the distressingly healthy town of Appleville, little more than sufficed to pay the young doctor's board bill, and keep him in dress coats and gloves; and she had at length, when month after month brought no demonstration from him, become settled in the conviction that he was too modest, and too honorable to sue where he could be even suspected of mercenary motives. This view of the case, as the reader will very readily perceive, placed the doctor in a very romantic and interesting light in the eyes of the lady fair, and made altogether a very poetic and sentimental subject for her to meditate upon. It is but justice, however, to Miss Sophronia to say, that although the party may have surely and speedily suggested the doctor—the doctor did *not* suggest the party.

The people of Appleville were lively, enterprising, and intelligent, fond of social life, and there spread shortly quite an interest in Miss Brown's party; and by the time the evening arrived, not a little excitement was there among the beaux and belles, who were of the invited. The evening was propitious as if St. Valentine had bribed all the spirits of the air, for Miss Sophronia's gratification, and about half-past seven o'clock nearly all the impatient guests were assembled, each decorated

with his or her most becoming finery. Miss Brown had fashioned with her own fair hands a covered box, beautiful with white and gold paper, and wreathed about with natural flowers from her "conservatory"—(which conservatory, by the way, was a deep-windowed porch, used in summer as an entrance,) and through a most legal-looking post-office slide in the top, the sundry Valentines were to be dropped. All were required to make the semblance at least of sending a letter through the slide, so that if any were delinquent, they should not be marked.

Miss Sophronia received her guests with the utmost suavity, and excited herself to talk in her easiest possible style, and to make herself vastly agreeable, in order to give a free, unconscious air to the reception, and to prevent any impatience on the part of her visitors, for the hour to commence the readings was eight. All the company had not yet arrived, and alas, for Miss Brown's equanimity, this *all* included the doctor. What if some thoughtless, inconsiderate mortal should take it into his head to be ill, or break a limb just then, and the doctor be called away, and the light of the evening quenched! It was too much to think of, calmly, and truth to tell Miss Sophronia was getting a little nervous, but just as the ringing clock in the dining-room sounded eight through the house, his quick, bustling step was heard, and his good-natured face appeared in the parlor. He walked up to the table, smilingly, still enveloped in his immense cloak, and no one could tell by his gesture, or by any revelation of his humorous face, whether he dropped into the receptacle, one, two, or three Valentines—or—none at all.

Miss Sophronia was quite sure that *her* heart beat quicker, when the step of the doctor was heard, but it never occurred to her that any one's else might be in the same condition of accelerated motion, and if she had chanced to see the color come into the cheek of little Susan Bradley, she might simply have wondered what the child was blushing about. The aforesaid *child*, however, having numbered about twenty summers, probably felt in her own heart a right to palpitation and fluttering, quite as strong, though not of as many years standing as Miss Sophronia's. And if the lady-hostess had known how often Dr. Mason, who was "school-committee-man," thought it necessary to look after the well being of Miss Susan's little band of scholars, she might have felt—but she *did not* know it, so we will not waste time speculating upon what she might have felt had she been less blissfully ignorant.

The doctor had come—the clock had struck eight—the chair was drawn up to the table, and the spectacled editor of the Appleville Chronicle, as by previous vote, duly installed therein. There was a dead silence, and an eager looking forward as the key was turned in the lock, and the lifted cover betrayed a pile of letters of all shapes and

sizes. Then, it first occurred to the mistress of ceremonies, that a sad error had been committed on her part, in not making sure beforehand, that each of the party had something of a Valentine—but repentance was useless now, and she trusted to fortune for all to go off right.

The first letter that came up, effectually put to flight all awkwardness, and set mirth afloat, for it was to the grave editor himself, and the quiet humor with which he read the unexpected effusion, was much more amusing than the Valentine itself, which ran as follows:

I saw you one day, oh, Editor dear!

In your easy office-chair,

With your indolent pen behind your ear—

(It usually seemed to be there!)

You used the scissors, you used the paste,

And the "Weekly Chronicle" grew,

And once in a while in desperate haste,

You seized the pen, and in excellent taste

Invented an item new!

A murder and burglary here and there,

A steamboat or railroad accident rare,

A pleasant fiction of stocks—

An account of a temperance meeting somewhere,

Or a "great revelation" to make people stare,

From the knowingest spirit that knocks!

And you put up your feet on the table to rest,

And pronounced this week's "Chronicle" one of the best,

An exceedingly graphic sheet—

But you looked round the sanctum and heaved a low sigh,

And mournfully wished some dear praiser was nigh—

But our eyes did n't chance to meet!

Surely the pleasantest thing in this life,

Were to be an agreeable Editor's wife,

And up in the sanctum stay—

And sit among papers up to one's ears,

In a dear little chair, with some dear little shears,

And help him to edit all day!

To turn the machine for the poems sometimes,

Or help disentangle refractory rhymes,

From lines that poets might send—

No cooking to do, for we'd live on puff-paste,

And if e'er that sweet nutriment palled on our taste,

Why, we'd go and take tea with a friend!

A merry crowding around to see the handwriting and comment on the first Valentine, followed the reading, and sharp and fast were the guesses as to who was the author, and very liberal the accusations and

denials. They finally ended in flinging the authorship on the poor editor himself, who stoutly denied it, and was unconsciously sustained in his denial by a pair of roguish black eyes on the other side of the table, whose owner being just "engaged" to a clever young mill-owner, was not expected to be found guilty of writing Valentines to other young gentlemen, but whose black eyes sparkled all too merrily not to betray knowledge. So the editor stoutly persisted in laying the weight of the sin on her conscience, and she could not escape.

Peace was, however, soon restored, for the impatient audience were on the *qui vive* for the next, which proved to be decidedly sentimental, and addressed to Miss L. V., a very pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, who diffidently kept her eyes fixed upon her folded hands and pocket handkerchief, during the whole of the reading.—

'Tis not the light of thine eye, lady,
Though soft as a moonlit heaven,
Nor the wildering wave of thy pale brown hair,
Nor the smile to thy pure lips given—

'Tis thy mellow and musical voice, lady,
That has stirred this heart of mine,
For only a lovable soul can speak
In such fairy-like tones as thine!

And the dearest sound to this heart, lady,
Were to hear that voice of thine;
Say, low and sweet in its tender tones,
"Thou, love, art my Valentine!"

There was quite an excitement as the second Valentine was handed round, for the handwriting was so effectually disguised, that not even a hint could be given as to the author. Perhaps the young lady herself might have been wiser than her friends, but if so, she made no betrayal. The youth of Appleville seemed fast becoming of the opinion that a Valentine Party was a very nice thing after all, and the impatience to hear who was the next honored in the reading, left little time for study and speculation. The Valentines were mostly short—some of them quite funny, and others distressingly sentimental; but as the reader can hardly be expected to have as much interest in them as the erudite Applevillians themselves, we will refrain from numerous quotations.—There had been one or two quite romantic tributes to the fair hostess, but in none of them did she recognize the handwriting or the spirit for which her heart longed. There was something approaching to her ideal, in the following high-flown prose effusion, which (between us) I fear was a "hoax."

LADY FAIR—

To me is not given the power to breathe in the poet's mellifluous strains, my glowing feelings—but in simple prose, the medium through which many of the loftiest spirits of our race have made vocal their emotions, I would pay my feeble tribute to thy charms. The beauty and grace that blend in thee, other admiring pens may grow eloquent upon—I would bend before that nature of exquisite sensitiveness—that mind of ethereal refinement, and rejoice that on our little heaven has arisen this star—this star, so softly, purely bright, that we dream the Pleiad lost from heaven, has, wandering here, taken up her radiant dwelling. Lady, my worship has been long and silent, and with the poet let me say—

"Time on that cheek his withering hand may press—
He may do all, but make me love thee less;
The mind defies him, and thy charm lies there,
I must have loved thee, hadst thou not been fair!"

This was not Dr. Mason's, however, there was no hope of it—the penmanship was altogether too unlike his, to be for a moment suspected—but there were several letters yet to be given forth, and Miss Sophronia did not despair. But while her attention was wholly given to finding something *from* the doctor, her jealousy was not a little excited by the following effusion *to* him, which *she* certainly did not write, and which she mentally pronounced "quite too personal for *any* young lady."

What grace and genius blend in thee,
Oh, grave and excellent M. D. !
How quick before thy magic sway
All dark diseases pass away !

O'er ills of body and of brain
Thy pow'r usurps a conquering reign,
But dost thou boast a healing art
For every ailment of the heart !

With all thy skill, I pray thee tell,
Hast thou no deep and potent spell,
That will, through all the weary day,
Love's "intermittent fever" stay

They say the French with careful pains
Feed drooping life, from living veins,
Ah, naught can save this heart of mine,
Unless thou give it life from thine !

A great commotion followed the reading of this, and the doctor was most mercilessly rallied. But he gallantly expressed himself ready to

prescribe for any afflicted member of the party, who had entire faith in his skill—at which announcement Miss Sophronia heaved a gentle sigh, which, glancing over to where the doctor stood, she fancied was quietly reciprocated by him. She wondered sadly, too, that he had not taken courage to write to her. Perhaps, after all, he thought this too public a place, to declare such heart-felt sentiments, and she felt, herself, that words uttered in some impulsive moment, when they were alone together, would have more significance. The readings went on, with short pauses at the close of each, but while Miss Sophronia's heart died within her, there was another lull among the busy chatters, and the *last* Valentine was taken from the box. The editor cleared his voice with the long, preparatory hem, and bowing profoundly to Miss Brown, announced the inscription, "To Miss S. A. B."

When the faces that were fixed upon her for a moment, were turned back to the reader, Miss Sophronia glanced over to the doctor's place. His eyes were downcast, and she was confident she saw a deeper color in his cheek, and a peculiar expression about his mouth. Her heart beat nervously, for this was the long wished, the long waited for, she felt assured. "To Miss S. A. B." said the editor again, and commenced to read:—

Not all that poets ever dreamed,
Or wrote in sweetest rhyme,
Or knight or wandering minstrel sung
To dames of olden time—

Could paint the thought of thee that dwells
Within my silent heart,
Or breathe my faith, or tell the world,
How fair and dear thou art!

With reverent spirit day by day
I bend before thine eyes,
And vows that share my deepest life
Never to utterance rise.

But on this charmed night, I dare
To breathe the trembling line,
And if thy heart beat answering love,
Thou'lt know the words are mine!

It would be difficult to picture successfully the state of Miss Sophronia's mind, as she listened to the above display of sentiment. That it was *the* one—the one long dreamed of, long desired, there was no room for doubt—and there was an unmistakable expression of thanks and acceptance in the smile which she bestowed upon the M. D., the first time their eyes chanced to meet. The hand-writing was disguised—so

that it was not easily recognisable—there being only here and there a trace of the doctor's style—but Miss Brown's eyes sparkled, as she caught a clue to the authorship, hidden from all the rest. The Valentine was written upon note-paper of a peculiar stamp, which she well remembered having seen upon the doctor's table but a few days before, in one of her visits to his "library."

Happy Miss Sophronia!

There was something quite charmingly marked in the easy manner with which Miss Brown called upon the doctor to assist her, as she marshalled her guests into the "refreshment room," and there was an expression of entire gratification on her countenance quite pleasant to behold. As for the doctor, he looked, for some unaccountable and inexplicable reason, decidedly restless and *distract*, and assuredly failed in doing the honors, with his usual grace and spirit, not to mention his making one or two awkward mistakes—such as asking a young lady if she would be helped to "Valentines," when he should have said oysters. All failings, however, were, in view of the circumstances, most graciously passed over and forgiven by Miss Sophronia.

There was a vast amount of chatting and jesting about this last Valentine during the remainder of the evening, but nobody seemed wise enough to divine the author—and Miss Brown was more than once called upon to make known the secret, which must have been revealed to her intuitions. But the sacred secret Miss Sophronia did not choose to divulge, and whatever the suspicions of the company *may* have been, they probably thought it was not in good taste to push the matter too far.

The evening wound up very pleasantly, and the guests at no very late hour began to disperse—not too early, however, for Miss Sophronia, for she felt sure that lingering to the last for one parting word, would be the doctor—and so all absorbed was she, in the meditation of what she should say, to convey her happiness at the manifestation of his preference, that she grew quite confused in giving her farewell words to some of her guests, and unfortunately addressed no less than two young damsels by the grave title of doctor! From this dreamy state, however, she was most effectually roused, by noticing that from the now almost vacant parlors, the doctor too was coolly about to depart. He made his adieu, so hurriedly, that Miss Sophronia had no time to deliver her charming little speech, and could only look from her tender eyes, an earnest farewell as he retreated.

A bevy of laughing girls, and their escort, the latest lingerers, came up just then, and as she drew near to the parlor door with them, receiving their gracious compliments, and trying to smile in her sweetest manner, she caught sight of the doctor, folding a shawl about little

Susan Bradley, in a most unmistakably lover-like way, and whispering something at the same time, which by the dimmed light of the entry lamp she saw, only too plainly, called the color into the little damsel's cheek, as rosily as his entrance in the evening had done. Oh, falseness of human nature! Oh, perfidy of man! Miss Sophronia grew blind as she staggered back from the door, and sat herself down in the now deserted parlors, and locked her helpless hands together, wonderingly. A quick, jealous pang shot through her trusting heart, and she picked up the precious Valentine that lay upon the table. Oh, mystery of mysteries!

Perhaps had she followed Susan Bradley and her gallant escort down the street, that radiant moonlight evening, poor Miss Sophronia might have passed even a more wretched, sleepless night than she did! And had she seen him bending down toward her, and taking the little hand that lay on his arm within his own, tell her so earnestly and impulsively of "the cruel mistake about the Valentine"—how it was meant, all, all the while, for *her*, and how it contained not mere sentiment, got up for the amusement of the evening, but the sincere outpouring of his very heart—and had she seen how the foolish little tears sparkled in the moonlight on the lady's cheek, or heard the things they talked of in that long walk, I fear there might have been more sleepless, sad nights than one!

Bitter, indeed, however, were Miss Brown's disappointment and mortification, when she heard, not very long after, that "Dr. Mason and Susan Bradley were engaged"—and when rumors reached her ears, that the Valentine to "Miss S. A. B." read at the party was not to her at all, but was written by the doctor for Susan Bradley, who, every body was very stupid not to remember, had an "Adams" in the middle of her name. But when people asked Miss Sophronia if she didn't think it was a "charming match," she smiled her sweetest smile, and professed herself delighted—and as a proof of her entire sympathy and happiness, she went to the wedding in a new dress bought especially for the occasion, and presented the bride with the handsomest silver and Bohemian glass salt-cellars that could be bought in the city of New-York.

But one word more of our fair heroine, and we have done.

Miss Sophronia Arabella Brown abhors Valentine parties. She thinks they give rise to a vast deal of nonsense, and she shall always sincerely regret having lent *her* influence to the getting up of so foolish an affair.

Well, it was a pity!

ORDER AND BEAUTY.

BY E. M. FARGO.

To a student of the works of nature, there is a regularity and simplicity in all her forms, such as cannot fail to elicit a desire to understand more perfectly the laws which govern the mighty machinery of the universe. Ascending through the various gradations of the animal, mineral and vegetable kingdoms, we find the sympathies of nature are ever the same, and in proportion to the requirements of each. It is thus we are led to admire the true beauty of terrestrial objects, by considering their perfect adaptation to their allotted place in the scale of being. The atoms of life that sport in the summer air, or gambol in the drop of water, hardly form the commencement of that chain which rises gradually until it approaches Divinity. And it is the harmonious arrangement of its complicated links, that inspires the Christian philosopher with feelings of the most profound adoration. The infidel investigator, though comprehending some of the great operations which are constantly going forward in all created nature, perceives not the order and harmony originating in the wisdom of God, which are necessary to the formation of all which calls forth his admiration. The minor objects of earth—those which the careless observer would deem unworthy of notice, display the power and goodness of the Almighty in a like degree with the more stupendous works of creation.

If we look at the tiny insect, whose home is the green leaf or the painted cup of a flower, or view with curious eyes the pebble of the mountain stream, we shall find perfect symmetry and exquisite coloring in the one, and a regular combination of compact particles in the other. The flowers are beautiful wherever we find them; in the parterre, on the hill-side, or away in the deep forest where they live and die like the aboriginal inhabitants of America, far from the haunts of civilization. We find the different species blooming on the soil for which alone they were constituted, and yielding their odors to the atmosphere, which has been poetically termed the manner by which they hold communion with our spirits. And the leaf, too, has its own peculiar beauty, though destitute of those eloquent tints which are the chief attraction of the "poetry of earth." A panoramic landscape is greatly improved by the view of a sloping woodland in the distance, with the intermingling foliage of the pale gray willow, the silver lined poplar, and deep green hue of the elm. Among the things that blend beauty with utility, what

is more noticeable than water—life-giving water? the beverage that Jehovah brews on the mountain top, in the valley, and on the sea, where the chorus of winds and waves send up an everlasting anthem of praise. And when this planet-orb first came from the moulding hand of its Creator, the iris circling the throne of the Eternal was flung upon the foaming crest of ocean, as a symbol of the glory radiating from the archways of the celestial city. Wherever we see this heavenly gift to man, it is sparkling with light, and weaving with the rays of the sun those glorious hues which beam around us with rainbow brightness.

The atmosphere so spirit-like—felt, yet still unseen, extending above and around with its mystic power of refraction and its undulating waves of sound, is a source of the sweetest pleasure. We hear the delightful strains of well-timed music—the gushing melody of Nature's choristers, and the intonations of voices from those we love, through the medium of the ambient fluid.

In the firmament we behold complete harmony and regularity among the bodies which we know to be matter, because they are governed by those laws which govern matter. Rest, there is none, for motion is everywhere. System revolves around system—planets around sun and satellites around planet, each swaying to the influence of the others in their mighty orbits, yet moving majestically and harmoniously through the infinite realm of space, so exceedingly sublime and beautiful, that we wonder he who looks thereon should ever fail to recognize the handy-work of the Deity. Earth and sky are full of his power and glory, and beautiful, most beautiful are the works therein, for everywhere dwell order and method with the most perfect agreement and harmony of proportion. Man alone, of all earthly creatures, bears the image of the Infinite. Intelligence and reason sit enthroned upon his brow. Gifted with powers but little inferior to those of the angelic host, he searches the hidden treasures of the deep, launches into the fields of ether, and sweeps with his piercing eye over the universe of immensity, or obeys the secret inspiration that has an affinity with the Messiah, to sound the recesses of the heart, and pour forth in the impassioned language of a Luther, the necessity of a renovated and purified world. It is not the perfection of organs that constitutes the chief beauty of this noblest work of Jehovah, but the beauty of the God-given spirit—that immortal spirit, whose duration of existence is coeval with eternity; where, if possessing the likeness of its Original, it will remain with all that is glorious and truly beautiful, forever.

There is no pride in heaven, because no corruption there.

ANGLING.

BY DAVID M. STONE.

THE angler is not a *fisherman*, any more than the sportsman is a *butcher*. Angling, the art of taking fish with a baited hook, has found more enthusiastic votaries among literary and clerical celebrities, than any other pastime known to history. The popularity of this amusement in England, about the close of the fifteenth century, was owing less to the fact that ordinary field sports were prohibited to all classes of the clergy, than to the nature of the exercise itself, so congenial to the tastes and habits of a studious mind. The idea of cruelty, ordinarily connected with the destruction of animal life, is not necessarily associated with the taking of fish, whose cold red blood contrasts so strongly with the sanguinary current in human veins; and the most tender-hearted and gentle of earth's philanthropists have felt no shrinking of nerves while engaged in this sport. It also affords sufficient variety to suit the changing humor or circumstances of its votaries. The recluse, who has wasted his physical energies in the close study, may sit quietly on the smooth bank of the placid stream, while the friendly sunshine colors his careworn brow and pallid cheek with the symbol of returning health. Or in some sequestered spot, he may recline indolently in the shade, his hook and line linking him with the present material, while his thoughts are far away communing with other times. If of a more active temperament, he may throw the fly in the mountain torrent, welcoming the storm which but increases his success, and the fatigue which brings back the calm rest he has lost in previous mental struggles.—The contributions to English literature, which owe their origin to this pastime, and have in turn fostered a love for the gentle art, are voluminous, and form a catalogue quite sufficient to fill the shelves of an ordinary library. Many persons who have barely glanced at the *titles* of these volumes, have supposed that they were only sporting books, whereas a large number of them are not only gems of literature, but full of excitements to a religious and holy life. The “*Complete Angler*” of Izaak Walton, is a work of rare merit. The best edition of it extant was published by Wiley & Putnam, of New-York, in 1847, with copious original notes, a bibliographical preface, giving an account of fishing, and fishing books from the earliest antiquity to the time of Walton, a notice of Cotton and his writings, and an appendix filled with the most quaint

and interesting scraps, papers and ballads, illustrative of the art and the inspiration it has furnished, by Rev. Dr. Bethune, one of the ripest scholars on this side of the Atlantic. For profound research, philosophical arrangement, and nicety of criticism, the labors of the American editor—well appreciated by the student, although given to the public anonymously—will bear a comparison with any similar undertaking in the whole range of literature. It is pleasant to read his testimony to the merits of his theme: "Written by a simple but strong minded man, eminent for his meek piety and unaffected love of God and His works, a companion of the learned and good, in the leisure of a life devoted to the record and practice of Christian virtues, it is full of persuasions to contemplative enjoyment, pious trust, and benevolent action, expressed with such natural eloquence, that it has found a most hearty welcome to the table of the scholar, the moralist, and the divine."

Angling is less followed as a pastime in this country than in England, not for want of facilities, for we have a much greater number of rivers, rich in fish, but for want of *leisure*, both old and young America (as the two extremes of the present generation of men are called) agreeing in driving through life at the highest possible speed. There are some who fancy that nothing is fit for a recreation, except it calls for violent bodily exercise, forgetful of the fact that any thing which diverts the thoughts from their well-worn current, more surely lifts from the burdened heart its weight of care, than the most violent struggles aimed directly at the overthrow of this oppressor. We are, as a nation, living *too fast*, and the recreations most encouraged should have a counteracting tendency. The play-house but increases the feverishness of our pulse, and gives a doubtful direction to our increased energy. The ball-room were far better, but for its unholy license, and improper hours. The social circle has too often degenerated into a hot-bed of scandal, or a scene of fashionable display. The bowling saloon has been desecrated by blacklegs and gamblers. The gymnasium is filled by the athlete, who strain and overtax their muscles in competition for a useless pre-eminence. Oh, for the spirit of Izaak Walton to take a portion of this hurrying, jostling throng, into the quiet country, where the narrow-chested, dyspeptic, care-worn chaser of phantoms, may swell his lungs, with a full breath, and acquire a wider lodging for his soul, with a more gentle spirit. Crowded together in cities, our men, like trees in a thick wood, have no generous expansion; or if humanity must have a vent, the better life within them breaks out only like the growth of the forest tree, into a little umbrella top. Let them betake themselves during the opening spring to the country stream, or the mountain brook, where they may commune with a nature which will make them ashamed

of their sordid views, and gilded follies; and where their more generous instincts, like the branches of the tree upon the river-side, may have room to stretch forth their protecting arms far and wide.

According to the testimony of Sir Henry Wotton, once Provost of Eton College, angling was an employment of his idle time, thus not idly spent; for it was, after tedious study, a rest to his mind—a cheerer of his spirits—a diverter of sadness—a calmer of unquiet thoughts—a moderator of passions—a procurer of contentedness, begetting habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it; and like the virtue of humility, attended by a calmness of spirit, and a world of other blessings.

I'M GROWING OLD.

BY SARA HUNTINGTON.

I'm growing old; life's pulse
Beats sluggishly; no more the thrill
Of youth is mine—its laugh is still;
I'm growing old.

I'm growing old; the hopes
That made my op'ning path so bright
Have pal'd, like clouds when comes the night;
I'm growing old.

I'm growing old; love's dew
Lay fresh upon my morn; mid day
Exhaled its bloom; 'tis passed away;
I'm growing old.

I'm growing old; my heart
Feels desolate; there's not one tone
Responds to mine; yes, all alone,
I'm growing old.

I'm growing old; yet why
Sad thoughts be mine; put all thy trust,
My soul, above; 'tis but thy dust
That's growing old.

I'm growing old; how sweet
When safe upon that heav'nly shore,
The blissful thought, to hear no more
I'm growing old.

THE RUINS OF THE SOUL

BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.

The wreck of all things beautiful
 And glorious, is the Soul !
 'Tis a mighty flood whose swollen tide
 O'er arid deserts roll. —
 Where the ark its windows wide has flung,
 And seeking her olive bough,
 Ever a white-winged, trembling dove,
 Is wandering to and fro.
 There is beauty above in the far-off sky,
 And down in the ocean caves ;
 But the sun's bright smile, and the diamond's gleam,
 Are lost in the darkling waves.

The soul is a fane where the prayers are said,
 And hushed is the choral hymn ;
 Only the breeze through the seaming walls
 Chants a low requiem ;
 For the Dii are prone on the marble floor,
 Their treasures are all unurned,
 And only the smouldering ashes tell
 Where the sacred fires had burned.
 And he—the last of the worshippers—
 Forgets his vows to pay ;
 But with pallid cheek, through the dusky aisles,
 Like a spectre, glides away.

'Tis a pile whose proud embattled towers
 Had cleft the arching heaven,
 Whose snowy pennon a gage of peace
 To myriad hearts had given.
 Grim Ruin looks from the tottering heights
 On the mouldering walls below,
 And the dismal owl, her boding tone
 Is sounding the arches through.
 The sculptured pillar is ivy-crowned,
 The canvas is dimmed on the wall,
 And walks the slave, with a lordly step,
 Through the now untrophied hall.

'Tis the poisoned fount, whose once pure jet
 The Upas tree had fed ;
 The bird whose blood is dying the shaft
 His own strayed plume had sped ;
 The sundered links of the magic chain
 Which bound the soul to Heaven ;

The light clouds drifting through the sky
 By the cold north wind driven;
 The chasing left, but the jewel gone;
 The lightning riven tree;
 The echo of the closing strain
 Of a wondrous melody.

Yet from those wrecks a statelier dome

May point unto the skies,—

And sweetest incense ever breathed

From the reared altar rise.

The white-winged Hope may wake a song

To lull the waters' strife;

And by the fountain's crystal stream,

Spring up the tree of Life.

Then gather them up—those beautiful things—

They are only now displaced,

And again in the soul, so ruinous long,

Shall the Maker's form be traced.

THE ANGRY FATHER.

FROM THE GERMAN—BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

THEON was one day reading in the holy scriptures, when he suddenly closed the book, and looked thoughtful and gloomy.

Hillel perceived this, and said to the youth: "What aileth thee? Why is thy countenance troubled?"

Theon answered: "In some places the scriptures speak of the wrath of God, and in others he is called Love. This appears to me strange and inconsistent."

The teacher calmly replied: "Should they not speak to man in human language? Is it not equally strange that they should attribute a human form to the Most High?"

"By no means," answered the youth, "that is figurative—but wrath—"

Hillel interrupted him, and said: "Listen to my story. There lived in Alexandria two fathers, wealthy merchants, who had two sons of the same age; and they sent them to Ephesus, on business connected with their traffic. Both these young men had been thoroughly instructed in the religion of their fathers.

When they had sojourned for some time at Ephesus, they were dazzled by the splendor and the pleasures of that city, and yielding to the allurements which beset them, they forsook the path of their fathers, and turned aside to idolatry, and worshipped in the temple of Diana.

A friend at Ephesus wrote of this to Cleon, one of the two fathers

at Alexandria. When Cleon had read the letter, he was troubled in his heart, and he was wroth with the youths. Thereupon he went to the other father, and told him of the apostacy of their sons, and of his grief thereat.

But the other father laughed, and said: "If business do but prosper with my son, I shall give myself little concern about his religion."

Then Cleon turned from him, and was still more wroth.

"Now which of these two fathers," said Hillel to the youth, "dost thou consider as the wiser and the better?"

"He who was wroth," answered Theon.

"And which," asked the preceptor, "was the kinder father?"

"He who was wroth," again answered the youth.

"Was Cleon wroth with his son?" asked Hillel.

And Cleon replied: "Not with his son, but with his backsliding and apostacy."

"And what," asked the teacher, "thinkest thou is the cause of such displeasure against evil?"

"The sacred love of Truth," answered his disciple.

"Behold then, my son," said the old man, "if thou canst now think divinely of that which is divine, the human expression will no longer offend thee."

AMBITION.

THE love of approbation, of esteem, of true glory, is a noble incentive, and should be cherished to the end. But the ambition which points the way to fame over torn limbs and bleeding hearts—which joys in the Tartarian smoke of the battle-field and the desolating tramp of the war-horse—that ambition is worthy only of 'archangel ruined.' To make one conqueror's reputation, at least one hundred thousand bounding, joyous, sentient beings must be transformed into writhing and hideous fragments—must perish untimely by deaths of agony and horror, leaving half a million widows and orphans to bewail their loss in anguish and destitution. This is too mighty, too awful a price to be paid for the fame of any hero, from Nimrod to Wellington. True fame demands no such sacrifices of others; it requires us to be reckless of the outward well-being of but one. It exacts no hecatomb of victims for each triumphal pile; for the more who covet and seek it the easier and more abundant is the success of each and all. With souls of the celestial temper, each human life might be a triumph, which angels would lean from the skies delighted to witness and admire.—*Greeley.*

MOTIVES TO INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.

BY L. H. COBB.

No period in the history of our country has furnished greater literary advantages, than the present. Either a college, seminary, academy, or high school, is found in almost every village and hamlet in New England at least, and to a great extent in the South and West.

The diffusion of knowledge has become a matter of almost universal interest. Indeed, some of our largest schools are so excessively crowded, that, in the villages where they are established, one can hardly turn over a hat, without finding a student or two sheltered beneath it. But were two out of five of this multitude questioned in regard to the object before them, or the motives by which they are stimulated, we believe that hardly a single well defined answer would be given. Not that every lad of ten, twelve, or fifteen years, should choose his profession at so early an age, and then study exclusively with reference to that.— Whether this would be advisable or not, it is not our present purpose to consider; we rather purpose to inquire whether the frequent presentation of the objects of study, and the proper motives to intellectual action might not afford an important advantage.

What then are the motives to intellectual culture? They seem to us divided into two classes, viz., pleasure and advantage.

That happiness is one of the prime objects of man, none will pretend to deny. But whence is our happiness chiefly derived? Mainly, or entirely, we think, from two sources, viz., our locality and our associates. What then is the scholar's locality? He is in the broad and ever-expanding fields of knowledge; on a gentle eminence, perhaps, from which he may *behold* the rich and fertile fields, as yet, but *partially* explored. And looking toward the east, he sees the oriental groves where the heathen gods resided; and those ancient cities whose congregated multitudes were bound by subtle cords to the lips of a Demosthenes or Cicero; and yet again those rural homes, where lived and sang in quiet seclusion those bards, whose songs shall live till time shall be no more.

The scholar breathes an intellectual atmosphere, which aerates the life-blood of the soul; absorbs the palsyng vapor of stupidity; and quickens the circulation throughout the whole intellectual system.

A sun shines forth upon him, whose piercing rays penetrate the som-

bre veil, which envelops his immortal part, and lights up the pathway he is traveling. Lofty mountain-tops appear in the blue ethereal distance, toward which, with firm resolve, he is ever tending. Such is his locality. But who are his associates? Just such persons as are best adapted to promote his highest happiness. He may talk with those who lived before the flood; may listen to the inspired singer of Israel, whose voice, sweetly according with his harp, sang psalms of grateful praise; or to that man far-famed for wisdom, who speaks alone in proverbs.

Or at a later date, he may hear from the lips of Aristides, the principles of justice; or from Solon, the philosophy of law; or from Socrates, the subtleties of sophistry exposed. He may hear, or talk with, Rome's most brilliant orators; or listen spell-bound to the unequalled English bards; or in American halls, hear Clay, Calhoun, and Webster.

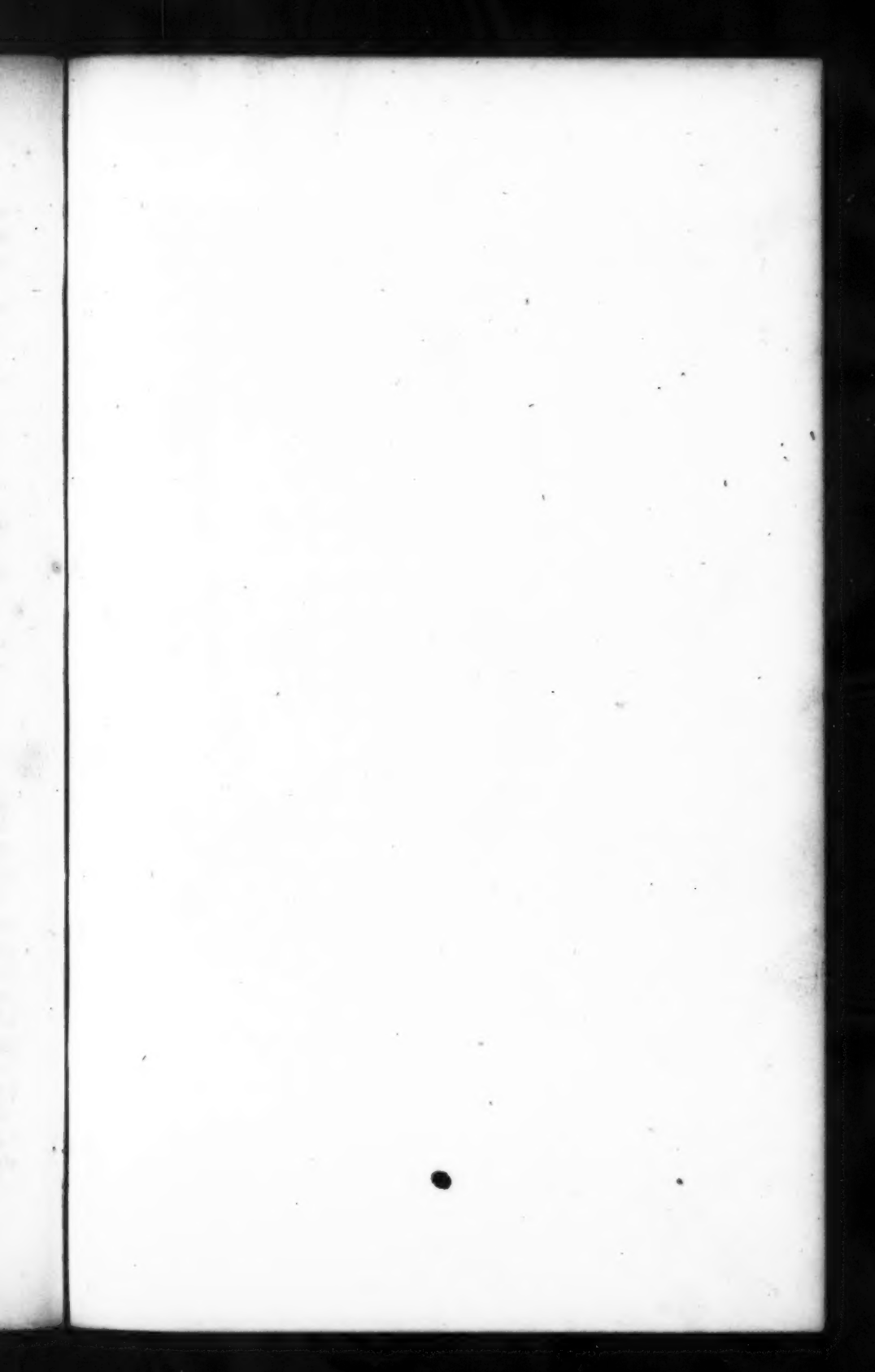
But not a tithe have yet been named, with whose souls, and thoughts that burn, the scholar may commune. An endless variety is furnished, from which he may choose just such as suit him best. And can any doubt, that he whose privilege it is to sit at intellectual feasts with kings and nobles, where entertainment is provided by the greatest minds the world has ever produced, enjoys a high degree of happiness?

But what *advantage* does intellectual culture afford? It imparts the power to him who will avail himself of this means of obtaining it, to handle with masterly skill, those great moral and political questions which, not being understood, occasion so much strife among the masses.

Intellectual culture, and the circumstances attending it, take the forsaken orphan boy, clad in tattered garments, which scarcely cover his nakedness, and tearing off his rags, clothe him respectably; and in due time, raise him perhaps to the highest office a nation can bestow.

And though *wealth* by no means always *does* accompany a finished education, yet intellectual culture puts its subject in possession of the means of *obtaining* wealth, which the uneducated never can possess.

And again, when an educated mind is brought in contact with others, a spirit of emulation is awakened, and a desire springs up to hold a respectable place among his compeers. Not that servile scrambling after the ascendancy, do we refer to now; but a noble, generous rivalry, which will not suffer others to excel us, whose advantages have not surpassed our own. This often acts as the strongest motive to intellectual action. The advantages, then, of intellectual culture, seem to be those of knowing more perfectly one's own self, and the nature of the means within his reach, by which he may improve himself as well as others. To sum up then the motives to intellectual culture, which should stimulate the seeker after knowledge, they amount to this, viz., an unwavering desire, in the highest and noblest sense, *to make the most of life.*

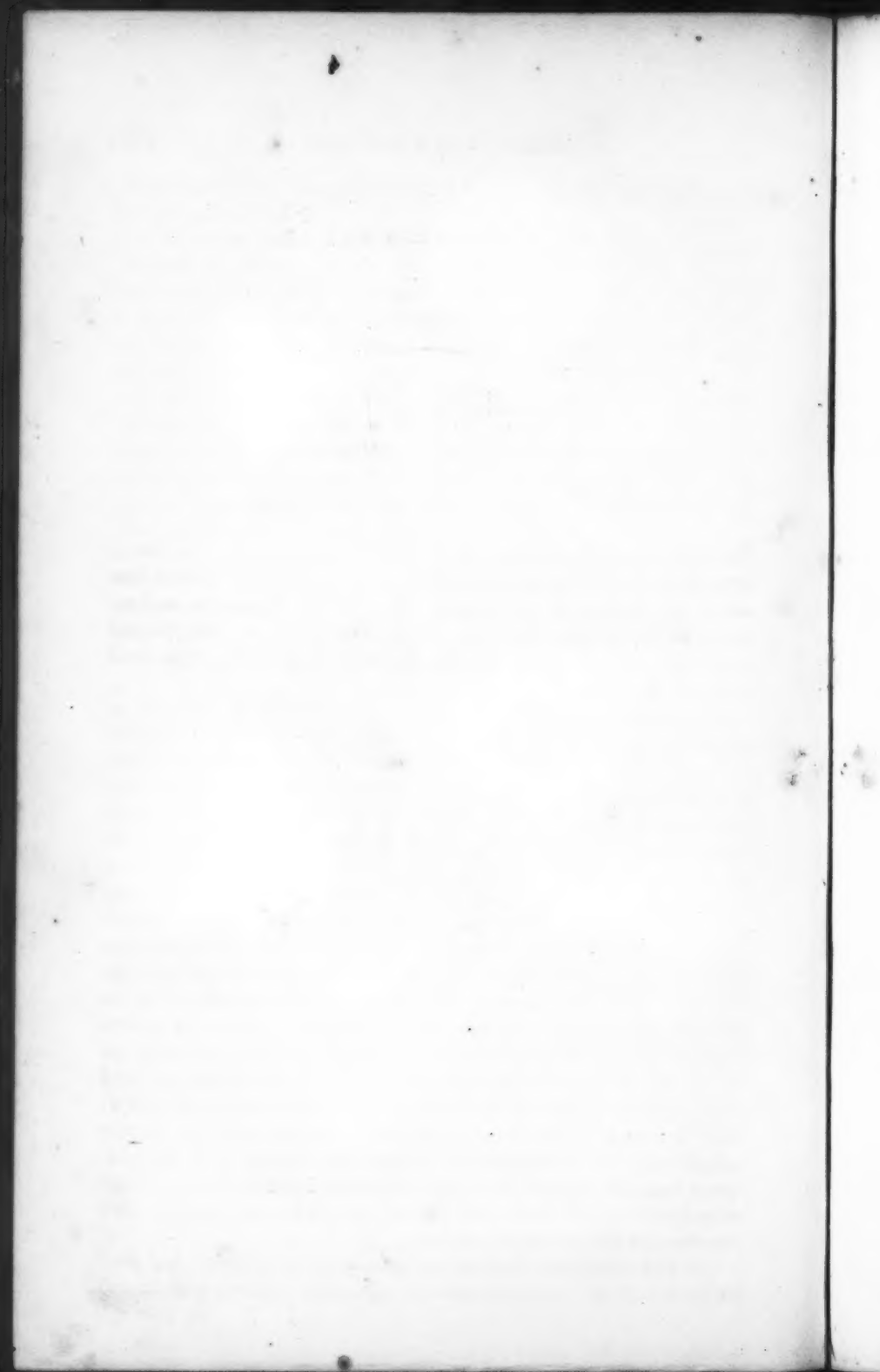




My Mother's Bible



Alpine Soldanella - Cypripedium



MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

"Thou truest friend man ever had,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false, I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.

* * * * *
The mines of earth no treasure give,
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die."

MORRIS.

"YES, my little Annie, that is grandmother's Bible, and dearly papa loves it, better, far better than all the grand new volumes that adorn the shelves of the library. My earthly happiness, and my hopes for the future, are, under God, alike owing to that blessed book, and when I forget my obligations to it, may this right hand forget its cunning!"

The speaker was a man of noble and commanding presence, in the prime of life, the owner of a splendid mansion, and surrounded with every form of art and beauty which united wealth and taste could bring together; yet no one who knew him, doubted for a moment that the volume to which he pointed was more precious in his eyes than all the glittering trappings that gave him importance among his fellow men. There it lay in its plain, discolored binding of calf—that well-worn family Bible, on a richly ornamented tripod, reverently covered with a veil of black lace, on which a wreath of white *immortelles*, brought from Pere la Chaise, had been placed by little Annie, fit emblems of the life and immortality brought to light in its sacred pages. Once a week, the old Bible was taken from its honored resting place, and the child who had been most diligent and obedient during the preceding six days, permitted to turn over its leaves, and gaze on the pictures with which it was filled—pictures which were to Annie and her brothers an unfailing source of interest and instruction. That there were remembrances peculiarly tender and affecting connected with the book, I was aware, but of their nature I was still ignorant, for Mr. Linwood seldom alluded to his early life, in which there had been some passages so painful that they were never willingly recalled.

The children's hour of enjoyment was over—the pictures had been for the hundredth time commented upon and admired, and the old

Bible was closed—but as he rose to replace it, Mr. Linwood turned to me and said,—

“There are circumstances connected with this volume, which, independently of its own merits, will always make it to me the most interesting and valuable of books, and as I have often promised my children to tell them the story of my mother’s Bible, I am strongly tempted, with your permission, my good friend, to gratify their curiosity to-night.”

I answered very truly, that nothing could interest me more than the promised recital, and a chorus of eager voices entreated dear papa to commence immediately. It was the twilight hour, sacred to story and to song—the hush of the Sabbath was upon and about us, and drawing our chairs into a circle before the glowing anthracite, we listened to the following story :—

“My first recollections of this old book are all bright and beautiful. I see, far back in the past, a large cheerful room, hung with pictures of my mother’s embroidery, and two fine portraits by Stuart of my father and herself—with the song of birds and the fragrance of innumerable flowers coming in through the open and shaded windows, while in the large arm chair, once belonging to my grandfather, sit my mother and her little boy, poring over these pictures, just as Henry and Annie have been this Sabbath afternoon, so many years afterward.

At my mother’s feet, with her large serious eyes fixed on the holy page, kneels my gentle sister, the dear associate and protector of my childhood, my loved and lost Coralie. How well I see her now—how distinctly I hear her tones of tender remonstrance, saying as I turn the leaves too roughly in my impatience—

‘Henry dear, this is God’s book, you know, and we must be very careful not to injure it, for angels are always hovering over it to guard it with their wings, and they watch us to see if we treat it as we ought while we are looking over it.’

Strange as it may seem, Coralie’s simple but poetical idea has never left me, and my mother’s Bible is in my imagination always surrounded with an angel guard who watch it night and day.

My father commanded a merchant vessel, sailing from Boston to Liverpool, and he was seldom with us, but my mother, my angel mother, was the constant companion of her children, who regarded her with a love that was almost adoration. She was little more than a child herself—one of the most loving and guileless of God’s creatures, with a heart that rose to heaven in gratitude and praise as naturally as the lark that goes soaring up into the glad sunshine, as its native element, while its nest is fixed on the darksome earth. My sweet

sister, my Coralie, was six years older than I, and to our mother she was, even at the age of twelve, less a child than a dear younger sister, on whom almost unconsciously she already began to lean. Coralie inherited our father's strength of intellect and firmness of purpose, united with the tenderness and 'sweet attractive grace' which made our mother so lovely, and never in my life have I seen any one who seemed to me so nearly perfect as my young and gentle sister.

Our home was situated near a small but beautiful village, in the eastern part of Massachusetts, on the banks of a rapid, sparkling stream, which has since shown that it 'could labor as well as laugh,' by turning the wheels of a dozen manufactories built by city capitalists. The house stood on the brow of a gentle eminence, sloping gradually upward from the river, and was surrounded with magnificent trees, the growth of half a century, beneath whose shade some of my happiest hours were spent, running races with our old dog Tray, or frolicking with him on the grass, while my mother and sister sat near, with book or needle, enjoying and sharing our mirth.

It was my father's delight, at those rare times, when he had a few weeks to spend with us, to embellish our little paradise in every way that affection, guided by cultivated taste, could suggest, and in these labors Coralie proved herself a skilful assistant, carrying out his plans so well, in his absence, that on his return, he always found something new to approve and admire. The place had been purchased by him of a narrow-minded, grasping man, a very Shylock, who was incapable of appreciating the capabilities of the place, and when he saw how beautiful it had become in my father's hands, was always lamenting his folly in having parted with it at so cheap a rate. However, the payments were all punctually made, even to the last, which was also the largest, and the dear home of my infancy and childhood was at length our own, without one drawback to mar our enjoyment in the sense of possession. I remember as if it were yesterday, the evening when my father came home, and announced this important intelligence to my rejoicing mother. I was but eight years old, but I understood enough to know that there had been anxiety mingled with my mother's enjoyment hitherto, and to sympathize warmly with her and my sister in their present happiness.

'There, Mary,' said my father, as he threw a folded paper into her lap—'there is the receipt in full which makes you undisputed mistress of Ingleside. I must tempt the ocean once more, but if this voyage is prosperous, I shall fold my wings hereafter in my own cozy nest. At all events, whatever may befall me, my dear ones are safely sheltered, and will have a decent competence, and for the rest, I leave it in His hands, with whom our breath is, and whose are all our ways.'

The next day my father sailed—but though some natural tears were shed by those he left behind, they were soon dried, for hope whispered of his speedy return to leave us no more, and when did youth and love ever refuse to listen to the voice of hope? So the months fled rapidly and peacefully away, while we were busy in beautifying the dear Ingleside, that it might look its very best on the coming of the absent one, and we were beginning to count the hours that must elapse ere we saw him. ‘To-morrow,’ said my mother as she kissed me for good night, ‘little Harry will see papa, I hope’—and already I was greeting him in dreams, when we were all awakened by the violence of one of those autumnal storms which annually visit the coast, bringing desolation to so many hearts and homes within our borders. My poor mother shuddered and turned pale as she folded her arms round Coralie and myself, and said with a trembling voice—‘Pray with me, my children, that God will bless and succor those who are in peril on the sea this night.’ She could not speak the name that was nearest her lips and heart—for the utterance of a prayer for him would have seemed like an acknowledgment of his danger, and that thought was too terrible to be admitted for a moment.

Two days and nights the storm continued to rage in wild fury, and when on the morning of the third day, the sun again lighted up our cheerful breakfast room at Ingleside, it shone on pallid faces, and eyes swollen with weeping, for those who knew best, said the Lady Flora, my father’s vessel, must have been near the coast, when the storm came on, and unless she got out to sea again, there was little hope of her safety. In a few weeks, this torturing suspense became a dread certainty; the vessel with all her crew must have foundered, and not one soul was left to tell the fearful tale. I cannot dwell on the horrors of that great bereavement. Young as I was, the tearless agony of my idolized mother and the touching grief of Coralie, who forgot herself in her unceasing attempts to comfort and sustain our only remaining parent, are fixed indelibly on my heart and brain. I crept about silently through the deserted rooms, too miserable and sick at heart even to complain of the gloom that enshrouded me like a pall—and almost angry with poor Tray for trying to draw me into one of our accustomed frolics on the lawn. One day, (shall I ever forget it?) Coralie came to me while our mother slept, and tried to speak cheerfully as she saw my loneliness, but the effort was too great—her lip quivered, her dove eyes filled with tears, and for a few moments the strong tide of grief would have way. At length, with a mighty effort for one so young, she said, choking back the sobs that almost stifled her voice, ‘Henry, darling, our dear father is there,’ pointing upward, ‘but I am sure he loves us still, and will be best pleased with us, if we do all

we can to comfort our poor mother. Bye and bye, if we are very good, we shall go to him and be so happy together, and there are no storms and shipwrecks in heaven, you know.'

While she stood thus, talking to me of heaven, and of our father there, she looked so like one of the angels about whom she told me, that I caught her hand with a strange fear, and exclaimed—

'Corrie, you are not going too, are you? Don't leave poor Harry all alone—it is so dark here, and every thing is so changed.'

'No, dearest,' she replied, while a flush like that of morning overspread her pale cheek—'sister would be sorry to leave mamma and Harry, now that they need her so much, but sometime, if she does God's holy will on earth, he will send and take her to himself.'—Alas, for us, how early was the prophecy accomplished!

Winter and spring had come and gone, and the rose trees were laden with blossoms, before my mother was able to leave her room and walk out, leaning on my sister's arm, amid the scenes she had loved so well. Sorrow had done the work of years on that sweet face, and when I saw it, so pale and thin, shrouded in the close widow's cap which concealed her beautiful hair, I shrank in childish dismay from the sight, and hiding my face in the folds of Coralie's dress, sobbed aloud. The poor mourner seated herself on a garden chair, and calling me to her, endeavored to soothe my grief, but her own was too recent and too severe; she could only utter in broken accents the words—'It is the will of God, my children'—but when Coralie added fervently, 'And let his holy will be done,' the amen that came up from her crushed heart was not the less acceptable, because mingled with a rain of bitter tears.

Previous to leaving home for the last time, my father had effected an insurance on his life, for a few thousands, which with the possession of Ingleside, placed us above the fear of want, so that no anxiety about the future mingled with our sorrow for the dead. Indeed, my mother knew little more about business than her children; she had always been tenderly cared for by one who was in her eyes the best and wisest of human beings, and like too many other loving and trusting wives, she preferred remaining in ignorance of her husband's affairs. It was therefore with a vague sensation of surprise, that she was called down one day, some months after my father's death, to meet Mr. Mason, the former owner of Ingleside. He was a coarse, hard man, and his efforts to seem polite and kind, only made this the more visible. After some awkward attempts at condolence, which were received in silence, he said with evident embarrassment—

'I called to-day, ma'am, to enquire about a receipt said to have been given to your husband by my agent for the last payment on this place. There is a good deal of question in my mind about that business—

might I be so bold as to ask the favor of seeing that paper for a moment ?

In her great sorrow, my mother had quite forgotten this paper, but now the whole thing came up vividly before her, and she rose instantly to comply with the request, but what was her surprise when on opening the private drawer in which my father's valuable papers were kept, no such document was to be found. After a hurried but thorough search, she was compelled to return without it—'but, surely,' she said, as she saw the man's sudden change of countenance, 'that can make no difference, as you know very well that the money was paid.'

'Excuse me, ma'am,' was his reply, 'it makes all the difference in the world. I have no hold on my agent without that paper, and he insists on seeing the receipt, and I cannot be expected to lose so large a sum without trying to save myself if I can.'

'But was not the money paid to you?' enquired my mother. 'I understood from my husband that it was yourself who gave him the document in question.'

'All a mistake, ma'am. I was out of town when the Captain left, and it stands to reason if he had paid the amount, he would have sent and got the bond from me. Here it is, however—the note of Captain Linwood for fifteen hundred dollars, secured by a lien on the estate, and if there is not something to bring forward as a set off, the law must take its course.'

Never had I seen my mother so terribly excited as at that moment. 'Man,' she said, while every muscle of her face was rigid with emotion, 'you best can tell why you have come to the house of mourning on such an errand as this ! That the money was paid, and that to the uttermost farthing, I know and can testify, and I cannot doubt that you know it too. Wherefore it is that the note was overlooked, I am ignorant, and the grave gives not up its secrets. The missing paper may still be found, among other documents,—I trust in God it will, and in that case, we are safe. But if otherwise, and you are resolved to rob the widow and the orphan, we are powerless, and must submit. But in the name of Him who is the widow's judge and a Father of the fatherless, I warn you to beware how you oppress those whom He has so sorely smitten. The soulless caitiff actually trembled and turned pale under the searching gaze of the woman he was attempting to plunder ; and stammering something about insult, and legal redress, he left the apartment. As the door closed behind him, the excitement which had sustained my mother gave way, and she fell back almost fainting upon the sofa. When consciousness returned, the bursts of grief that swept over her were fearful to behold. In vain Coralie entreated her, by every name of endearment, to be calm.

—in that hour of agony, every stay seemed swept from beneath her, and all was one wild chaos of anguish and dismay. But calmer thoughts succeeded this unwonted mood, and, gathering fresh strength from this blessed book, she dried her tears, and smiled upon us once more. For many successive days, every place of deposit about the house was searched for the missing document, but in vain. Nothing could be found of it; and, on consultation with Mr. Starr, who had been my father's legal adviser, she learned the extent of the evil with which we were threatened. I had just ended my daily recitation to Coralie, and was playing with Tray, when my mother came in from this visit to her lawyer; and the fixed and unnatural calmness of her face deceived me into the belief that at length all was right again. 'Mother,' I said, running to her, 'is Mr. Starr going to send away that bad man, so that we can be happy once more?'

'No, my Harry,' she replied, folding me closely to her heart, 'there is no help for us on earth. We must give up this dear home, and, with it, most of our means of subsistence; but our Heavenly Father will not forsake us if we trust in Him, and my children will not, I am certain, add to my sorrow by unavailing lamentations.'

The thought of leaving Ingleside was terrible to me, and I should doubtless have given utterance to my feelings, but for Coralie, who came forward, and eagerly exclaimed, 'Dearest mother, we are young, and can be happy any where. It is for you only we care, and if you will but be yourself again, we will bear everything without one murmur.'

How well she kept her promise, those only could tell who saw the unvarying sweetness with which she sought to sustain our mother, during the few sorrowful months that intervened between the first visit of Mr. Mason, and our leaving Ingleside forever. With relentless haste, our adversary urged forward the legal steps necessary to a foreclosure of the mortgage, and before the close of the second winter, our beautiful and beloved home was in the hands of another, while the rightful owner was driven forth to seek a shelter among strangers. By the advice of Mr. Starr, my mother took a small house in the vicinity of Boston, and his kind influence obtained, from some wealthy families there, fine needle-work for her and my sister, as the interest on my father's insurance was barely sufficient to pay our rent, and provide the necessaries of life for our little household. Like other young ladies in her station, my mother had been through the usual routine of fashionable accomplishments, but was not sufficiently mistress of any to teach others; and though Coralie played and sang remarkably well, she was too young to be trusted, so the needle was their only resource. I could tell you of the daily and ill-requited toil

of years. I could tell of hardships and indignities borne by those gentle and delicate beings, so sweetly and cheerfully, that Heaven's own light seemed to gild them, but I forbear. It is enough that such things were ; enough that I saw my sister wasting away like a flower smitten by the frost, but beautiful and uncomplaining to the last, until on her seventeenth birthday the angels came and bore her away to her native skies.

My mother's eyes, weakened by weeping and sewing at night, had become nearly useless, and though I had recently obtained employment in a store, I was too young to add anything to the common stock. It was a dark, dark time, and as I turned away from the last resting place of my angel sister, I longed to throw myself into the grave and rest by her side. But this holy book says—' At evening time it shall be light,' and we found it so.

A few days after the burial of Coralie, my mother took this Bible, and seating herself at the window, held it up to catch the fading light, when it slipped from her hand and was near falling. In trying to catch it, one of the fly leaves was torn partly out, and at the same moment, a folded paper fell to the floor. Trembling with excitement, she caught it up, and unfolding it, beheld the identical receipt, the loss of which had caused us so much misery. It had been placed between the two leaves, which were sealed together so neatly that they looked like one—wherefore, we could never know.

' It comes too late,' was our first bitter feeling—then as we looked on each other, the thought was rebuked, and we thanked God from the depth of grateful hearts.

No time was lost in making our discovery known to Mr. Starr, by whom immediate measures were taken to obtain restitution from the man who had so cruelly defrauded us. He had contracted for the sale of the property at more than treble its original value for manufacturing purposes, and we thus found ourselves possessed of an independence. From that time, everything was done for my beloved mother that affection could suggest, but the iron had entered too deeply into her soul—and though her love for me enabled her for a time to bear up against debility and disease, she was not long separated from the beloved ones she had so lamented. Of my sorrow and loneliness I will not speak, since they were at length cheered by an angel ministrant, whose love has blest my whole subsequent life"—and as he said this, the speaker turned toward his wife with an eloquent smile—" but I doubt not that all who have listened to my story, will feel with me, that I can never repay the debt of gratitude I owe to my mother's Bible."

HOPE.

BY MRS. S. M. COMBES.

"Often the precious present is wasted in visions of the future,
And coy to-morrow cometh not with prophecies fulfilled."—TUPPER.

No passion of the human soul is more firmly interwoven with the fibres of our nature, than a disposition to indulge in the gay illusions of hope ; yet none is cherished there, which experience proves has so slight a claim upon our credulity. That 'no man ought to be considered *happy* until death,' was a remark of the Greek philosopher, which has received the sanction of nearly all sages of later times. The cup of sublunary bliss is so often dashed untasted from the lips of mortals, that while subject to the calamities of life, no one may be considered strictly happy.

It is only by becoming learned in the school of experience that we know how to place a due value upon the enjoyments of the present, or to restrain our fancies of the future within any rational bounds. From the common evil of magnifying to an unreasonable extent those sources of enjoyment which lie beyond our present grasp, arises the final disrelish of all the sober enjoyments which grow out of a faithful discharge of the duties and obligations which, as dependants, we owe to our Maker, and as social beings to our fellow-men.

Most people are far advanced upon the stage of life before they become fully aware, that *happiness* is a kind of negative principle which consists rather in freedom from actual pain, than in any *positive* enjoyment. The natural sun seldom shines more propitiously upon the lot of fallen man than when it beams upon a heart at rest. The possession of a peaceful and approving conscience, with a freedom from distracting cares and blighting sorrows, is the highest good we may hope to attain in the present state ; and is a fitting emblem of that '*rest*' which the dawn of eternal day shall usher in upon the pure in heart. Those fancied flights, those short-lived pleasures upon which we frequently dote the most, have oftenest the least to do with the real substance of happiness ; and when once gone, are sure to sink the spirit as far below, as it was raised above, the calm equilibrium of life.

He has not been an idle observer of the designs of Providence in the arrangement and government of the world of mind, who has learned, as he passes along from day to day, to cull the gentle flowers which are scattered here and there in his pathway, to inhale their fragrance, and sip the refreshing dews of happiness and content, and

at the same time preserves a mind nerved with manly fortitude to meet any unforeseen contingencies.

In the season of youth, when the imagination is most prolific, and the inspiring current of romantic feeling readily transforms its possessor into the hero of some fairy tale, the heart is most likely to become a victim to its own excesses, and to wreck upon the pitfalls of extravagant passions. The slightest circumstance often excites desires and passions which the long lapse of time can neither gratify nor banish. We listen to the tales of other lands. We hear described in glowing colors the rich and varied landscape of some favored resort, where the votaries of pleasure or fashion meet; and fancy lends its airy pinions to bring in near perspective the charming scenery, the glowing canopy; and we sigh for a propitious gale to waft us away, that we may ravish our eyes with beholding the far reality.

Time passes on—and the spell of youthful feeling dies away. We roam at pleasure amid the scenes which in imagination looked all so bright and lovely, with an indifference that make us startle at ourselves, and wonder whether the change is in us or in all around.

The vernal season is over, and manhood comes on apace; and sober reflection succeeds all the extravagant fancies of youth. Man pauses here to fix his final purpose. He marks out the course he is determined at all hazards to pursue. He stands upon that eminence from which a glance around reveals in dim perspective the long, long past, and the hopeful future; and rashly notes down in general characters the probable losses and gains of life. But he stands only for a moment, ere the prop gives way upon which he leaned—he is far onward in his course—his purposes are either forgotten or but half fulfilled, ere he feels the pressure of years upon him, “the daughters of music are brought low,” and with the nightly bard he realizes the sad truth—

“All—all on earth is shadow.”

If such be the brief history of man, no wonder that the Leader of Israel, in contemplating the broad relations of time and eternity, could say, “We spend our years as a tale that is told!”

But thou, bright smiling Hope! fickle and inconstant as thou dost often prove, deceiving alike the suspecting and unwary, thou still amid thy bright constellation of fairy sisters, art man’s best and only abiding friend through this vale of sin and woe. As the peevish child is won away from its real or imaginary griefs, by the presentation of some glittering toy; so dost thou dry up the deepest fountains of human sorrow by holding out thy glittering tapers, which, as beacon lights upon the sea of time, illuminate our dubious pathway onward to the goal of life.

AEROLITES.

BY C. WINGATE.

No one has gazed, even for a few moments, on the face of the heavens, on a fine starry night, without seeing more or less of those singular bodies, commonly known as "*Shooting Stars*." At all seasons of the year, in all parts of the globe, and at all hours of the night, these twinkling luminaries flash on the eye of the careful observer, an enigma alike to the ignorant rustic, and the learned philosopher. Occasionally we find one of much larger size than ordinary, rivaling in bulk and brilliancy the largest planets, and even in some instances equalling the moon in the splendor of its light.* In the earlier ages of the world, they were looked upon with terror, and regarded as the harbingers of pestilence, war, or famine; and their origin, and the laws by which their movements are governed, have for centuries been the problem, the solution of which has taxed the powers and defied the acumen of the mightiest minds. But in connection with falling or shooting stars, and those larger or rarer flaming bodies known as meteors, we have a third class, known as *meteoric stones*, or *aerolites*; which, though differing in form, size, and composition, have still so many properties in common that they are regarded as partaking of a common origin. From time to time meteors have been seen to explode with a loud report, and masses of various sizes observed to fall to the earth. In numerous instances these masses have been found—the circumstances attendant on their fall recorded, and the masses themselves carefully analyzed.

Chemistry has revealed the wonderful fact that these flaming bodies were not formed by the *exhalations* of *gaseous vapor*, nor by certain *electrical states* of the *atmosphere*, as naturalists had taught; but were composed of an agglomeration of some twenty elements, all of them to be found on the earth, but in no other instance existing in the same relative proportion. Of these component parts of aerolites, iron is by far the most abundant; forming from ninety to ninety-five parts in a hundred of the whole mass. Seven other metals, viz., copper, tin, nickel, cobalt, chrome, manganese and molybdena, enter into the composition of these stones. Cobalt and nickel are the most invariably present, but in very small proportions. In addition to these substances, there have been found in aerolites, small quantities of the alkalies potash and soda; of the earth's magnesia, lime, silica, and alumina; and in addition to these, carbon, sulphur, phosphorus, oxygen and hydrogen. The proportion of these ingre-

dients varies exceedingly in different specimens, and no two are exactly alike. Externally they are black, rough and irregular ; with numerous small indentations, as though they had been exposed to a violent heat. If cut, the exposed surface has almost exactly the appearance of pure iron ; but is very much harder than iron. In the Museum of Yale College there is a specimen of a meteorite, one side of which has been cut into a smooth level surface, about six inches square, for the purpose of having an inscription made upon it. To accomplish this required the constant labor of the workman for thirteen days, and seventy saws were worn out or broken in the operation. Of the various specimens which, from time to time, have been seen to fall, their chemical constituents, their specific gravity, their hardness, their color, and the peculiar circumstances connected with their fall—such as the direction of their course, the force with which they strike, the brilliant light which always accompanies them, especially when seen at night, and their intense heat—sufficient to keep them quite hot for hours after burying themselves in the ground from the force of their descent—all these go to prove that they have a *common origin*, that the forces which have brought them into existence, and produced the phenomena by which they are always accompanied, are *intense* in their action, *uniform* in their results, and have been in operation from the *earliest periods* of which history has given us any account.

From the earliest ages reports have existed of masses of stones, of various sizes, falling from the sky, preceded by brilliant light and explosions. The naturalists of Greece and Rome, from Aristotle down to Seneca and Pliny, have made frequent records of similar events ; and have left descriptions copious enough to identify all the appearances with those of our own times ; while among the Chinese we have authentic catalogues of meteors which have appeared there for a period of two thousand four hundred years. From the 9th to the 12th century, not less than one thousand four hundred and seventy-nine meteors have been registered by Chinese observers alone. Though many instances of falling stones had been observed in France, England, Germany, Italy, and in every part of the world visited by intelligent observers, yet the first work published on this subject of any value was that of Chladni, in 1794, who published a catalogue of all the authentic instances of aerolites then known. Previous to this period, scarcely one man of science had considered the subject as one worthy of any especial examination.

But a new impetus was given to these investigations by the fall of a large mass of Wold Cottage in Yorkshire, in 1795, only one year

after Chladni's work had called public attention to the subject. This stone, which weighed fifty-six pounds, was seen to fall by two persons, by whom it was found buried to the depth of eighteen inches. A few months after this, a great fall of stones, extending over twenty or thirty square miles, occurred near L'Aigle in France. Several thousands of these meteorites suddenly descended with great violence, doing much injury to the productions of the country; and in two or three instances proving fatal to the inhabitants. A minute personal investigation of all the circumstances was made by the celebrated philosopher, M. Biot. Many similar cases were soon brought to light, and a careful chemical analysis revealed the fact, that these falling bodies were identical in composition, and unlike any other substances whatever.

These details not only authenticated the fall of such stones from the sky, but had a further effect of assigning a meteoric origin to certain strange ferruginous masses found in different countries, regarding which only vague traditions existed, or which had no history at all, but their outward appearance. These masses, some of them of vast dimensions, and evidently foreign to the places where they were found, so closely resemble aerolites in composition, color, specific gravity, and other properties, that they have universally been admitted as partaking of the same origin. The largest of these was found at Otumpa, in Brazil, in a locality where there is no iron any where, and no stone of any kind on the surface. It lies on an open prairie, and is estimated to weigh fourteen thousand pounds. Several other masses, but little inferior in size, have been found in various countries, whose analysis, showing a compound of soft metallic iron with a small proportion of nickel, leaves little doubt of their belonging to the class of meteoric bodies. Generally meteorites have occurred in small pieces of a few pounds in weight. Sometimes many hundreds of these pieces have fallen at once, as though the original meteor had been suddenly broken by some internal force; and not unfrequently these falling masses are dashed into still smaller fragments by falling on rocks or other hard substances. In almost every case, they are either broken to pieces or buried from one to two or three feet in the ground. The surfaces of all meteorites is covered by a black, shining and partially vitrified crust, indicating an exposure to violent heat, and if found in a short time after falling, are always quite hot. From the marks made by their fall on the ground, it seems that the direction of their flight is not perpendicular, but oblique, and the force with which they strike indicates immense velocity.

For many years it was an important object among astronomers to

determine the height and velocity of these bodies, and on this point we owe much to the labors of Brandes and Benzenburg, whose observations were continued for thirty-four years, from 1798 to 1832. As the results of these and similar observations, it was found that the height of shooting stars varied from fifteen to one hundred and fifty miles, and their velocity to be equal to some of the planets, reaching in some cases as high as thirty miles in a second.

The main facts regarding aerolites having been given, it now remains to examine the question as to their origin. And indeed there are few questions more interesting—not less to the unenlightened than to men of science—in the novelty and immensity of the suggestions which they press upon the mind. Whence, and by what force do these stones, some of them so massive—all so remarkable in composition, descend upon the earth? Various answers have been given to these questions, and various theories have been framed to explain their formation. Among the earliest of these was that which ascribed them to the action of volcanoes. Their hot and half vitrified state strongly supported an igneous origin; while their component parts, being found in various parts of the earth, render it probable that these elements might have combined in the interior of the earth, and have been ejected into the atmosphere by the power of volcanic action. But in opposition to this theory it may be urged that if meteorites were of volcanic origin, then they should be more abundant in the vicinity of volcanoes than elsewhere. But such is not the fact. No instance has been recorded of any meteorite having been found within or around any crater. While on the other hand, immense masses of many thousand pounds weight have been found at such a vast distance from any volcano, as to render the idea of their volcanic origin utterly preposterous.

Others have supposed them to be formed by the condensation of metallic vapors existing in the atmosphere. But they forgot to explain by what means these vapors are formed, or how they are sustained in the air; or by what agency their condensation is produced. There is no process known in chemical science by which to account for any such effects as these; and the theory resolves itself into a simple assertion without a shadow of proof.

Humboldt and others, the leaders in the scientific world, have attributed them to an origin beyond our own planet, and suppose them to be the fragments of small asteroids which have been broken to pieces and thrown within the attraction of our planet. But there are many difficulties attendant on this supposition. Among them may be mentioned the great length of time during which these phe-

nomena have been known—and the vast numbers of these falling bodies which have come to our knowledge ; to say nothing of those which may have fallen in the ocean, or in uninhabited countries, beyond human observation. Their number, their frequency, and the regularity of their occurrence, all render the idea of their being the fragments of a broken planet inadmissible—and force upon us the conclusion that the origin of meteorites is a problem not yet solved.

OUR LITTLE SLEEPER.

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 BY HELEN BRUCE.  
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With white hands folded o'er a sinless breast,
 The little sleeper laid him down to rest.

AN angel visitant from Heaven,
 Whose folded wings we could not see,
 To cheer our home awhile was given,
 With charming grace, and frolic glee.

A sweet and gentle cherub guest,
 With loving eyes, and shining hair—
 But earth was not his chosen rest,
 Not *his* earth's life of wasting care.

Joy that those little dancing feet
 Were not to bleed o'er thorny ways—
 That guileless heart, of wellsprings sweet,
 Was not to prove how hope betrays.

White rose of beauty, o'er us still
 The perfume of thy love is shed—
 The fragrance long thy home shall fill,
 Though thy bright presence hence hath fled.

Too fair and bright for earthly bowers,
 Transplanted to thy native skies,
 Thou 'rt blooming 'mid celestial flowers,
 In the blest clime of Paradise.

There is a fashion in the world of honoring what has a fair outside.
 Success, too, is made the test of merit ; so much so, that if a man have
 a crown rained down on him, it would be said he was princely born

THE CYPRESS VINE.

AND THE ALPINE SOLDANELLA.

~~~~~  
 BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.  
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DESPAIR AND STRENGTH.

Look up, look up!—

Forever on the eye which knows no fear
 There gleams a star through midnight's deepest gloaming;
 And the soft air, over the wide earth roaming,
 Gathers sweet tones for the determined ear.

The plant of strength,

Which on the ice-blink, as the rising sun,
 Turns its calm, deep blue eye, for ever smiling,
 The dreariness of those lone Alpine heights beguiling,
 Teaches a lesson it were loss to shun.

Forget thy griefs,

And listen to those whisperings, soft and low!
 The tale was taught it in tempestuous hour,
 Mid avalanches' crash, and thunder's roar,
 And the fierce mountain torrents' maddened flow.

In the dark wreath

So closely twining 'round thy throbbing brow,
 Weave thou that plant of strength and faith unwavering;
 And mingle in the chant which had no quavering,
 One strain of hope, however faint and low.

'Tis not to be—

The gliding down a smoothly flowing river,
 Not the beginning of the life immortal!
 And side by side, without the heavenly portal,
 Despair and luxury will stand for ever.

ONE GLASS MORE.

BY ALICE CRAIG.

CHAPTER I.

Then shun, oh, shun the enchanted cup!
Though now its draught like joy appears,
Ere long it will be fanned by sighs,
And sadly mixed with blood and tears

"ONE glass more, Helen," said old Mr. Murray, still seated at his dinner table, "and then we will summon Barney and the carriage."

"I have prepared a cup of excellent coffee, uncle, precisely as you like it. Let me pour that, instead of another glass."

"Nonsense, girl. Do not waste time, now, in preaching your new and absurd notions. Pour the wine, and be quick about it. I promised young Belden that we would be at the new house before dark."

The young lady still hesitated; and the old gentleman, who had already taken one, perhaps two glasses more than benefitted his temper, directed a servant to place the bottle near him, and helped himself to a much larger draught than he would, probably, have taken, but for his niece's unfortunate endeavor to restrain him. He then rose from the table, desiring Helen to make haste. She withdrew, accordingly, and soon reappeared, bonnetted, shawled, and gloved. Her uncle's fond glance of pride, struggling with his testiness, said, as plainly as words could have spoken—

"You are my very pearl, Helen, though you do vex your old uncle sadly at times."

The "new house" to which Mr. Murray had alluded, was, as yet, a very incomplete structure; though the work within its walls was progressing rapidly. Mr. Murray wished to consult the taste of his niece with reference to a trifling alteration which he had proposed to himself in the plan of some of the unfinished rooms; and for this reason had brought her with him at this time. As we have before hinted, he was not, just now, under the guidance of his habitual prudence. He ventured, accordingly, into many places which were by no means safe to unaccustomed feet; and Helen, after having provoked more than one petulant retort, by attempting to dissuade him, followed, in timid and anxious silence. An exclamation of alarm, from one of the workmen, at length caused Mr. Murray to pause and look back; to his horror, he saw that a piece of timber, from which

he had just stepped, had yielded to the force of his weight and motion ; and though still fast at the opposite end, was swinging in such a manner that his niece, who had scarcely traversed half its length, could neither advance farther, nor maintain her footing where she then was. Another moment and she must have fallen to inevitable death among the rubbish below ; but a figure suddenly emerged to view—starting, apparently, from a partition immediately beside the scene of danger—a strong arm arrested the descent of the terrified girl ; and, before her now bitterly self-accusing uncle could make his way to the spot, she was resting, unhurt, though nearly insensible, in the apartment whence her preserver had issued.

“ My child ! My precious girl ! ” exclaimed Mr. Murray, on coming up. “ Can you ever forgive me for bringing you into a place so full of danger ? ”

“ There would have been no danger whatever, sir,” quickly responded the young man who had advanced, so promptly, to Helen’s rescue, “ if proper caution had been observed. It was very madness to venture across that loose plank. I would have warned you, but I had heard the young lady expostulate in vain, two or three times before, and could not, of course, fancy any thing I would say would be listened to.”

At any other time, Mr. Murray would have resented this plainly worded speech, as an insolent freedom on the part of the young carpenter—for such he evidently was ; but he was completely humbled, for the time, in view of the so nearly fatal consequences of his obstinate imprudence. The person who, not without risk to his own life, had saved his beloved niece from death, and himself from the unending remorse with which such an event would have burthened his after life, might have carried rebuke even farther, without provoking him to anger. To the young man’s reproaches, therefore, he meekly replied, “ I deserve your censure ; but, believe me, I could never have perpetrated such rashness, if I had been actually myself. But the truth is”—and the proud though repentant old gentleman reddened with shame as he made the confession—“ I had taken too much wine.”

“ Then,” said the other, earnestly, “ thank God, with your whole soul, that you have escaped the guilt of murder.”

“ Murder ! ” thought Mr. Murray, as, seated beside his still trembling niece, he rode slowly homeward, that fearful word yet thrilling on his heart—“ Murder ! and of this dear child, whom, from her infancy, I have guarded by day and by night, and ‘ suffered not the winds of heaven to visit too roughly ! ’ Should I really have been guilty of a crime, from the very thought of which my soul recoils with horror ? In the eyes of the law, in those of most of my fellow-men,

probably, No. But in my own conscience, Yes ! For the man who, deliberately, wilfully, and with no other excuse than the gratification of a grovelling appetite, deprives himself of that share of reason with which God has endowed him, must be, in truth, responsible to the Great Judge of all for whatever casualties his temporary mania may occasion. My resolution is taken. I will yield no more to the debasing power of wine. Henceforward, I will avoid the cause, and know myself incapable of the commission of crime.

CHAPTER II.

" Life, oh friend ! is full of meaning,
To the good and to the wise ;
Be thou, therefore, always gleaning
Something from its mysteries—
That shall make thee wiser, better,
Hour by hour, and day by day,
Let not sloth thy spirit fetter,
As thou goest on thy way."

Mr. Murray held fast the integrity of his good resolution during several weeks, and his niece ventured to hope that her perilous adventure had been productive of a thorough reformation in the home-life of her beloved guardian. But the chains of a long-indulged habit were too firmly riveted to be rent asunder by a single stroke. The blow which had been given them, had, indeed, disturbed their folds, and for a brief space their victim breathed more freely ; but they returned, gradually and surely, to their baneful pressure, having, apparently, gathered fresh strength while seeming to yield to better influences.

The grieved and anxious Helen had again to contend with an endless variety of unreasonable caprices. From her childhood she had been accustomed to deal with her uncle's after-dinner moods ; and her affection had enabled her either to bear them patiently, or to soothe and often dispel them, by some playful artifice which her own merry temper or the circumstances of the moment prompted. But during the brief period for which Mr. Murray had allowed himself to be swayed by a better spirit than that of wine, his niece had learned, for the first time, her proper position with reference to her guardian. She saw him then as never before, at all hours of the day, in his natural, unperverted character—that of a dignified, intelligent, reasonable man. She had no whims to combat, no wiffulness to comply with or evade. She had merely to yield herself, trustingly, to the authority and guidance of one whom she now revered as much as she had always loved him. This ephemeral experience of what her life ought to be—of what, but for a single cloud, it would be—had given birth to emotions and reflections to which she had before been a

stranger. Hitherto she had not regretted the one fault of her uncle's life, as any injury inflicted on *herself*; she had mourned it simply as a habit whose tendency was dangerous to her otherwise excellent relative and protector. But she now realized that *she* was capable of a more elevating course of life than she had hitherto led: she had just begun to taste the happiness thereof, when her uncle's relapse into his old, destructive habit, demolished at a blow the castles that hope and fancy had been so busily rearing, during those few memorable days, and brought back harshness and dissonance to a heart on which harmony and confidence had shed so dear, but fleeting, a light.

The disappointed girl tried to submit, and to endure; but she could not resume her former lightness of heart. She now grieved not, alone, that her guardian was daily degrading his fine intellect and noble character—she grieved, also, over her own wasted life.—A consciousness of sympathies and powers which had never been cultivated, had been awakened within her, and she could not, again, sit down in contented idleness and ignorance.

Mr. Murray, like many others who, having set their faces toward the attainment of good, suffer themselves to look back, and are again lured into the toils of error, did not stop at the precise point to which he had before fallen; he descended yet lower. The poisonous cup was oftener than ever at his lips, and the common results of intemperance soon manifested themselves. One of the first and most prominent of these was a change in his choice of associates. He had always been very select in his companionships—fastidiously so in those which affected his niece; guarding her, with careful vigilance, from contact with whatever could contaminate or plebeianize. Now, he admitted to his house, and invited to his table, men whom he had formerly regarded with suspicion and dislike; and whose presence at his fireside, had it been unavoidable, he would, at least, have submitted to as a dangerous necessity. And Helen was compelled to treat these men as her uncle's guests. But this was not all—worse yet awaited her. One of these guests, attracted, as was thought, by her sweet face and modest demeanor, soon offered her marked attention. He was a man of wealth and captivating manners, but of corrupt principles. Helen had been prejudiced against him before his introduction into the house, and this prejudice assisted to guard her against his many fascinations. She tried to discourage him by coldness, but he would not be repelled. Avoid him she could not, and she at length appealed to her uncle. Her own opinion of Mr. Barwood was grounded on what she had formerly heard Mr. Murray say of him. We will not, however, unseal the truth that her fancy had yet another safeguard.

She had frequently accompanied her uncle in his visits of inspec-

tion to "the new house." On almost every such occasion, she had seen and sometimes exchanged a few sentences of conversation with Mr. George Belden, the young master-builder, whose activity and strength had once been so signally exerted in her behalf. These interviews always appeared accidental, but we incline to a belief that they were, often, the result of some ingenuity on the part of Mr. Belden, whom the accident referred to had supplied with a key to the young lady's acquaintance, such as few of her more aristocratic admirers had ever obtained; that key was gratitude. Helen had not forgotten that Mr. Belden had saved her life, and Mr. Murray remembered from what he had saved him. The growing interest of the young people in each other, was not frowned on by the uncle, who summarily decided that it would terminate whenever Mr. Belden's business relation with himself should cease. But the new house required a remarkable amount of finishing—of that delicate work which only the master hand could execute. Accordingly, some minute but indispensable exercise of his craft, brought the young architect frequently within or about the edifice, even after it was occupied by its owner's family; and it was generally very important that the young mistress of the mansion should see and approve his workmanship.—Helen, whom her uncle's affectionate caution had preserved from all intimacies, beyond the limits of his own family circle, could not fail to remark the intelligence and good sense manifest in whatever Mr. Belden said or did. The very contrast between his manners and those of the gentlemen whose courtesy she was now obliged to endure, enhanced the pleasure she realized in his society. In the place of graceful flippancy, she heard the expression of valuable thoughts; instead of those pliant sentiments which adapted themselves, with such facile politeness, to any mood that her uncle or herself chanced to display, she met rational opinions—often at variance with her own, but always respectfully explained and firmly adhered to. She felt that he regarded her neither as a child who might be played with, nor as a trifling girl who must be flattered to be amused; but as a thinking being, old enough and sensible enough to have ideas of her own, and to have acquired such knowledge as became her years and station in life. She knew that, in his society, the highest and best powers of her mind were called into exercise; that she was both instructed and gratified by his conversation—while that of the gentlemen in her uncle's parlors, tended always rather to diminish than to enhance her self-respect. Was it strange that she drew comparisons not at all favorable to Mr. Barwood?

We have said that she appealed to her uncle for relief from Mr. Barwood's attentions. But Mr. Murray was more changed than his niece

had allowed herself to believe. To her inexpressible embarrassment, he replied to her, that he "was anxious to see her settled in life, and that she would do well to take advantage of the opportunity now offered her;" and counselled her, seriously, to accept the addresses of Mr. Barwood, and regard him as her future husband.

Helen left her uncle's presence, in great perplexity and distress. Unconscious of what direction she bent her steps, she moved, mechanically, in that of the conservatory. It happened that Mr. Belden had chosen that very day to construct frames for several creeping exotics, which he had lately observed needed such support. Whether or not he had ascertained that Helen devoted a part of almost every day to the nurture of plants and flowers, it is not our pleasure to inform you, reader; we will only relate that he entered the conservatory soon after that young lady—the dejection of her feelings portrayed in her countenance—had begun her customary task of inspecting its blooming tenants.

CHAPTER III.

"Wealth is not the good thou needest,
Ease, an evil thou shouldst dread;
Blest art thou whom God but feedest,
Day by day, with daily bread."

"Have you heard the strangest rumor of the week?" asked the fashionable Miss Howard, as she entered the rich parlor of Mrs. Morlan, for a morning call.

"I have heard nothing that surprised me, particularly," replied Mrs. Morlan. "Pray, what rumor do you allude to?"

"Why, that Miss Murray, the niece, and, as every one thought, the heiress of the rich banker, has married a carpenter!"

"That is surprising, indeed. The old gentleman has kept her so exclusive, that she has had but few acquaintances, and, as I have heard, no intimate friends. He has, I suppose, allowed her no opportunity of forming attachments more in accordance with his own rank, and this has come of it. He has overreached himself, by his excessive pride and caution. I am more sorry for the girl than for him."

"I am not. She is very young; and, I dare say, he would have introduced her into society in a year or two. She must have had vulgar tastes, and is, probably, mated exactly to her mind."

"Your last supposition, I hope, will prove to be a correct one," remarked Mrs. Holmes, a lady who had not spoken before since the subject under discussion had been presented. "In your former conclusions I am so fortunate as to be able to assure you that you are entirely mistaken. Miss Murray *had* an opportunity of selecting a

husband from her uncle's immediate associates. The talented Mr. Barwood offered her his hand, and a share of his large fortune ; and Mr. Murray's solicitude to secure so splendid an alliance for his niece has, probably, impelled the young lady to be somewhat premature step she has just taken."

"Then she is even more inexcusable than I thought her," responded Miss Howard. "She has married a mechanic, to escape the addresses of a wealthy and accomplished gentleman, whose suit would honor any lady in the city."

"Miss Murray has acted from principle, as well as inclination.— Before she became acquainted with Mr. Barwood, she had often heard her uncle speak of him in terms of unqualified disapprobation. When introduced to him, his fine appearance and imposing address did not lure her to forget that she had heard, that he was 'one of those men whom every pure-minded woman should be taught to shun.' She had no reason to think Mr. Barwood had changed, since he had heard these things said, but she knew that her uncle had. She knew that his partiality for the former gentleman was the result of a lamentable infatuation in other particulars. She entreated him, in vain, to relieve her from Mr. Barwood's assiduities ; he informed her, in evident displeasure, that it did not become so young a girl to set herself against the judgment of those who knew better what was expedient than she possibly could. Helen saw that farther remonstrance was useless. She was silenced, but by no means convinced that her acceptance of Mr. Barwood would secure, either her uncle's happiness or her own. She had, as Mrs. Morlan remarked, but few acquaintances and no intimates. A judicious female friend, to whom she could have revealed her trials and of whom she could have asked that sympathy and counsel which she so much needed, would have been invaluable. But she was alone in the world. All that she thought and felt must be pent within her own bosom. Her intuitive propriety forbade her giving her confidence to servants, but that observing class of persons are apt to inform themselves pretty thoroughly, whether trusted or not. Those of Mr. Murray were not backward in rehearsing, in other parts of the house, such items of knowledge as they gathered in the dining-room and parlor."

Mr. George Belden, the young architect to whom Mr. Murray had entrusted the erection of his new and elegant mansion, was still, frequently, about it, perfecting his work. He had once had the fortune to render Miss Murray an important service ; and from that incident an acquaintance had sprung up between them, which had, gradually, assumed a form almost of intimacy. He is a young man of sterling

worth of character, and although a mechanic, is well educated and gentlemanly. The whispering of the servants, confirmed by Helen's ill-concealed sadness, informed him of the perplexity of her position. Was it strange that such a girl as we all believe her to be, should have inspired a deeper interest than ordinary friendship ; or that, in her isolation—sighing for help and sympathy—she should learn to lean, with her whole heart's load of love and trust, on the stalwart arm which had once saved her from death, and now offered her refuge from a persecution that threatened the happiness of her future life ? But Helen's affection is not her only surety of happiness. Her husband's firm religious and temperance principles form the basis of a hope such as wealth and rank, with her past experience arrayed against them, could never have inspired. She attributes the greatest—indeed the only sorrows of her life—to her uncle's disregard of the scripture injunction, to 'Look not upon the wine when it is red.' My own opinion is, that although she has married, as it is expressed, 'below herself,' in the gradation of society, time will show that she has done wisely."

CHAPTER IV.

"Or like the kindly words of friends
That cheer us on life's way,
And bid us yield not to despair,
But wait a brighter day."

But a few days have passed, reader, since our last leave-taking ; yet we ask of your courtesy to believe that two or three years have glided by to the dramatis personæ of our story.

Mr. Murray, the respected, though faulty subject of our narrative, has become completely the subject—rather, slave, of that pernicious habit which every year destroys the intellect and wastes the energies of so many who might, otherwise, stand among our best and noblest citizens. Mr. Barwood's influence over the once worthy old gentleman, has been productive of much evil. It has beguiled him to the gaming table, where, rumor says, he has staked and lost so much money, that his ample fortune is materially impaired. It is now whispered, also, that Mr. Barwood lost much of his own fortune in the same manner, a few years since ; and that he sought an intimacy with Mr. Murray, mainly with a view to replenishing his purse from that gentleman's well-stored coffers. He designed, at first, to secure that agreeable result through the medium of Mr. Murray's sweet niece ; but Helen, as we have shown, eluded his pursuit, and became the wife of George Belden. Mr. Barwood regretted Helen's escape ; he really admired

her, and would have preferred to grasp the uncle's fortune with the niece's hand ; but he did not yet despair of attaining his most prominent object. By specious sophistry, he blinded his victim, already bewildered with wine, to the tendency of what he recommended, and then lured him to the society of those who soon accomplished what the wily schemer had planned.

Mr. Murray, in his first transport of anger at Helen's unadvised marriage, had declared a resolution to alter his will, and adopt another heir. Accordingly, he sent to a distant village, for an orphan girl whom he had never seen, but who, he rashly hoped, would fill the void which Helen had left in his house and heart. Laura L. was the daughter of a former friend of Mr. Murray. Like Helen, she had been left an orphan at an early age ; and, like Helen, had she been reared in the house of an uncle ; but, *not* like Helen, had she been treated with more than parental kindness and indulgence. Her physical wants had been supplied, but affection was not even professed toward her by those whom a sense of duty, or perhaps a mere dread of the world's opinion, constrained to give shelter and sustenance to the orphan. The arrival of Mr. Murray's letter wrought a remarkable change in the demeanor of the whole family toward their dependent relative. They took leave of her with many expressions of kindly interest, and abundant advice to "keep the old gentleman in good humor. It might cost her some trouble now, but she would be richly paid for it by and by."

Laura was so happy in being released from a condition, almost, of servitude, that she did not, for some time, realize any trials in her new position. But she gradually discovered that the roses, so profusely strewn around her, were not altogether without thorns. A solicitude, perfectly natural in her circumstances, to perform what her cousins recommended—namely, keep Mr. Murray in good humor—prompted her to study his whims, and endeavor to gratify all his caprices. But the task which Helen, with the knowledge and experience of a life to assist her, had found an impossible one, could not be accomplished by an unpractised stranger. Her very anxiety to please irritated Mr. Murray, whose once generous temper had become moody and distrustful. The efforts of the really grateful orphan, were attributed by her benefactor, to interested motives. Instead of eliciting commendation, she was frequently repulsed as officious and tiresome. Matters grew worse and worse, as the demon of intemperance rose into more complete ascendancy. Laura seriously contemplated abandoning her thankless experiment, and returning to her former uninviting home. Precisely at this juncture, however, she encountered a powerful coadjutor, whose sympathy assisted her to bear the burthen that she had assumed,

and whose counsel instructed her how to elude or to endure the thorns that beset her daily path.

Mr. Murray was not so lost to the respect of persons and things around him, as not to observe the happy change in Laura's demeanor. She was quite as ready as ever to minister to his comfort or pleasure, but she was, evidently, less afraid of him than formerly ; and the excellence of her motives was now more apparent to her guardian than when her most amiable impulses were held in check by fear. The petulance that had been wont to call tears to her eyes, was often met with a courageous smile, worthy of Helen herself.

Months—years rolled by, and Mr. Murray's course was onward, and—downward. Loss of time, of money, of dignity of character, brought their usual results—loss of friends and of public confidence. The proud and sensitive old man felt his degradation keenly ; but, instead of “redeeming his time,” he sought, continually, to drown his consciousness of abasement in the poison which had wrought it all. But, while many in whom he had trusted deserted him, the orphan Laura “still clung, with hope the fonder,” to the fallen, but not totally worthless man. And her fidelity at last, won from him a degree of confidence and regard that was as balm to her lonely heart ; for never before had words of affection—of affection for herself—fallen on her conscious ear.

Mr. Murray and Laura were riding out, one afternoon, when an accident compelled them to leave their carriage, a mile or two from home, and commence the residue of their way thither on foot. They had proceeded but a short distance, before Mr. Murray, by some inadvertency of movement, sprained one of his ancles so severely that he fell, faint with pain, to the pavement. Fortunately, or rather providentially, they were near a house, with the inmates of which Laura was acquainted.—She informed them, without loss of time, of her guardian's accident. Assistance was promptly rendered : the still insensible man was conveyed within, and received every attention that his situation could possibly demand. A physician was summoned, who pronounced the injury serious, but not dangerous ; administered an anodyne, and left the sufferer in a profound slumber. Mr. Murray slept several hours. On awaking to consciousness, he naturally asked himself where he was, and what had brought him there. Rallying, by degrees, his scattered thoughts, he soon realized what had befallen him, and blushed, before his own conscience, as he confessed to himself the cause of his wayward footsteps. In another moment, as if impelled by some power that might not be gainsaid, a crowd of stinging memories rushed, tumultuously, to the same involuntary tribunal. His misspent time, his wasted talents, the encouragement that his favorite vice had received from his example.

and "last, but not least," in its power to wound, the capricious tyranny of his late domestic life, stood accusing before him, and refused to be dismissed.

"My orphan girls!" he bitterly thought, "if they have become lovely and virtuous women, small merit is mine that this is so. I have fed and clothed them, but how little have I done to instruct, or make them truly happy! Helen, my darling, what would I not give for a moment's sight of your dear face—a single sound of your sweet voice—though it uttered only the reproaches I so richly deserve."

He looked around him: he was in a tasteful room, smaller and less splendid than the apartments of his own mansion, but one that might, he thought, be pronounced completely pretty—furniture, arrangements, everything. Within a few feet of the couch on which he lay, stood the prettiest cradle, holding the prettiest baby—and beside it, her foot on the rocker, sat the very prettiest mother that he had ever seen. She looked toward him, their eyes met—a single word was spoken by each—"Helen!" "Uncle!" and in another moment the "darling" was weeping on her uncle's breast.

CHAPTER V.

"O, pledge no more with the foaming wine,
Nor bow again at old Bacchus's shrine;
For serpents lurk in that golden bowl,
Whose sting is death to the heart and soul."

"I shall be very jealous," murmured a soft, tremulous voice, at Mr. Murray's head—though, at the same moment, an arm was thrown lightly over Helen's neck, with a manner indicative of any thing, rather than the unamiable sentiment threatened—"I shall be terribly jealous."

"You will have no reason, my dear Laura," responded the delighted guardian: "I have learned to know your value also, and take shame and blame to myself, that I was so long in finding it out."

"For whatever I have been worth to you, sir, the credit is due here," replied Laura, drawing Helen's cheek to hers.

"Then you two are acquainted," said Mr. Murray, looking his surprise.

"We have seen each other a few times before," answered Helen, smiling.

"Ah!" responded her uncle, "I see it all, now; and Laura's changed behaviour is no longer a puzzle. I thought she had become strangely like you."

"That is higher praise than I deserve," said Laura. "I should have fainted or looked back, long since, but for her sympathy and encouragement. The merit of perseverance is not my own."

Helen pressed her finger on Laura's lips.

"I cannot allow you to represent matters so unfairly," interrupted she. "Honor to whom honor is due; and to such only. Permit me to do us both justice. The truth is simply this, uncle. When I first encountered Laura, she was painfully disheartened by a fear that in all her efforts to promote your comfort and evince her own gratitude, you suspected her of a design on your much talked of fortune, and she was seriously disposed to return to her uncle C's., and allow you an opportunity of seeking another protege, who might be more successful than she had been, in studying your habits and interpreting your wishes. I could not listen to this. I saw that she was just the ministering friend and pet that you need always with you—if you could be brought to understand each other. I saw, too, that it was not because she was 'weary in well-doing,' that she wished to leave you, but that her sensitive affection was wounded by your suspicions. I asked her a few questions, and soon ascertained precisely how matters stood with you both. I saw that she had been quite too submissive—too dutiful—and I told her so. I knew you so well, uncle. I knew that, like most other men, you respected a woman more for being conscious of her own worth and importance. I ventured to advise her to assume a more spirited demeanor—to be a little more saucy, uncle, by way of informing you that some little consideration was due from you to her, as well as implicit obedience on her part. Confess now, has not my plan worked well?"

"My pet birdie! As saucy as ever!" said Mr. Murray. "But how does your advice to her to stay and bear with me, tally with your own behavior in flying away? Eh! my little traitress?"

"Your birdie would never have flown from *you*, uncle; but she *did* fly from the mate whom you wished to cage her up with. But you have found him out, too, have you not?"

"I have, indeed, to my sorrow and heavy loss. But let him go, with his ill-won gains. I have still something left for you and Laura; and we can be happy without our former wealth, now that we shall be altogether, can we not?"

A silent pressure of Laura's lips to her guardian's hand, and another from Helen's on his cheek, were the only answers he obtained.

Mr. Murray looked around, again, at the neat apartment. "You fled to a pretty cage, my truant birdie," he said; but where is the mate for whom you deserted me?"

"He was obliged to go out to-night; but he did not go until Dr. Forms had pronounced that you were not dangerously hurt. He will return soon, now, I think."

"I am impatient to see him. You married a mechanic, Helen, but you chose a rising man. He promises to become one of our first architects. But what have you in the cradle there? It begins to demand some attention."

A rosy cherub was, forthwith, extricated from the tiny domicile, and placed in Mr. Murray's arms.

"We have called him by your name, uncle, and we sometimes fancy that he resembles you."

Mr. Murray folded the smiling babe to his breast, and his tears fell fast on its innocent face. The arrival of Mr. Belden interrupted this scene, and Helen had the happiness of seeing her husband and her uncle greet each other as if no coolness had ever existed between them.

"How I have longed and prayed for this reunion!" she said, sobbing in her excess of joy.

"I too have wished for it," said Mr. Murray, "though I was too proud and too obstinate to seek it. You have done better than I. You have been mindful of your peevish uncle, while I—but I am not disposed to confess how many inquiries I have made, when I fancied you would never hear of them. Of course, you will leave this fairy cottage, now, and come home with Laura and me. We must have you. You cannot refuse."

Helen looked to her husband.

"We have been so happy in our cottage," he replied, "that I would, willingly, pass here the remainder of my life. But I submit to Helen's decision, let her pronounce it."

Helen hesitated a moment, and then said, somewhat timidly—

"We will go with you, uncle, if you will first do one thing to please us."

"Name your one thing. It must be a hard one, if I did not consent to it."

"It is a very easy one, uncle; only to write your name on a piece of paper," she replied, taking a scroll from a drawer as she spoke.

Mr. Murray instantly became grave, and exhibited some displeasure, as he responded—

"I understand you; and I must say, Helen, that I think you might have spared me this humiliating condition. I can be temperate, I hope, without bringing myself under a pledge to be so."

"I know you can, uncle, and if you place your name here, I know you will. George thinks the pledge no trifling auxiliary to good intentions. He has never regretted signing it."

"I have not, in truth. I firmly believe that, next to the blessing of God, I owe my success in life, chiefly, to my temperance princi-

ples ; and even these might have failed to strengthen me, under great temptation, but for the reflection that I had solemnly pledged myself, to abstain, entirely, from intoxicating drinks."

"That 'total abstinence' clause is the feature that I most dislike. A glass or two of wine cannot hurt any man."

"Perhaps not ; but one glass prepares the way for another, and so on, until——"

"Until," interrupted Mr. Murray, "sense, reason, prudence, all are gone, as the wine from our glasses. You are right. All my late follies may be traced to the 'one glass more,' about which Helen used to quarrel with me. You have never done so, Laura, saucy as you have been lately. But reach me that pen, girl, and leave off crying. You are not sorry, I presume."

Laura's face, be it remembered, expressed nothing like sorrow, as she presented the small but potent instrument demanded.

"There," said Mr. Murray, as he returned the pen to Laura, and tossed the scroll into Helen's lap—"I am a weak old simpleton, doubtless, in yielding to you ; but, henceforward, with God's help, I am secure against the consequences of 'one glass more.'"

SHE IS LAID IN THE EARTH.

SHE'S laid in the earth ! but her bright spirit soars
To the regions of bliss, from these sorrowful shores ;
She moved, in her beauty, an angel while here,
And I saw she was form'd for a happier sphere.

Oh, sad are the sighs for her absence I heave,
And sad are my tears—though 'tis fruitless to grieve ;
Yet oft, through the dark mists of sorrow, I see
In fancy, my Mary still smiling on me !

Wherever I go, there's no object I trace
Can tear from my mind her lov'd form or her face ;
Nor time can my soul in forgetfulness steep ;
Her dream-wafted image still smiles on my sleep.

In night calm and clear, 'mid the bright orbs I try
To trace her blest home in the beautiful sky ;
And I gaze on some star, till in fancy I see
Her far-shining spirit still smiling on me !

THE WITHERED HEART.

~~~~~  
BY FRANK WILLOUGHBY.  
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You said, you loved my artlessness,
My manner frank and wild ;
You said you loved me *as I was*—
And I was but a child !
I came a young and trusting bride,
To share your home and hearth ;
Yet loving as a woman loves,
But once upon the earth.

I thought to find a lover,
Protector, husband, friend ;
I found a teacher harsh and stern,
To whom each wish must bend,—
My very nature must be changed,
And moulded to thy will—
Oh ! had you ruled with gentleness,
The task were easy still.

But, no—you taught with chiding—
With harsh reproof and blame ;
Never one word of tenderness,
Was uttered with my name.
My utmost efforts never brought
One single word of praise,
But stern reproach for trivial faults
Embittered all my days.

True, I had faults, and who is there
From faults and follies free ?
My errors surely might have met
Patience and sympathy.
Oh ! bitter was the struggle,
The contest fierce and long,
Between my love and reverence,
And my deep sense of wrong.

But constant chiding wears out love,
As water wears the stone ;
And now respect and love, as well
As joy and hope have flown.
Though bound in outward seeming,
My heart is now set free—
It yearns no more for human love,
It asks no sympathy.

THE BABY IN THE SKIES.

You need not seek to win me back,
 Or wonder at my state,
 You have no power to move me now,
 The effort comes too late.
 I live and move as in a dream,
 The springs of life are fled :
 And still within a living form,
 I bear a heart that's dead.

I do my duty faithfully,
 But not through love or fear ;
 Indifferent now, thy praise or blame
 Alike falls on my ear.
 But you have done a fearful thing,
 In acting thus your part—
 In quenching hope, and light, and love,
 Within a human heart !

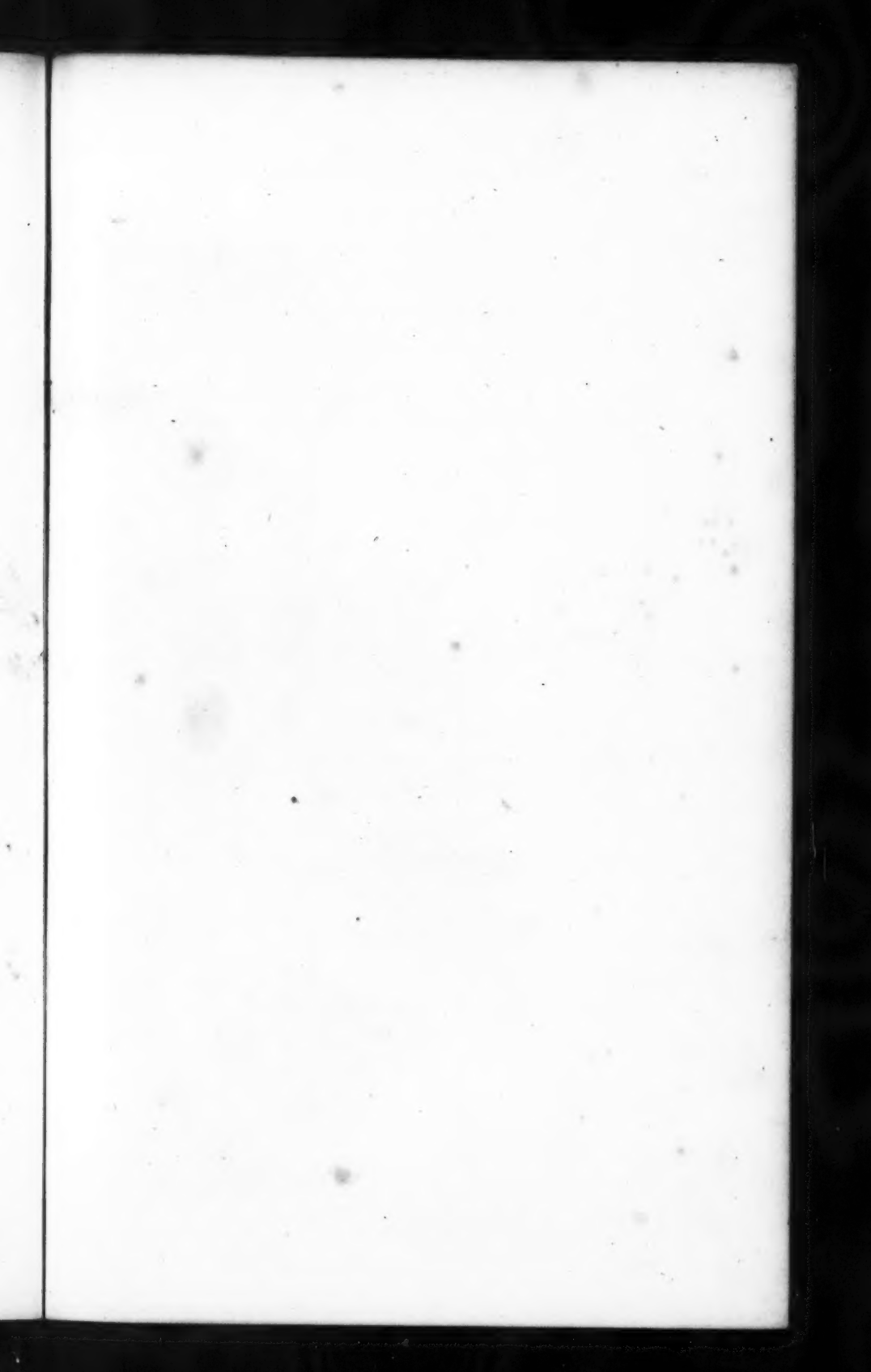
—THE BABY IN THE SKIES.

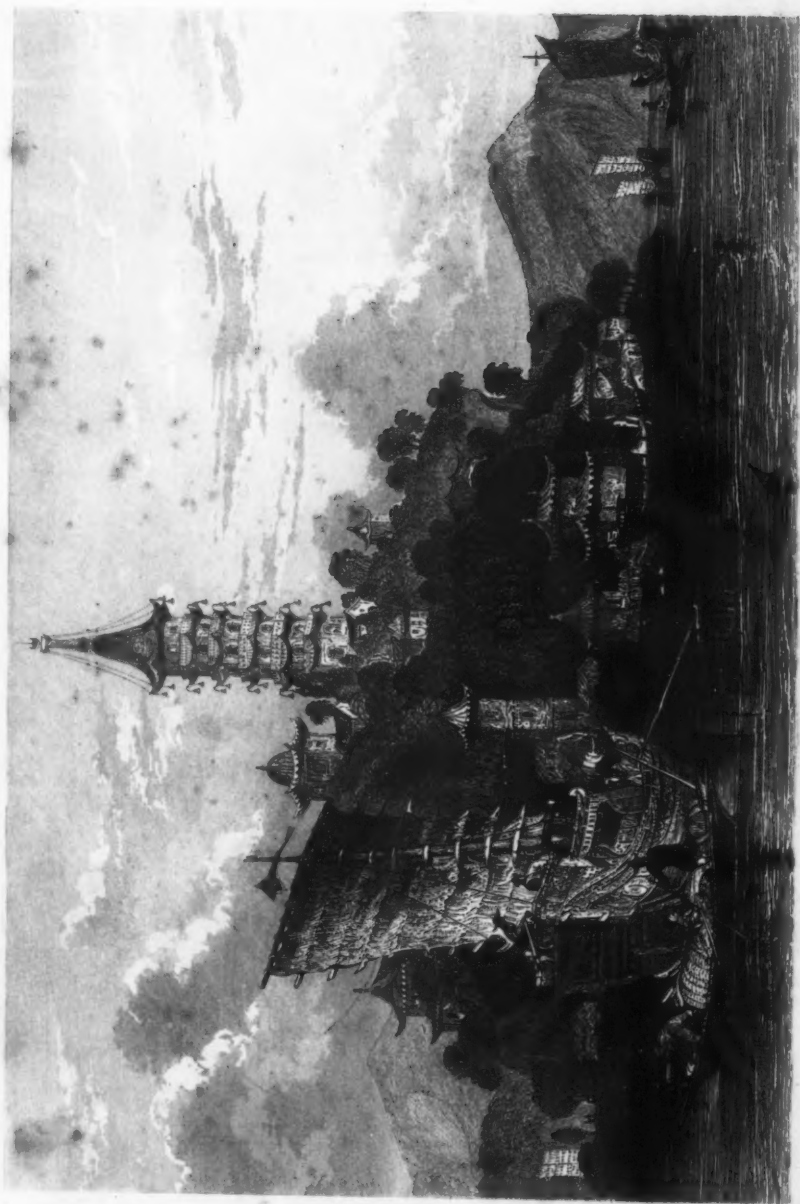
~~~~~  
 BY J. M. FLETCHER.  
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THE mother has a pleasant smile
 For all her many friends,
 And sheds a ray of happiness
 Whichever way she wends ;
 But often in her gayest mood,
 A transient tear will rise,
 As something near her brings to mind
 Her baby in the skies.

You meet her in the moving throng
 That crowds the busy street,
 And think that joy was made to sit
 Upon a face so sweet ;—
 Alas ! you little know how slight
 A cause may dim her eyes—
 What little things may bring to mind
 Her baby in the skies.

Her songs are set to merry tunes,
 And chime with merry hearts,
 With all the pleasing melody
 That fellowship imparts ;
 Yet often an unguarded note
 Will tremble as it dies,
 For dying accents bring to mind
 Her baby in the skies.

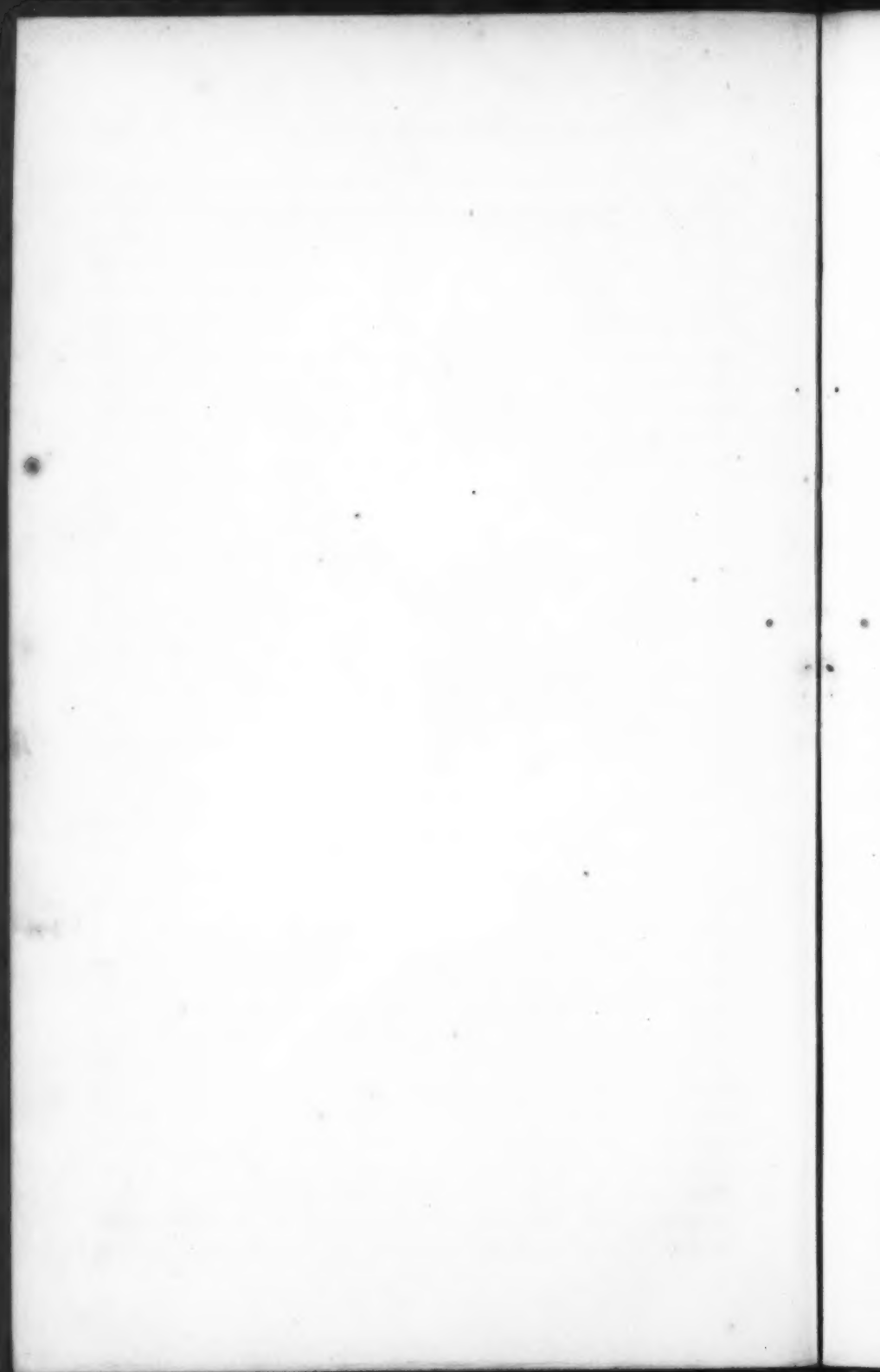




The H.M.S. "Plover" at Bellona Island



Calliopse



THE GOLDEN ISLAND OF JAPAN.

BY DAVID M. STONE.

JAPAN has been almost lost to the world for one hundred and fifty years, having, for this space of time, been nearly as inaccessible to the inhabitants of other lands, as if it had existed upon another planet. From the first visit of Europeans, about the middle of the sixteenth century, down to the year 1637, a large and rapidly increasing trade was carried on with the Japanese. In the last mentioned year, the famous edict against Christians was issued, and since then the empire has been almost completely isolated, its foreign intercourse being confined to the Dutch and Chinese, and they only being allowed to make a definite number of visits, and to land at a particular point, from whence they can learn but little of the interior of the empire. Japan is not, however, an uncivilized nation, and although there is mixed up with what is given to us as its history, much that is fabulous, enough is known to stimulate an ardent desire for a more intimate acquaintance. A recent writer upon this subject has spoken of "a group of small islands in the Pacific" as the seat of this empire, as if the whole territory might be comprehended within a good sized harbor. The Island of Nippon, however, the largest of "the group," is *nine hundred miles long, and one hundred miles in average width*, and the whole population of the empire is variously estimated at from twenty-five to fifty millions, probably not less than thirty-five millions. The Japanese are by no means a barbarous people; they have schools and colleges, and have made no insignificant progress in science and the arts. Their government is a complete despotism, but the people are the most orderly to be found in the world. Every man is a spy upon his neighbor, and responsible for his good conduct; and thus, although the land is crowded with inhabitants, no disturbance of the public peace ever occurs; and as the penalties annexed to the laws are certainly executed without fear or favor, there are but few infringements of the code. The buildings in town and country bear a strong resemblance to the Chinese, having the same tent-like form, and concave roof; and the towers are ornamented with bells, which serve alike for decoration, and to guard against the intrusion of evil spirits. Many of the residences of the nobility are very extensive as well as beautiful, and the Emperor's palace at Jeddo is five leagues in circumference. The buildings and tower, seen in the engraving, are among

the finest specimens of Japanese architecture, and are roofed and ceiled with plates of pure gold. The island receives the name we have given it, from the profusion of its auriferous deposits. The Japanese barks, of which our artist has given several drawings, resemble the Chinese Junk, except that they have but one mast and a single sail. They are long and narrow, and have the same flat bottom and high stern.

The inhabitants of the empire are better known than the interior of their country. The men are not as large as the average of Europeans, but are muscular, vigorous, and courageous. The women are said to be very beautiful, but their customs lead to sad disfigurements, according to our standard of taste. Thus a lady who is engaged to be married, blackens her teeth in token of her acceptance of the ambitious wooer; and after marriage plucks out the hair from her eyebrows, giving a peculiar and unpleasant expression to the face. The sex, however, are not kept in such extreme subjection as in most other eastern nations, but are allowed their liberty without undue restraint; and when foreigners were tolerated, were quite lively and sociable with strangers.

If the plans which have been arranged for opening the ports of this empire shall be successful, there are some customs which might be transplanted to this meridian greatly to our comfort. The roads in Japan are the finest in the world, and always kept clean, being sprinkled and swept with brooms. The denizens of our dirty city, who are always either stifled with dust, or wallowing in mire, might well envy the Japanese the luxury of wholesome streets!

The fashions change in Japan as elsewhere, but never to the same degree, and this is perhaps why the richer belles are enabled to indulge in so extensive a wardrobe. It would take the entire fortune of a New York millionaire, principal as well as interest, to furnish a family of daughters with an array of dresses, such as can be found in the possession of many of the fair ladies of Jeddo, and other large cities. At the theatres, the ladies of the upper classes retire to change their dress with every change of scene, and the entire suit of an American belle, even when fitted out for a fashionable season at Newport, would not suffice to furnish a Japanese toilet through a single play!

A new light is soon to break in upon Japan. England has attempted to cultivate an acquaintance with this singular people, and has failed. Since the expulsion of the Christians, brought about by the constant quarrels between the Portuguese and the Dutch, and the mutual jealousies of European traders, all attempts to renew the in-

tercourse have failed. Russia, proud and obstinate as she is thought to be, submitted to be first insulted in the person of her ambassador, and then turned ignominiously away, like an unwelcome beggar. Other suppliants for the courtesies of friendly intercourse, have fared no better. It is now *our* turn, and the nations of the old world are already envious at our prospects of success. We are quite near each other since California has been added to our constellation, and the Yankee is very insinuating, and has too high an opinion of the value of his own trade and society to allow the Japanese to say "no" when he pays his neighbor a visit. We shall doubtless soon be on friendly terms with these oriental exclusives, and Jeddo artists may yet vie with Peruvian milliners in giving laws to American fashions.

SUMMER CLOUDS.

BY E. M. FARGO.

The dim waves of the ether sea,
That roll above me silently,
Stretch far away, from limits free,
In sweet tranquillity.

And in that sea of living light
Are fleecy crafts, all pure and bright,
Surrounding earth with tracery white,
That float before my sight.

Like spirit barks they rise and soar
And fleck the dazzling pathway o'er,
As if their course lay t'ward that shore
Where mortals weep no more.

Their snowy streamers court the gale,
As through the azure depths they sail,
With silver shadings, soft and pale,
While gentle winds prevail.

And some at anchor in the sky,
As rides a vessel, seem to lie;
For no conflicting currents nigh,
Disturb the deep on high.

In convoy, like a sentry band
Or angel guard, they seem to stand,
Just on the verge of that blest land,
With seasons ever bland.

Those shining fleets, so light and free,
That drift along the ether sea,
Direct my roving thoughts to thee,
God of Eternity.

CALLIOPSE.

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 BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.  
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— ABSENCE.

THE long neglectful sun
 Returns again—a bridegroom—to the earth,
 New life to give her, and with robes of mirth
 Her drooping form adorn.

And she has flung away
 That garb so like the shrouding for the tomb,
 And mantles in her cheek as deep a bloom
 As on her natal day.

Her grateful song is heard,
 As fades the twilight, by each marshy lake;
 From the green meadow, and the fragrant brake,
 In voice of beast and bird;

And from the verdant hill,
 And sunny vale, and forest dark and lone,
 Where only echo answers to its tone,
 In sound of gushing rill.

Her warm, glad smiles look up
 From every wave-crest of the mighty sea,
 As from the dew-drop, nestling lovingly
 Within the leaf-bud's cup.

Each opening flower receives,
 With timid joy, the lovelight from the sky,
 And breathes sweet fragrance as the breeze sweeps by,
 Kissing its dewy leaves.

Oh! wherefore, since for all,
 Beauty and gladness to new being start,
 Hangs still a winter o'er this aching heart,
 Dark as funereal pall?

No spring for me will dawn,
 Till thou—the sunlight of my life—return;
 Nor will the phenix—Hope—unseal her urn,
 But at thy gentle tone.

CUPID IN A FARM-HOUSE.

BY MISS M. C. METCALFE.

EFFIE MAYLAND found her aunt Hester's house a dull place of residence, after living for years in a gay city. The time had come, however, which her father's will had fixed for her removing to the old homestead where his widowed sister presided, and with as good grace as possible she resigned the luxuries of her uncle Theodore's mansion, to take up a quiet life in a retired farm-house. For awhile she was well amused, but ere long the novelty wore off. She had ciphered out the philosophy of the old well-sweep, and the vane on the ridge of the barn; learned the names of the numerous cats and chickens, contented herself with gazing at the barn-yard residents, and was about settling down into a blissful state of insularity, when her aunt aroused her by informing her that her son would return in a few days from his western tour.

Now a cousin was a species of the *genus homo* that Effie had never looked upon. This intelligence, therefore, effectually aroused her from her languor, and the next week was spent in various speculations as to his appearance, disposition, and so forth.

"Aunt Hester, am I to call him Mister, as I do Mr. Arthur?" questioned Effie, trembling for the answer.

"Why, no, child!" returned aunt Hester, pettishly enough. "Call him cousin Maurice, to be sure.

"Oh! how delightful! A real cousin, and I suppose I must love him just as I did brother John?" resumed Effie, still using the tone of inquiry, for she had not yet decided how far she was justified in loving this said Maurice.

"Of course; he is your cousin," was aunt Hester's reply, to the infinite relief of our heroine, for such we will prove her with your gracious permission.

How long was the day preceding Maurice's arrival. Effie ran up to his room a thousand times, arranged and rearranged its neat furniture, till every chair had occupied every possible position, the wash-stand and dressing-table taking their appropriate places in this new-fashioned cotillion, and never had dancers sweeter music than the wild melody of Effie's voice.

As the hour for the appearance of the stage drew near, Effie took her seat coquettishly by the rose-embowered window, and of course held a book, but whether it was right side up or not we do not like

to say. She very soon was lost in a dreamy reverie, in which Maurice was the principal figure, herself very modestly taking the second place. She did not picture him like the foppish youths she had seen in Broadway, nor yet like the bewhiskered gentlemen she had met in her uncle's drawing-room, for Maurice Alwood had led a farmer's life, and Effie had the good sense to know a man cannot very well, at the same time, cultivate white hands and cabbages.

She was not left much longer to speculate, for the rickety old stage stopped at the gate, and a fine manly form sprang to the ground. Aunt Hester's kiss reverberated through the house as a *poursuivant* to her voice, which called at its height, "Effie! Effie! Here is Maurice!"

Effie half-bashfully approached, but one glance at the clear, deep eyes and smiling features of Maurice inspired her with confidence. She very prettily placed her little hand in his rough palm, and received his cousinly kiss upon her cheek. In a few days they were the best friends in the world. Maurice had known half-a-dozen charming little cousins, but none so lovely as Effie, and she unknowing any others, bestowed a whole heart-full of love on cousin Maurice. Thus they might have lived very happy in their supposed cousinly affection, had not an accident discovered to Maurice that his love for the sweet gipsy was just no "cousinly affection" at all.

A party of friends from the city were spending the summer in the cool shade of the old farm-house, much to Effie's delight, who planned daily excursions for their amusement. Maurice seconded her efforts most successfully, and the summer seemed to fly on wings. One day they all rode over to "Emmitt's Lake," to spend the day in fishing. Maurice's boat had been painted anew for the occasion, and the party gayly seated themselves, while he took the oars, and with strokes that amazed the pale city youth in their company, impelled the frail bark onward. None was more joyful than he; even the superb Miss Lorimer forgot how rough were his hands and how brown his cheeks, while she gazed on his animated features and listened to his sparkling wit. "If he had only been reared in a court," soliloquized she, "what a magnificent knight this cousin Maurice of Effie's would have been!" but with another glance at his farmer clothes, she uttered a little "Pshaw!" which signified "he is a mere child of the woods!"

"Cousin Maurice, what is the name of your boat?" suddenly questioned Effie, who had mounted on the stern, and supported herself by holding fast to Miss Lorimer's shoulders.

"It has no name," laughed Maurice, anticipating what would follow.

"No name! This beautiful boat no name!" ejaculated both the young ladies, "what a shame!"

"Well, we will style it the 'Gipsey Queen,' in honor of you both," said Maurice gallantly, with a bow of undeniable grace, which Miss Lorimer thought he had probably learned from the elms and willows, as he had certainly never been to dancing school. "Contrary to custom, Effie herself shall christen it," continued Maurice, resting for a moment on his oars.

"As you say," returned she, bending her light form to the waves, to catch a handful of water; but in her careless haste she lost her balance, and fell overboard. A cry burst from every lip but Maurice's. He gazed a moment at each one with a horrified look, and a cold shudder ran over him, rendering him for a moment powerless. In that moment he learned how he loved his cousin. Starting from his lethargy, he shipped the oars, and as he saw Effie rise to the surface some distance from them, he sprang into the water, and with powerful strokes reached the spot—but too late: she had gone down again. With breathless agony he watched for her reappearance, and, oh, blissful moment! succeeded in grasping her dress and drawing her to the boat. Without a spoken word, he seized the oars and rowed for the land. Not until they had arrived at the shore did Effie show any signs of returning life. Maurice's eyes had been fixed on her pallid features, and as the boat touched the land, he raised her in his arms and pressed a fervent kiss upon her cheek. It seemed to possess some inspiration, for a faint tinge of color stole back to her face, then her eyes opened slowly, and with a shudder she clasped her arms around Maurice's neck. Among the general joy, his own half-whispered words and fond caresses were unheeded.

During all that day, Effie lay on the sofa in the pleasant parlor, too weak to sit up, trembling with grateful emotions, surrounded by the most attentive friends, who seemed unable to do enough for their rescued companion. But Maurice did not come near her again, after his first burst of joy was over. They all thought he had gone out on the farm, but in fact he was pacing his room, his brow shadowed as it had never been before, and his bosom rent with conflicting emotions. Several days followed in which Maurice strove hard to appear as usual, but there was a coldness as well as a sadness in his manner which perplexed poor little Effie. In truth he did not know what to do. That he loved Effie better than he had ever dreamed of loving any one, he could no longer doubt. His ear caught her lowest tone, and his eyes were often riveted on her beautiful countenance when she least suspected it. Should he confess his love, and thus perhaps rob himself even of her cousinly confidence? He could not—the dream was still so new, so sweet!

Stealing away from the merry group in the parlor one evening, he sought the little room which Effie and he had dignified with the name of "the library," and furnished with artistic taste. The window was thrown open, and he seated himself in the window-seat to gaze out despondingly on the melancholy moon, for Effie had not smiled once on him that night. She was ever wont to look to him for sympathy when a beautiful thought was uttered, or to seek the seat near him on the sofa, but to-night her thoughts and glances seemed all to have been bestowed on Everett Lisle. Everett Lisle above all others ! thought cousin Maurice ; a man quite faultless in dress and manners to be sure, but evidently brainless.

"What have *I* to do with brains?" continued Maurice in his misanthropic meditation. "What advantages I have had, have been abused, and I am little the wiser for books."

But Maurice had a poet's soul, and its whispers would be heard. He knew that he even then was mentally superior to Lisle, and a host of other fashionably educated young men, and he did not see why he must be continually tormented by considering himself so much beneath him, unless it was because he wore plain clothes and worked on a farm : as if a farmer was not the most independent man in the world, dating too his ancestry back at the very creation of our race, for did not Adam till the ground ? Just then his reverie was interrupted, for a little, soft arm stole over his shoulder, and a shower of curls fell on his brow. He would not look up—he was at enmity with every thing and every body.

"Cousin Maurice !" said a silvery voice, "what is the matter with you ? What is it makes you so sad ?"

He continued to gaze out of the window, sombre as the dark woods whose black branches stretched into the still moonlight.

"Will you not place any more confidence in me ?" again pleaded the little voice, and still Maurice was obstinately silent.

Very soon a sob startled his ear. His cheek flushed, as the same gentle tones, now choked with emotion, asked wretchedly, "Are you angry with *me*, cousin Maurice ?"

His stoicism could not resist this. He threw his arm around the trembling form at his side, and Effie's head dropped upon his shoulder.

"Angry with *you*, Effie ? No ! no !" exclaimed Maurice, pressing back the rich ringlets from her tearful face—then he turned away again.

"You do not love me any more, Maurice ! I know you do not !" and Effie withdrew her hand from his shoulder, and would have sprung away, but his arm detained her.

"Do not love you, Effie? It is this I wish to tell you. I love you more than life itself; and can you, do you regard me other than a brother, than a cousin?"

Effie did not answer. She was startled, yet more happy than astonished. Ere Maurice could speak again, their names were called through the house by Miss Lorimer and Mr. Lisle, who proposed a walk down to "Lover's Grove." Everett secured Effie for his partner, much to the annoyance of both Maurice and Miss Lorimer, who found in each other equally stupid companions.

When Miss Lorimer retired to her room that night, Effie followed, and seated herself at her feet.

"Maud, what do you think of my cousin Maurice?" was her abrupt question.

"Think of Mr. Alwood? Why, what any sensible person must think; that he is a very intelligent, gentlemanly *farmer*." Miss Lorimer placed particular emphasis on her last word, as though she meant to express by *farmer* rather a rough, unpolished man, such as Maurice certainly was, notwithstanding his many virtues.

The conversation was continued some time, and Effie left Miss Lorimer's room, feeling that although Maurice was the very best fellow in the world, she never could marry him. Then she reproached herself a thousand times for thinking one syllable to his discredit. All night long his glorious dark eyes beamed upon her in her dreams, while the remembered tones of his musical voice soothed her slumbers.

Effie had not spent five years of her life in a fashionable boarding-school, with plenty of novels at command, without learning that a young lady has a peculiar advantage when her lover, having declared himself, has not yet received a decisive answer. Such a vixen as she turned for the next fortnight! All manner of mischief did she concoct for cousin Maurice's especial benefit, benevolently assisted by Miss Lorimer.

"Maurice, why will you wear such stingy cravats?" exclaimed Miss Effie one day, giving a dainty jerk at his riband-like neck-tie. "Don't you know that nothing less than three yards square is the fashion?"

Maurice laughed carelessly, and changed the subject. Poor Effie thought with a sigh that he was incorrigible, and never would look like a gentleman or be any body. The next time he returned from the market-town, however, Maurice wore a fashionably adjusted "Marie-Louise blue" cravat, which became him admirably. Much as Effie was delighted, she did not deem it politic to notice this improvement otherwise than by a sincere look of approbation. For a

whole day he had "peace and quiet." Evening of course brought a change.

"Are you *very* poor, cousin Maurice?" questioned Effie roguishly, as she looked up into his smiling eyes.

"Why, no, Effie. What causes you to ask such a droll question?"

"Nothing—only!" resumed Effie demurely.

"Only what?" asked Maurice, half vexed.

"Why *do* you persist in wearing those coarse boots? Your foot is twice as small as Mr. Lisle's, and would look as handsome in patent-leathers."

Maurice replied nothing; he began to think there was something deeper than teasing in Miss Effie's fault-finding. Nevertheless, when Sabbath came, a genuine pair of patent-leathers, after the latest style, accompanied Maurice to church, and attracted Effie's attention in the middle of the first hymn. They were irresistible, so she whispered to Maurice as he took her hymn-book, "They are beauties, coz!" which approval occupied his attention more than the sermon.

It were vain to recount the various hints Effie lavished with prodigal generosity on her hapless cousin. Miss Lorimer declared that Maurice looked like another being with his stylish, though far from foppish dress, always deducting the disparagement of hands hardened by many a day's manly toil, and features so bronzed that he might have been taken for a veritable descendant of Pocahontas. Still Effie was far from content. Her ambition was excited, and she did not see why Maurice should not be just what her glowing imagination had ever pictured the mythical hero of her day-dreams. For several days Maurice had in vain endeavored to surprise his little witch of a cousin into a tete-a-tete, but at last he had caught her finely, and imprisoned her in the very window where he had first whispered his love. To his eager inquiry whether Effie loved him or no, and would consent to become mistress of the farm-house, he was obliged to wait full three minutes for a reply, and then it came not without burning cheeks and trembling accents.

"Maurice, you know I have always intended to live part of the year in New York, as my circumstances abundantly enable me to do, and I must confess that you are not like the person I would wish to introduce as my husband. No, no, Maurice. This is very foolish, let us forget all about it. You are the kindest, best of men, dear cousin, but I cannot marry you."

Maurice stood transfixed. The color faded from his face, and his eyes shone with an intensity of passion that frightened Effie. She

would have left him, but he stood like a statue before her, hindering her moving from the window-seat. At last he spoke, low, quick, burning words which made her tremble.

"Effie, you have shattered the very life within me. Can it indeed be *you* that have uttered those cruel words? Even now, with your voice yet ringing in my ears, I do not believe you know what you have spoken. But it is enough! I resign you forever. Resign? Ah! ha! I have never possessed your love!" he said bitterly, walking to and fro, "else you could not have crushed my hopes so rashly."

Sob after sob echoed through the room, and it was Effie sobbing. The tones of Maurice's voice softened. He never could unmoved endure the signs of grief, though he did possess a rough exterior.

"Effie, I have loved you with madness, I know it now, a recklessness that is unpardonable. My sorrow is great, but it is of my own creation. I should not have allowed this passion to gain such strength, and oh! it has increased tenfold these last two happy weeks. Why, oh! why have you so smiled upon me, so deceived me!"

Effie could not answer; it was impossible even if she had understood her own feelings. "Forgive and forget, Maurice!" she whispered huskily, and rose to leave the room. He stepped aside, and his eyes followed her graceful form until the closing door hid her from his sight. Then all the passion of his grief returned. Forgetting what he himself had said, he dwelt only on the one sentence which had sealed his fate. How could she introduce *him* as her husband! He went up to his room, calmly donned the very coarsest of his farm attire, and threw himself in a chair before the mirror. A sarcastic smile curled his lip. "A pretty figure truly to accompany Effie into her uncle's drawing-room!" he exclaimed with a wretched laugh. Then he folded his arms, and sat a long while buried in thought. Suddenly he sprang to his feet. His resolution was taken. He could not sue for Effie's love again, but he could and would be a man and a gentleman. He was rich; why should he live a life of toil which was rewarded only by a few more bushels to the acre!—He would employ a farmer. He was young, very young, and the world was before him. He possessed a powerful mind, capable of much study, a clear apprehension, a quick wit. Why should he neglect these gifts of his Creator?

"Must a farmer of *my* means necessarily be a rough, clumsy, uneducated fellow, any more than a physician or a lawyer? 'That is the question!'" soliloquized Maurice, pacing his room, and the very walls seemed to answer, "No! a thousand times no!" So it was a settled thing.

The guests from the city had hardly left, before Maurice pro-

claimed his intention of leaving home for an indefinite period. His mother decidedly approved his resolution. Farmer Johnson was a clever man, and as trusty as most men. She herself was a shrewd woman, and reckoned rightly that the farm would do well enough.

As for Effie—Maurice had taken an affectionate adieu of his mother, of the old moss-covered farm-house, of the very cattle in their stalls, and bid her a civil “good-bye,” ere she tried to define her own feelings. But when the gate had closed after him, and she knew he had left them for years, perhaps forever, there could be no longer doubt. Her very heart gave way to tears. His just sentence, “I resign you forever!” rung in her ears, and she found now, but too late, how she loved cousin Maurice. Thus do we often throw away our happiness, for a vision, for a whim, reckless of the dark days of sorrow which must follow in the course of our wayward actions.

“I don’t care if he is a farmer, as rough as a mill-stone! Oh! if he would only come back! Dear, dear cousin Maurice!” fruitlessly sobbed poor Effie, wiping her tearful eyes with her long curls, that she might still discern the place where he had disappeared.

For weeks her face was pale and sad. Aunt Hester became really alarmed for her darling, little knowing for what she was sorrowing, or that she was the cause of Maurice’s exile. She wrote to her son how melancholy and fragile his cousin was becoming, and wondered that he took no notice of it. At last, after receiving a dozen letters, filled with Effie, Effie, Effie, he merely wrote, “Take good care of Effie, and procure the best physicians,” after which came some college news!

“The graceless scamp!” exclaimed the horrified aunt Hester. “That my Maurice should become so cold-hearted and indifferent! This comes of going to the city. Society and books will be the ruination of him!”

Days, months and years pass on the same in reality, whether joy gives wings to them or sorrow lends them the weight of lead. The time had come when Maurice, after an absence of years, with only hurried visits home while Effie was at her uncle’s house, was to return. Aunt Hester was in an extacy. Effie spent the whole day in her room, wondering what kind of a reception she should give him, or if he would speak to her at all. All these years had not passed without her having many admirers, and unavoidably receiving several eligible offers, but there was a form, a face, which very much resembled cousin Maurice, that ever rose before her, impelling an instant rejection of all lovers.

When Effie entered the parlor, she could scarcely believe it was

Maurice Alwood stood before her. In appearance, the first glance told her, he was all she could have wished in her most ambitious moments. His manner possessed a serene dignity, and the light of developed intellect shone on his brow. Over all his countenance, however, lurked a shadow. His eyes were, as formerly, deeply beautiful, but their merry glances had forsaken them. Too well did Effie know what grief it was that had so subdued the expression of his once joyous countenance. Yet she loved him better as he was now, there is such a touching charm in melancholy.

Did Maurice see no change in the beautiful girl whose timid smile welcomed him home? For a moment the old rush of feeling surged over his soul, as he clasped the little hand in his own, then let it fall suddenly, for the memory of her bitter words came back with all their misery.

Not until they were seated at the table which aunt Hester had spread with Maurice's favorite dishes, did conversation flow freely, and now Effie learned how his mind had been cultivated by study, travel, and intercourse with his fellow-men. Often times he was eloquent in his descriptions, always chaste and elegant. Effie retired to her room with a miserable feeling of loneliness. What a treasure she had thrown from her! There was one consolation which she dwelt upon fondly,—*she* had been the means of making him what he now was. If life had gone smoothly with Maurice, he never would have aroused himself to mental exertion, but his one great grief had caused him to *think*. Thought with him was the forerunner of action. He possessed an indomitable will, which overcame one untoward circumstance after another, till his path lay clear to an honorable position among men.

Maurice spent a few weeks in regulating affairs about the farm, which he found somewhat disordered, and in superintending many improvements that increased his knowledge of agriculture, to which he had paid much theoretical attention, suggested. Very soon these things were all in fine progress, and he found himself much in the house, always carefully avoiding the library. Being in the house, which was not unusually large, he could not avoid sometimes hearing Effie sing, accompanied by the piano or guitar, and notwithstanding all his resolution, his book would fall to the floor, his head droop on his hand, and his thoughts dwell on Effie. There was a time when he loved to bend over the piano, to mingle his own voice with hers in those songs she never sung now. What a kind heart, what sweet, winning ways she had, how lovely she had become! Alas! this was a dangerous subject of contemplation for the aching head of poor Maurice. Sometimes he was half inclined to throw himself at her

feet, and ask forgiveness for his long neglect, and if she thought him now worthy of her love, but his heart held pride enough to make not only himself miserable, but Effie too, and all the world beside if he could effect it.

One thing was certain, Maurice must have something to do, and therefore he very willingly gave his name to the committee who requested him to be a candidate for Assemblyman. He was elected by a flattering majority, and took his seat, determined to serve his native State to the best of his ability. He did not know how eagerly his speeches were read by one pair of beaming eyes up in the library window of the old farm-house. In fact he thought that Effie had long since recalled even her cousinly love for him, for she never smiled on him nor conversed with him as she was wont to do in those happy days which he truly believed had passed forever. Albany was not so far distant that Maurice could never go home save in the long vacations, but quite the contrary. He kept a span of swift horses, which took him out to the farm in three hours, and right glad was he to throw off the perplexities of business and sit down in the quiet fire-light of his dear home. One evening on his way down, he found a letter in the office for Effie. Something told him it bore unpleasant news. He had not seen her looking so happy since his return as she did that night seated on a low foot-stool near his mother, carolling to her their favorite songs. His fears lent an unusual gentleness to his voice as, handing her the letter, he said, "No bad news, I hope!" Effie ran with it to the library. It was from her uncle. She read it, and gazed round with a horrible look of bewilderment. She then reperused it, and pressed her hands to her throbbing temples. She knew not how much time had passed when aunt Hester entered the room, and clasping her in her arms, inquired tenderly what was her grief.

"Oh! aunt Hester! I am a beggar!" cried Effie, then burst into a passion of tears. Effie's uncle had invested both her property and his own unfortunately. For a long while he knew it was in a critical position, but he continued, as hundreds do every day, and as Mr. Micawber did before him, to hope that something would "turn up" to retrieve his affairs. But every thing went against him, and at last he found himself a complete bankrupt. This was not the worst, for he was an honorable if not a strictly honest man; every dollar of Effie's immense fortune had been swallowed up in this Wall-street vortex, and he could not even offer her a home.

"This shall be your home!" said aunt Hester, soothingly. Her words aroused Effie. She could never live by charity, above all be a burden to Maurice. What would she do? Another and another

paroxysm of tears reduced her to such a state of feebleness that aunt Hester was obliged to call assistance to carry her to her room. Poor Effie ! All her boasted independence had vanished. She lay moaning through the next day, not so much for the mere loss of the money, but that poverty found her an orphan and almost friendless. Where was her pride now ? Ah ! only in spirit, and it gave a hauteur to her manner which, while it added to her grace, repulsed all the friendly words with which Maurice had intended to greet her on her reappearance in the parlor. A few broken sentences, expressing but feebly his sympathy, and desiring her always to regard his mother as her own, and their house as her home, was all that he could utter. She was disappointed, offended, and more than miserable.

Weeks passed, and found Effie still in the farm-house. She did not know where to go, or what to do. She had not the courage to seek unprotected any large town or city, where she might earn her own livelihood ; still she knew, for her own good, she must not stay with aunt Hester. She could never conquer her love for Maurice, which was strengthening every day, while she remained under the same roof. Continual mental combats were fast wearing upon her health. How often in these days of agony did she regret the words which had so rashly rejected the love of Maurice ! Now there seemed but one real relief from her wretchedness, and that was—to lie down and die.

Maurice had not been home for several weeks, when returning one evening, he found a gentleman in the parlor, who, his mother whispered to him, was one of Effie's particular friends. This alone was enough to make him a barbarian in Maurice's eyes, but when he looked at the man and saw a countenance somewhat handsome, but far from expressing amiability, a well-dressed but misshapen form, he instantly magnified him into an ogre. Maurice was uncomfortable the whole evening, and still more so when he again found him at the farm-house on the following week. And so week after week this horrid spectre, for such he was to Maurice, haunted his imagination and his home.

It was evident that Effie was the chief and only attraction for Mr. Denman at the farm. Maurice absented himself from Albany for a week ; he did not like to confess to himself why, but it was to have the felicity of meeting Mr. Denman six evenings out of seven !

And Effie ! how did she regard this attention ? Her one meditation was, " I am penniless and an orphan !" Any way of escape from dependance on one whose very kindness was a reproach to her, seemed a relief. It was then she for a moment thought of marrying Mr. Denman. At first the idea filled her with horror. Then she dwelt on it again, and at last wrought on her own feelings so far as to be

lieve it her duty to accept him, so as to free herself from the vain temptation of loving Maurice, and cease being a burden to her friends. There had been a time when Effie would have shrunk from a loveless marriage as from the grave, but in the bewilderment of despair she did not clearly see its sorrow or its sin. Her pride too urged her to this step, and when Mr. Denman poured into her ear his passionate tale of love, and asked for one little sign which might betoken it was not rejected, she extended her cold, white hand, which he clasped exultingly. It rested in his but for a moment.

"You must excuse me now, Mr. Denman," she said calmly, and ere he could impress his first kiss on her brow, she had left him.

Heavily she drew her fainting form across the broad hall, to the first landing of the stair-case. The library door stood ajar, she feebly pushed it open, tottered forward, and with a low groan fell into the large arm-chair. Tears of agony rolled down her cheeks, one by one, as though wrung from her very brain.

"Oh! Maurice! Maurice! what have I done?" she gasped in imploring accents, as though he could hear and save her. And he did hear her. "Effie!" he cried, starting from the window-seat and kneeling beside her, forgetful of all but her grief, his pride at last overwheeled by the love that would assert its power. For a moment, one blissful moment of *rest*, she leaned her aching head upon his shoulder. He folded her in his arms, whispering the most endearing names.

"Effie, dearest Effie, will you not now give me the right to protect you as far as man can from all sorrow?"

"Oh! Maurice!" she cried, withdrawing from his embrace. "It is too late. How I have loved you, *do* love you, no tongue can tell. From that miserable hour we parted, I have not known a happy day. Tell me once more you love me, and I will never hear your words again."

"Effie, what does this mean? Tell you I love you? When have I not adored you, and what has been the struggle between my heart and pride to keep this long silence! Oh! do not say this happy hour has come too late!"

"I have accepted Mr. Denman!" gasped Effie, shuddering.

Maurice started to his feet. The blood boiled in his veins. If his rival had been present, he would have annihilated him with a look. By degrees he became calmer, and listened to the motives which had led Effie to accept him.

"Poor child!" he murmured, again clasping her to his heart.—
"Too late? No! no! We love each other, why should we not be happy?" With a fond kiss, perhaps the last, he left her.

Maurice found Mr. Denman in the parlor. He had tarried in hopes that Effie would return. Maurice quickly told his story. Mr. Denman could not comprehend him. It was surely some wild dream the excited youth recited to him.

"I love Effie, even as you do, Mr. Alwood. If it is her wish I will release her, but I can believe it only from her own lips."

Maurice flew back to the library. "Effie, there is hope! He is a noble fellow after all, more generous than I dared to think him."

Effie still trembled violently as she approached the parlor, leaning on Maurice's arm, but his voice whispering, "Do not fear, darling, I am with you now!" restored her confidence.

"Is this true, Effie? that you love Mr. Alwood? that you do *not* love me?" questioned Mr. Denman with intense anxiety.

"It is true!" answered Effie firmly, though there was a choking sensation in her throat that almost suffocated her.

"Then I will prove, hard as it is to me, that my affection is not all in words. *You are free.*" He caught her hand and impressed upon it a passionate kiss, while an expression of agony passed over his countenance.

"Alas! I make every one miserable who loves me!" sighed Effie, as the door closed heavily behind Mr. Denman. One glance at Maurice's face, so full of new-born joy, obliterated every memory of sadness. Forgetting all unkindnesses, dwelling on those years of restless misery but as a night which had past, they revelled in the bright morning of their awakened hope, in whose joyous sky shone the bow of promise which sprung from their mutual love.

Aunt Hester declared at her son's wedding, that she always knew Effie would never leave the farm-house, and it was just as her father desired it should be. Effie spends most of the winters in the city, not New York, but Washington, where Maurice is compelled to reside, having been for a long time United States' Senator, and afterwards a member of the Cabinet. The pleasantest part of all the year is that whiled away at the *ci-devant* farm-house, now metamorphosed, to keep pace with its master, into an elegant and tasteful villa. The library remains as of old, unchanged, a sacred room to both their hearts. When seated in the ivy-shadowed window-seat, they love to recall even the sorrow of their early days. As a balm to her conscience, Effie will then tell Maurice, if it had not been for that first unhappy moment which excited his ambition, he would never have gone to Washington, but as it is, she yet expects to see him *President*. Certain it is, he is the absolute ruler of one devoted heart.

THE EARLY RIPENED.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

"Weep not for him who dieth—
For he sleeps and is at rest;
And the couch whereon he lieth,
Is the green earth's quiet breast."

MRS. NORTON.

"Yes, I must preach the everlasting Gospel," was the soliloquy of a young man, as he strolled beneath the forest trees around his western home. "There is great need of labor; earnest, self-sacrificing, and consistent labor; the fields are white to the harvest, but the laborers are few, and in too many portions of our globe, they are indeed 'like angels visits, few and far between.' And if I can add one to that little band of evangelists, ought I not to do so? Dost thou not call on me, oh my father! Are not thy creatures perishing, and is not thy holy law dishonored? Oh, help me to teach the ignorant the way of life, and as thine ambassador to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation!"

The clasped hands, and eyes upraised toward heaven, while the tear of emotion glittered for a moment in his eye, and then rolled down his cheek, betokened the sincerity of his words, and the deep interest which he felt in the cause of his divine Master. Then he bowed in prayer. Kneeling beneath the shade of those noble forest monarchs, he poured out his soul in a petition for divine light and guidance in the path of duty.

"In the path alone of duty,
Can the immortal mind repose;
Peace dwells there, and there, in beauty,
Sharon's gentle flow'ret grows."

The promise of holy writ, "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart," was verified to him, and the young man arose from his kneeling posture, with a firm impression that it was his duty to prepare for the employment of the minister of the Gospel, and then to "go far hence to the Gentiles."

The evening of that day came, and the twilight hour was of surpassing loveliness. At the open window of her cottage home, sat a fair maiden, whose cheek was tinged with the roses of some eighteen summers. She sat, leaning her head upon her hand, apparently in a

pensive mood, ever and anon gazing along the road, as if watching the approach of some one in whom she felt unusual interest. Suddenly she started. There was a horse and rider, and the unerring instincts of a loving heart told her most surely that her lover was approaching. The rider reached the little gate in front of her dwelling, and dismounted, glancing, as if in expectation, towards the door of the cottage. Soon he descried, through the twilight dimness, a female form upon the piazza, and then followed the welcome of affection, and the greetings of a pure and fervent love.

"I have looked in vain, for an hour, Walter," said the young lady, playfully; "were you so enchanted with the golden glories of this evening's sunset, that you could not think of me, and 'bestir yourself' to be here any earlier?"

"Oh, no, my forest maiden," smilingly replied the young man, who was none other than Walter Oviatt, whom we mentioned as wrestling in the grove with the angel of prayer—"my mind has indeed been occupied with many things, but amid them all the sweet thought of you has had its place.

*"And busy Fancy blended thee with all my future lot,
If this thou call'st forgetting, thou indeed wert oft forgot."*

"No, no, my Walter," answered Ellen Lyell, "I can never doubt your affection, for your assurance is doubly true to me, since I know it is the tongue of a Christian which utters it. I could not feel such unshaken trust in any one who felt not the responsibility of truthfulness."

"I hope, Ellen, that I am a devoted follower of Christ, though still I am far from the high spiritual standard which I would attain. To reach the perfect stature of a man in Christ will require more earnestness and self-denial than I have yet manifested. Oh, how I wish I were 'a giant in intellect and a saint in piety,' for the sake of laboring with more success in the great moral vineyard of our Lord.—There is such need of laborers, that I have come to the determination of offering even my imperfect services, as a messenger of the truth to dying men. Will you encourage me, or do you disapprove of my resolve, and deem me unworthy of the high and holy calling of a minister of Christ?"

"I bid you go onward, Walter, in our Master's name. I have felt much for the destitution of our Zion. I have wept over the knowledge that my sisters in many lands were bowing beneath the oppression and cruelty which must characterize the nations that know not God, and I have longed to be able to do something for them. Go on, and become a teacher of the truth to darkened minds. I will

labor by your side in such a field, with woman's feeble hand, it is true, but with woman's strong faith and unfaltering trust. And we will together win souls for Jesus. I have often sighed that I was not a man, for then I could be a minister of Christ; but since I may not now be such, I rejoice in the prospect of becoming the wife and co-laborer of a preacher of the Gospel. Go on, dear Walter, and when you are ready, call me to share in your toil."

"But have you considered, Ellen, that in order to become a preacher, such as I think would be able to do the most good, because most fully armed for the battle, I must leave you for a time, and when we are united we may not dwell beside our early homes, but may be called to dwell in a heathen land?"

The fire of enthusiasm which blazed in Ellen's dark eye as she uttered her last earnest words, paled out a moment at the thought of a brief separation from him she loved, and a longer—perhaps a life-long—one from the haunts of her childhood, and then flushing anew with all the energy inspired by undoubting faith, she answered:

"We must part, I suppose, for a season, but only to meet again both better prepared for our labors. And if we are called to leave parents and friends, houses and lands, for our Redeemer's sake, he has promised us an eternal and glorious reward. Still I bid you 'God speed,' and I will also endeavor to perfect myself more fully in those branches of education which will better prepare me for the duties of such a life of toil, and of glory. It has ever seemed to me, that a halo surrounds the path of the missionary, and I would gladly walk amid that brightness."

"Ah! my Ellen," said young Oviatt, "do not look upon the missionary enterprise in the light of romance, for the reality is often far from joyous."

"Fear not, Walter," said she playfully, "I am romantic perhaps in some things, as, for instance, when I imagine that your affection for me will endure through life."

"Can you believe, Ellen, that in such a thought you are romantic, for is it not true that I will ever love you?"

"I am disposed to believe that fact; but, seriously, let me ask, is it not true that God's presence is peculiarly with those who best obey his will—and if so, how can my views of a missionary life be romantic? God will be our sun and shield in a distant land, if duty calls us there, as well as at our homes, and as long as we are faithful, even if we have some, yes, many trials, in our hearts there may be light and joy, and such views of truth and duty, as may make the missionary path seem glorious indeed."

The tones of a tender mother's voice were at this moment heard calling the maiden to take shelter from the evening dews within the house, and the subject was soon laid before that mother, who, with all the faith of a "mother in Israel," bade the young man press onward, and, with the father's sanction, promised him her daughter as a co-laborer and assistant in the noble work he proposed to do.

A brief season of preparation ensued, and ere many weeks, Walter Oviatt was an inmate of one of our most honored "schools of the prophets," from whence had departed many a noble, self-denying servant of Christ for arduous labor in the great missionary field. Walter's previous education had been such as to enable him to enter upon his theological studies immediately. With earnestness and delight he pored over the Hebrew and classic authors, who assisted him in his search for knowledge, for he knew that all the powers of a mind strengthened by severe and patient discipline and research, and all the human learning he could obtain, when baptised by the divine spirit, would be serviceable and requisite in the great enterprise in which he hoped soon to be engaged. So intensely did he desire to be upon the field, and already reaping the harvest, that he was sometimes almost impatient of the long course of study, while his daily prayer was for strength and wisdom to make ceaseless progress.

Meanwhile, Ellen was not idle. Frequent epistles passing between these pledged co-laborers, proved to each that the other's hours were wisely spent, and the hopes of neither growing dim, or their faith failing. "Onward and upward" was their motto, and their watchword was "the cross." Like one of old, they determined to "know nothing on earth, or among men, save Jesus Christ and him crucified." And theirs was not the enthusiasm of a moment, for theirs was a decision founded upon faith in God's unfailing promises.

Two years passed by, and they were looking with pleasant anticipations to the hour when they should each complete their preparation, be united in wedlock, and proceed to a far off field of labor. Often had the halls of the theological institution echoed to the voice of Oviatt, as he sang the well known missionary hymn—

"Yes, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?"

Often, too, had the groves around her home echoed to the music of Ellen's voice, as she responded to his sentiments—

"Bear me on, thou restless ocean ;
Let the winds my canvass swell ;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell ;
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell !"

But the fond dream of their early religious life was doomed to be blighted, in its freshness and beauty. Alas ! how often do human hearts feel the falsity of human hopes !

A sudden illness laid the proud form of young Oviatt on the bed of sickness. His intense study, and unwearied efforts wherever he could labor for Christ, brought on a disease of the brain. The more immediate cause of his illness seemed to be the fact that he attended a Sabbath-school some miles distant during inclement weather. Thus he was prostrated, as it were, on the very field of battle, with his armor on.

It was the solemn hour of midnight, and the moonbeams came through the high, uncurtained windows of that theological institution, and cast their pale light along its silent halls. It was vacation, and most of the students had returned to their homes and friends. But in a corner chamber of that edifice were assembled a few who had remained. And there, on a sick bed, lay the young student who was panting to be far out upon a heathen shore, "about his Father's business." Memory and fancy had been busy, and while one whispered to him of the vows of duty and labor yet to be fulfilled, and the other cheered him with the hope of recovery and effort, both but increased his regret that he was thus prostrated by disease. For awhile there was a mighty struggle in his spirit ; he walked in darkness, for the human will seemed unwilling to bow to the Divine. At last it yielded, and from the depths of a subdued, Christian spirit, he exclaimed, "Father, not my will, but thine be done," and from that hour appeared to be watching for the death-angel. At times he sang, "We shall be happy, happy there," and then again his lips would move in prayer.

A friend with his wife from the neighboring village, now entered. He recognized them, and with words of affectionate regard bade them farewell until they should meet on the other side of the Jordan of death. It was a tearful season, but it was hallowed by the divine influence, and in that dark hour of parting was seen by all present the excellence and reality of the Christian religion.

A brief season, and the mortal of young Oviatt put on immortality. He was admitted to the society for which he was early prepared. He had ripened early for the heavenly harvest, and the Great Reaper had taken him home.

Far away in the home of her youth, sat Ellen Lyell, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the mail, expecting to receive the usual missive from her betrothed. Her father entered with a letter, bearing the post-mark of the town in which the institution was located, but with a strange hand-writing upon it. She wondered at the direction, then quickly broke the seal, and read—

“MISS LYELL,—I write at the request of your friend, Bro. Oviatt, to inform you that he is ill, and may not recover for some time, if indeed his health should ever be restored. It is painful to communicate such news, and I regret that I must write it to you thus abruptly, but the mail leaves so soon that I have no time to do otherwise. We hope that Bro. O. may recover, but the physician speaks discouragingly. We have this consolation, if the event prove as we fear, Bro. O. has seemed of late to have ripened for heaven. May God sustain both you and him in this trying hour!

Your brother in Christ,

W. C. H.—.”

The paleness of death seemed suddenly to overspread her countenance, and she seemed about to faint, then rallying, as her mother having read the letter hastily, supported her to a seat, she exclaimed—

“I will go to him. He has no kind mother or sister there, and if he dies, there are none but strangers to weep over him. He is my husband in the sight of God, mother, and I must go.”

Before the mother could reply, the father entered again, and handed to Ellen another letter, from the same place, bearing the ominous black seal. The cup was too full not to overflow, and Ellen sank on the floor insensible. Her parents opened the letter, and found that he whom they had fondly expected to call their son, was no more. Fellow students, and his honored professors, had closed his dying eyes, and had laid him down for his last, long sleep beneath the noble trees which surrounded the institution, and by the side of some “whose praise is in all the churches,” and who there finished their earthly labors, and from thence went up to their reward.

Still farther west than her early home, where the field is as white to the harvest, as in Burmah or China, now labors the bereaved betrothed. He who so early ripened for eternal scenes is not toiling by her side, but memory and affection all bind him still closely to the heart of his Ellen, and she labors as faithfully as if his voice could cheer her onward, and his hand support her. She drank the cup of sorrow, when he tasted that of everlasting joy, but they had before tasted the “cup of salvation” together on the earth, and the promise to each was, that they should both sit down to “the mar-

riage supper of the Lamb," and drink forever from that unfailing river of delight which flows in beauty through the Paradise of God.

Dear reader, what think you sustained the bereaved one in her hour of deep affliction? What saved her from an early grave, since the light of life seemed to have departed? What enabled her to labor untiringly for human welfare, even when no companion toiled at her side? Nothing, save the powerful arm of her Almighty Friend, a desire to labor for Christ even though she labored alone, and that unshaken faith in Jesus which will outlast the strife of ages, and rise triumphant on the crest of the last wave of time that beats against the shore of a vast eternity. Ours be her faith, and zeal, and reward, if we may not be like the young student, early ripened for the harvest of immortality, and earlier or later may both you and I, dear reader, be gathered into the golden harvest garnered on high, where we may realize that

" 'Tis sweet to labor in service blest,
Though labor with pain be blended—
But sweeter by far with our Lord to rest,
The toil and the warfare ended."

HAPPINESS.

"Oh! happiness, our being's end and aim," sings the poet. The idea conveyed by this line may be correct in the abstract—still we are inclined to the opinion that a little qualification is necessary. Is the end and aim of our being to attain our own "good, pleasure, ease, content?" or is there something more than this, a duty due to the all-wise Creator of all things? We remember that in our school-boy days we learned in the catechism that the chief end of man was "to glorify God."

It seems to us that many mistake much the idea of what is meant by happiness, and look upon it as something tangible—something to be sought after and labored for, as men seek and labor for wealth, position and reputation. And in many instances, those the most eager in its pursuit oftenest find themselves the farthest from it. Ask those who are truly happy how they became so, and my word for it you will find that in their endeavors, it was not the haven for which they steered—but while pursuing their voyage of life with truth for a compass and honor for a rudder, following the course marked out in their own consciences by virtue and integrity, after rounding some dangerous point, which required all their energy to weather, they found themselves safely moored in that peaceful harbor so anxiously sought for in vain by many of their fellow travelers.

RAMBLES OVER OLD ROADS.

BY MISS ELIZABETH G. BARBER.

WAVERTREE.

It was a cold, drizzly morning in the "month of suicides," that we left Liverpool for the village of Wavertree, about three miles distant, not after the manner of James's "two horsemen," but in a way better befitting travelers in search of adventure, on a rainy day, viz., in an omnibus, nicely covered, cushioned, and —. Well, we were about to say, very *comfortable*, but as the said vehicle possessed the usual capabilities of its kindred, in holding "one more," after the usual complement had been securely packed, we cannot conscientiously affirm the last adjective.

Wavertree was memorable to us, as the residence for a brief period of the sweet poetess, whose name and fame are world-wide, the lovely and gifted Mrs. Hemans; and to Wavertree, therefore, we were resolved to go, in spite of the weather, for on the morrow we were to leave the shores of old England.

It is true, that our hopes of finding the actual *bona fide* residence of the poetess, were not as brilliant as could have been desired, as a late writer had described the place as being in a dilapidated and ruinous condition; and in this age of progress, we were not without some misgivings, lest the house should have been numbered among the "things that were" before our advent.

We half fancied that our experience might be that of the gentleman who had seen the walls of Balclutha, and was obliged to inform the public that they were desolate. We were not at all reassured by the kindness of a bookseller in the vicinity, who on our enquiry whether he knew anything respecting the residence of Mrs. Hemans, obligingly took down the directory, and searched through a long column of H's. before we exactly comprehended what he was about, neither did the information elicited by an enquiry rashly propounded to the guard of the omnibus, respecting the whereabouts of the residence of Mrs. Hemans, at all reanimate us.

"I say, Bill," vociferated that young gentleman, "here's a young lady and gem'man, as wants to know where Mrs. Hayman, the poet, lived."

"This 'ere 'buss goes past the very door," responded the driver, briefly and confidently.

Of course we ought to have sat down quietly satisfied after this valuable information was acquired—but it was received with an incredulity which, I am sorry to say, was justified in the sequel.

Hazarding another enquiry of the company assembled, a young lady informed us that it was near Bridewell that the poetess had resided. Rather a suspicious locality, we thought, but at a place called Bridewell we accordingly alighted.

Across the street stood a lovely little cottage, covered with woodbine, sequestered and pretty enough to have been the home we sought, and for a few moments we revelled in the belief that we had gained the *ultima thule* of our wanderings; but to make "assurance doubly sure," we accosted a venerable female, who looked as if she might be one of the "oldest inhabitants," with the enquiry whether she knew if that house had ever been the residence of Mrs. Hemans. She informed us that she had "never *heard of her*," but encouragingly told us we had better call at the butcher's, down the street, who would be as likely to know as any one, for he served the whole neighborhood with meat! This was truly exhilarating. "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country," we mentally exclaimed. Down the street, however, we went, "two pilgrims to the shrine of genius," and turned our steps, *not* to the butcher's, but to the nearest bookseller's, and truly our walk illustrated the pursuit of "knowledge under difficulties," for it rained and snowed together, the road, always muddy at this season, had been farther improved by the opening of a sewer, through its whole length, so that weather and walking were, to say the least, decidedly unpleasant.

We reached the bookseller's at last, however, and here we might have joyfully exclaimed, Eureka! and should have felt amply repaid for our walk and trouble—for to our surprise and gratification, we found all the necessary information, and learned to our delight that the intelligent and amiable lady of the proprietor, had actually seen and talked with the poetess, "face to face." They pointed out to us the identical dwelling where she had resided, at the time designated by the gifted author of the "Pen and Ink Sketches," and thither we accordingly repaired, after an interesting conversation with our new acquaintances.

The house had been somewhat altered since her removal, a row of buildings having been erected on a site which was formerly a small court, and the wall, in front of the building, had been made higher than in her day. Instead of the dilapidated and ruinous building we had half expected to see, we found it a pleasant, but small residence, one of three, in a row, looking not at all like the walls of Balclutha.

Though seeing it to great disadvantage, on account of the falling

snow and rain, and the cheerless appearance of every thing around, still it was not a difficult thing to imagine that in summer it might have been a delightful spot, satisfactory even to the exquisite taste of Mrs. Hemans. We learned, however, that when the place was far more rural and retired than it is at present, Mrs. Hemans was quite dissatisfied with it as a place of abode.

She had been too long accustomed to the wild and picturesque scenery of Wales, and to the loneliness of roads where she could walk for miles without meeting a single human being, to remain contented in a place whose scenery presented nothing peculiar or remarkable to the eye, and where her reveries were, every hour, liable to interruption. Of her residence in this place, an English writer says :—"The death of her mother, and the marriage of her sister, were the cause of Mrs. Hemans breaking up her establishment in Wales, and taking her residence at Wavertree, a pleasant village, about three miles from Liverpool.—She had made choice of this situation, in the idea that it afforded advantages of education for her sons, and cultivated society for herself. But the mistake she thus made in choosing, was a great one. Liverpool was then singularly deficient in good schools, and its society was too much broken up into small circles, too completely under the dominion of a money aristocracy, to offer much that was congenial to her own tastes and pursuits. She was too imaginative and fanciful to be thoroughly understood by that party to which Roscoe and Cassie had formerly belonged. They found that the brilliant things which she threw out ; the spontaneous overflowings of her peculiar mind, "proved nothing," and they did not perceive the elevation of thought, and the frequent religious feeling which also formed a part of her character. The less intelligent, who discovered that she did not enjoy dinners, balls and concerts, after their fashion, (and there is no code so arbitrary as the statute of manners in a provincial town,) who remarked one or two singularities in her dress, and were frightened by her allusions to things and feelings of which they knew nothing, kept aloof from her, with suspicion and uneasiness."

This state of things, described somewhat severely in the above paragraph, may have been the reason for which Mrs. Hemans secluded herself so much from intercourse with those around her, though the swarms of visitors from all parts of England, and from America, who were constantly flocking to her residence, rendered her abode at Wavertree anything but a secluded one.

As one of her biographers says—"She was a most patiently enduring martyr of what Charles Lamb calls the 'Albumean persecution.' People not only brought their own books, but those of 'my sister, and

my sister's child,' all anxious to have something written expressly for themselves. What could be done with persons who called three times, in one morning, and refused to take their final departure until they were told when Mrs. Hemans *would* be at home.

On one of these occasions, she commissioned a friend in a lively note "to procure her a *dragon* to be kept in her court-yard."

The same biographer speaks of the frequent visits of Americans to the poetess, at Wavertree, saying that the admiration entertained by the Americans for her genius, was as sincere as it was creditable to themselves, and remarks—"I remember seeing a beautiful girl from New-York, quite pale with excitement at the thought of being presented to the poetess. 'Her friends at home,' she said, 'would think so much of her if she could only say she had seen Mrs. Hemans's.'"

We were informed that during Mrs. Hemans' stay in Wavertree, she was seldom seen abroad, never on the Sabbath, even to attend a place of worship, probably from the fact that she always excited much observation whenever she appeared in public, and from this her sensitive nature shrunk instinctively. This must certainly have been the case in a place so conspicuous as a village church must be, where the stranger is the "cynosure of all eyes."

It was during Mrs. Hemans' residence at Wavertree, that she paid a long visit to the Lakes, and two to Scotland, where she enjoyed the friendship and hospitality of Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford, and of many eminent literary and distinguished people of Edinburgh and its environs. Here she was indeed a *lioness*—in which capacity, to judge from her own writings, she had little desire to be exhibited. During her second visit into Scotland, or while on her way thither, she passed several weeks in a secluded cottage on the banks of Lake Winandermere, and here she had the opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with one whom she had long loved and esteemed as a poet—Wordsworth. Her acquaintance, and the progress of the friendship between them, are delightfully detailed by herself in a series of pleasant letters, which have been compiled by one of her biographers, from which we regret that we cannot find room to make some extracts, though we presume that most admirers of Mrs. Hemans are well informed regarding her correspondence and biography.

Our kind informant spoke with enthusiasm of the beauty of Mrs. Hemans, which, though at this time on the wane, was still remarkable, thus justifying the reports we had often heard of her extreme personal loveliness. At the time of her acquaintance with Mrs. Hemans, Miss Jewsbury, the accomplished authoress, afterwards Mrs. Fletcher, was sojourning in the village, for the purpose of enjoying the

society of her friend, Mrs. Hemans, whom she regarded with an affection and admiration almost amounting to idolatry. This, I believe, was the case with all who were privileged to know the sweet poetess, personally and intimately. We had the pleasure, during an ocean voyage, of hearing something of the estimable family with whom Mrs. Hemans spent her last hours, and all accounts agree respecting the sweetness of her disposition, the almost angelic patience with which she bore excruciating suffering, and the resignation to her fate, which made her conversation, with all who were permitted to enter her sick room, a privilege and a blessing. Her sickness was like the gradual withering of an exquisite flower. Her form, always remarkable for its grace and fragility, became attenuated almost to a shadow before her death, so that with her strange eloquent speech, and the unearthly lustre of her eyes, she seemed more like an inhabitant of the spirit world she was so soon to enter than a dweller upon this earth.

We looked at the house where she had resided, with feelings of strange interest. The boughs of a graceful tree, now leafless and snow-crowned, swept past the windows of her favorite apartment, and we saw in fancy, the glimmering light of the lamp which shone forth from them at midnight, when the world slumbered.

Midnight with her, as in the case of many other children of genius, seemed her hour of inspiration. Indeed the frequent demands upon her time, from the throngs of visitors at Wavertree, left her little leisure at any other hour for the pursuit of her favorite occupation.

I do not know whether the tree to which I allude was planted by her own hands—but of trees, thus planted in her court-yard at Wavertree, she writes as follows: "Do you know that I have really succeeded in giving something of beauty to the suburban court of my dwelling, by the aid of the laburnums and rhododendrons, which I want you to see, while they are amiably flowering. But how soon the feeling of *home* throws a light and loveliness over the most uninteresting spot. I am beginning to draw that feeling around me here, and consequently to be happier.

Like many persons of an exquisitely sensitive temperament, she shrunk from any participation in business, or the common every-day affairs of life, which were invariably referred to some more competent individual. How far this extreme sensitiveness might be consistently carried, is not a question for us to decide at present, for Mrs. Hemans was a rare instance of an exquisitely delicate and sensitive mental and physical organization—one of those who have little part in the common-places of life.

Our informant spoke with enthusiasm of the extreme beauty of

her children, who inherited their mother's loveliness, and at their early age excited much attention among the villagers. It is sad to think of this lovely family, now so widely separated by the chances and changes of life.

Wavertree, though not extraordinarily quiet in Mrs. Hemans' day, is now a thrifty little village. The arrival and departure of a line of omnibusses from Liverpool, twenty-one times a day, and the location of a railroad station within a mile, have transformed it into the flourishing busy suburbs of a great city.

We left it, as we arrived, amid falling snow and rain, exchanging friendly greetings with our kind entertainers, and carrying away with us a spray from the bough that waved beside Mrs. Hemans' window, and a little sketch of the dwelling, hastily traced. A day or two afterward we were tossing on the broad Atlantic.

EARLY MEMORIES.

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BY MRS. E. C. LOOMIS.  
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I REMEMBER the path through the shadowy wood,
Where the oaks in their glory majestically stood,
All mantled with ivy, whose delicate green
Shone in the sunlight with silvery sheen,
And the beds of blue violets that bloomed at their feet,
Where the moss and the streamlet so lovingly meet.

I remember the vale where the sweet lilies grew,
Bending their heads 'neath the glittering dew—
Where the blue-bells were bright in the noon-day gleam,
And the cowslips bent down to the sparkling stream;
Where the oriole warbles her beautiful lay,
And the whippoorwill sings at the close of the day.

I remember the cottage half-hidden in trees,
Where we heard the low hum of the murmuring bees,—
Where the rose trees were heavy with opening flowers,
And the garden was brilliant with blossoming bowers,
Where the footsteps of childhood were bounding so free,
And the breeze caught the music of innocent glee.

Oh! the scenes of my childhood I cannot forget!
Like visions of beauty, they are haunting me yet
And sometimes, in slumber, I wander again
Through the shadowy forest and vine-covered glen;
And faintly I hear in my beautiful dreams,
The musical flow of the murmuring streams.

